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THE
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THE PRESIDENT AS I KNOW HIM

BY VERNON KELLOGG

'SHAKESPEARE says, we are creatures that look before and after, the more surprising that we do not look round a little and see what is passing under our very eyes.'
—THOMAS CARLYLE, *Sartor Resartus*

IN revising history, we assign too much importance to the outward expression of changing forms of government and records of political parties, and too little importance to those essentials of the collective character from which the moulding forces of an era are loosed. Similarly, in regarding an individual, we are apt to be too little concerned with those qualities of character and personality which hold the true measure of his worth and influence.

I should like to give you a picture of a man who has played a great part in the times in which I have lived — a man whom I have known for almost half a century, and with whose undertakings I have more than once been closely associated. For although much has been, and more will be, said and written about him, and although his activities have carried across every threshold in our country, our people seem still to have difficulty in visualizing him. However dramatically impressive his accomplishments have been, they seem not to have included any intimate picturing of himself. He may be the very centre of the crowd, yet people say they do not see him. Indeed, they claim that they know him less well than they know many others who have touched their lives less closely; that is, they have a fainter perception of what he is like, personally.

Now, what have been the difficulties in the way of a popular understanding of this great man's personality?

I believe the chief one is his quietness. We do not understand quietness in public office. Western civilization rests upon the idea of force, and the operative technique of the fighting instinct persists in collective and individual expression. We expect it as a matter of course, and we find it in the manner of the typical orator of to-day who seeks to drive home his points by gesticulating, by attitudinizing, by

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shouting. When Mr. Hoover speaks, he uses none of the combative technique. His voice may not even carry to us. In his expression we find none of the explosive vehemence to which we have become accustomed. We are used to being impressed not so much by facts as by the manner in which they are brought to our attention. We want positiveness, but we do not distinguish between positiveness itself and that mere outward show of it which takes the form of vociferous language and table thumping. Mr. Hoover's public speaking, and even his private conversation, leave many of us, therefore, with a sense of disconnection, of disappointment. This is true despite the fact that he has a great gift of lucid exposition, of clear and precise expression, of straight thinking, fertile in plan and constructive in method.

He does his work with the same disconcerting quietness. No matter what pressure he may be laboring under, his offices, whether in private or in public life, have always been quiet offices. In his personal relationships, too, extreme quietness of manner is his most characteristic quality, and here again we may, unless we know him well, attribute to him a lack of warmth. Instead of disturbing us, this habitual restraint without ostentation ought to recommend itself to us, if only because it saves time and energy. If, indeed, we Americans could be led by his example to forsake our customary ballyhoo, such an influence should count as an important contribution to our social advance.

We grew a little weary during the last presidential campaign of the many attempts to trace the threads of a Quaker heredity in Mr. Hoover. This consideration, nevertheless, is essential to our understanding of the man. I believe that at the core of him is the Quaker quiet, and that this is the dominant trait of his mental and physical expression. It does not preclude intense activity; it has to do merely with the manner of expression.

Only an hour ago, as I write, an American who has been away from Washington for some time told me of an inspiring talk he had just had with the President; my visitor had known him, worked with him during war days. 'I suppose another might have felt that there was something lacking in the greeting,' he said. 'There was no excitement or demonstration, but there was for me the warm glow of a quiet and sure welcome. That was enough. Why must we always expect a boisterous accolade? Why can't we accept a different manner at its true value? Why can't we learn to look a little below the surface for the big things that lie there?' He had no patience with those of his countrymen who do not 'understand' the President.

Mr. Hoover's directness and his utter simplicity, both closely allied to his quietness, present further obstacles which hinder a popular appreciation of him. We are accustomed to the subterfuge of professional politicians, and do not know what to make of a true directness which depends for its effect on the solid substance of the end achieved. Then, too, we find it paradoxical that simplicity should be linked with great subtlety of mind. Yet the simplicity of the President yields results in the manner of Poe's purloined letter.

It is puzzling to some to discover that Mr. Hoover's subtle mind is also a markedly intuitive mind. Its swift processes I, working beside him, have sometimes found bewildering. In war relief work we learned to expect a major crisis about once a month, and a minor one once a week. Although Mr. Hoover had a staff of pretty capable university men, every now and then a problem

would arise which seemed to them unsolvable. After everybody else had wrestled with it to no purpose, it would be put up to Mr. Hoover and in a few moments he would say, 'Have you thought of trying this? Or that?' I once asked him, 'How are you able to come to an understanding and a decision so quickly?' His answer was, 'From the facts and forces. Why?' A psychologist would explain that his mind had swiftly marshaled old experiences into a new combination; suddenly such experiences had come together and 'clicked,' and he got a new way of solving a problem.

II

Instead of attempting to explain further those personal qualities which have made difficult an understanding of this great American, let me tell you more directly how I, personally, understand him.

Twenty years ago — two years before the outbreak of the World War — he and a well-known economist and I sat down with our cigars to a leisurely discussion of certain fundamental questions. Mr. Hoover was then thirty-eight. At twenty he had graduated from Stanford University, where he had earned his way. During the intervening eighteen years he had worked up from a pick-and-shovel beginning in a California mine, through the stages of mine development and management, until he was recognized as one of the world's ablest mining engineers.

On this evening he was putting to us questions which he had been asking himself. What career is the most satisfying? Surely, he said, money-making is the dullest game in the world. Once a man has proved that he can make a living for his family, there can be little zest left in the mere accumulation of wealth. Engineering, the release and marshaling of earth forces, is interesting. But would it not be more interesting to pour one's energy, one's thought and aspiration, more directly into the stream of social progress? The most fascinating effort, he concluded, is that which offers the largest possibility of advancing the common welfare.

We discussed various vocations from the point of view of their usefulness to American society. It became clear that Mr. Hoover had been directing his thoughts toward two of these in particular: a forward-looking institution of learning, such as the one he knew, and an independent newspaper.

We tackled the problems of university curriculum, especially in colleges of engineering, and the talk revealed a rather surprising conviction in a man of Mr. Hoover's eminently practical turn of mind. He believed that college training should be less practical and more fundamental. Although one might have expected him to stress the importance of the compendium course in engineering, he held strongly, instead, for the course which dealt with basic principles, and which left to later experience the perfection of methods and skills. If he had to choose between two applicants for a job, one of whom had a training in fundamentals and the other in practice, other things being equal, he would pick the man with the broader training. Whenever he has influenced education, it has been in this direction.

Could we have foreseen the future, we might have recognized in these and other utterances a ripeness for that free gift of service which events were soon to demand of him. They prove that he had, for some time, felt the need of giving his energies a different orientation. The direction of this desire was clear; he wanted to be of greater usefulness in the forward movement of human society.

It is true that his engineering activities had already been employed toward this same end. I had followed his continuous close interest in the development of his own university, Stanford, of which he had become a trustee. I knew of a youthful effort he had undertaken in his early twenties to make summer on a desert more endurable to men and children by installing a new sewage system, by sterilizing milk, by devising cooling roofs of rushes and mud — an experiment which was followed by a big gain in health percentages. I knew of his work in rehabilitating the thousands of people he had found living in misery in a Russian mining and industrial settlement. I knew of other expressions of his social concern during these earlier years. I believe that rarely in history has a man been more ready for disinterested service to humanity than was Mr. Hoover as the World War loomed.

It is for these reasons that I find facile and fantastic the 'luck theory' of his rise to leadership. Throughout my association with him I have observed that very little which has contributed to his success 'just happened.' With him, events turned out as they did because his ideals were harnessed to a practical method, to decision and driving power.

III

One of the characteristics which early drew me to Herbert Hoover was his fondness for children — his own and those of others. Many years before he became President he said, 'I believe the attitude of a nation toward children will soon become a test of its civilization.' 'This will be the test of an individual,' I added, 'as well as of society.' Children have always had a straight road to his heart. However great may be the pressure of work upon him, they can make him pause in the midst of it.

A few Sundays ago he and Mrs. Hoover took their granddaughter, Peggy Ann, with them to church in Alexandria, and Peggy Ann was promised that if she 'behaved well' she might have lunch with the family in the big dining room. That day, for all that it was Sunday, a situation arose which placed the President under a nervous strain. To add to his difficulties, one of his secretaries telephoned that a certain statement would have to be finished or miss the Monday morning papers which were to release it. The President was asked to come to the Lincoln study after church to complete the writing before lunch time. On this occasion he and his secretary were still seated before a litter of papers when the luncheon hour arrived. A few minutes later Peggy Ann appeared at the doorway, curtsied, and called, 'Luncheon served!'

The President did not answer.

'Granddaddy, come on! Lunch is ready.'

'All right' — but his pencil did not stop writing.

Peggy Ann knew her man. She stood and watched until her patience was exhausted. Then she marched scowling across the room to the desk. With both arms she swept back the papers, and, catching one of the President's hands, she said, 'Come on, you lazy man! Lunch is ready!' And the President, with perfect resignation, got up and went along with her.

I happened to be a spectator at the beginnings of the Rapidan Camp. There, again, I saw the President's fundamental interest express itself. He explored the region to learn if there were any children thereabout. He discovered that there were a few, but that they had no school within a reasonable distance. Immediately he had one built, a combination of teacher's living quarters and schoolrooms, and

to-day it is a progressive and happy centre for the whole mountain area.

I refer to these relationships with children because many persons who do not know the President think of him as a man who sorrows over the universe with never a thought for the troubles of darling Tom or beloved Louisa. This is just the reverse of the truth. His acute interest in Tom and Louisa has furnished the propelling power which has enabled him to carry through stupendous humanitarian undertakings for the benefit of great groups of people. The fact that he is a skillful organizer, employing large numbers of persons to accomplish large effects, does not preclude recognition of and attention to the units of the group. Mr. Hoover has *had* to be occupied with large groups, — our democracy demands that things be accomplished in large doses by mass action, — but this has not dulled his sensitiveness to the individual.

I am convinced that the reason Mr. Hoover was so successful in feeding and saving millions of children in Belgium and elsewhere — 'masses of mites,' he called them — was principally that he saw them, not as masses, but as individual 'mites.' In that work our relief organizations seemed repeatedly to be going on the rocks, and they were repeatedly saved not so much by this man's brain as by his heart, which was so deeply engaged that he could not fail. He simply would not give up the children.

I cannot but believe that once we work ourselves out of this post-war economic crisis in which we are caught, and regain our perspective, the White House Conference on Child Health and Protection, with its flowering in the Children's Charter, will appear as an accomplishment which is destined to have a more profound effect upon future generations in America than that four-point programme of financial rehabilitation which at present so engrosses our troubled thought. It was in 1929 that the President called to Washington a planning committee which was to lay the foundations for the conference next year. This it did by initiating a nation-wide investigation into the needs of child life in all its phases. The conference was to have a broader base than any before attempted. It was to consider the complete life of the child — of the normal child as well as the handicapped. It was to reveal the weak spots in education, in training, in health. Its purpose was to study the most progressive points of view, present the results of research, and disseminate those advanced opinions which existed only in the minds of a few forward-looking persons.

These things the conference accomplished, in one of the most significant meetings ever held — a meeting which has set the nation thinking and working upon a programme, not for one or two years only, but for the next twenty-five. Its nineteen major conclusions as to the minimum standards for child protection have become, in each of our states, the code for guidance in this field. Many state, county, and municipal conferences have already been organized to further the enactment of state legislation which will guarantee full coöperation with the national administration in its effort to reach the goal set by the Children's Charter.

This was not an undertaking which Mr. Hoover merely sanctioned and then allowed to go its way. He followed its progress with constant interest and concern; he talked and planned with those engaged upon it. No one who heard the address he delivered at the conference could have failed to feel his own thought and emotion kindle to the flame which animated the President. 'We approach all problems of childhood,' he said, 'with affection.

Theirs is the province of joy and good humor, they are the most wholesome part of the race — the sweetest, for they are freshest from the hands of God. Whimsical, ingenious, mischievous — we live a life of apprehension as to what their opinion may be of us; a life of dissent against their terrifying energy. We put them to bed with a sense of relief and a lingering of devotion. We envy them the freshness of adventure and discovery of life; we mourn over the disappointments they must meet.'

These words may suggest why Mr. Hoover, who has completely pledged himself to the most advanced programme for child protection yet proposed, can at the same time poke fun at the scientific thoroughness of a psychological baby clinic, and commiserate its tiny inmates. In the same spirit I have heard him poke fun at the overworked methods of 'efficiency' by telling the story of an efficiency engineer who was sent to 'revise' a far-away industry.

The man arrived in a heavy snowstorm and was met by an Irishman driving a sled that was equipped with a buffalo robe. The efficiency expert climbed into the sled and the Irishman started to wrap the robe around him with the hair outside. 'Oh, no,' objected the engineer. 'Don't you know that it is more impervious to wind, and therefore warmer, with the hair inside?'

The Irishman turned the robe and tucked it in, but when he mounted to his seat began to chuckle. 'What are you laughing at?' asked the efficiency expert. 'I was just thinking,' replied the Irishman, 'what a mistake that buffalo made.'

When I consider Mr. Hoover's special relationship toward children, I think of him as going down in history as the children's President.

IV

Recently a friend of mine, whose conception of Mr. Hoover is a source of irritation to himself, suppressed for the moment his major grievances to complain to me of the lesser one that the President lacks 'humanness,' because he does not know how to take a vacation. 'One is always hearing of the pressure under which he works and of his weariness,' he said. 'Perhaps people could understand him if he were not continually driving himself, if he could stop to play or laugh.' Oddly enough, when I mentioned this criticism to another friend, he in turn promptly quoted the President as having remarked to him a few days earlier that what the country needs most at the moment is 'not a good five-cent cigar, but a really good joke.'

The fact that Mr. Hoover's recreations cannot be easily catalogued, as they might be if his hobbies were golf and yachting, does not mean, as some people seem to think, that he is a man who has never learned to play. After some thirty years of frequent participation in his outings, I know him as a man who never lets slip an opportunity for a vacation, and who enjoys such occasions to the fullest. He has an unusual capacity for finding relief in unexpected ways during the ordinary working day. He can do this just by escaping from the geography of house or office — escaping, for example, to a back porch where he can enjoy the view of favorite flowers and trees or a sweep of sky, where he can play with his dogs or take part in easy social intercourse with his family or his friends.

If the times have made impossible the formal excursions planned long in advance which have been popular with other Presidents, he has substituted for them a rich succession of more quickly improvised and shorter holi-

days. When he was Secretary of Commerce he derived particular enjoyment from frequent trips on the small department boat, *Kilkenny*, which he was apt to board with a few friends just as it started on one of its inspection trips down the Potomac or into Chesapeake Bay. This was an outing to his taste. It meant the fishing line at once in his hand; the exchange of humorous anecdotes and stories of adventure with his friend, the captain; leisurely lingering about the little dining table with all members of the party present — children, women, and men. It meant no frills; a maximum of simplicity and directness in his relationships with boat, water, and people. He embarked with zest, landed refreshed.

Water is an essential to Mr. Hoover's full enjoyment of the out-of-doors. He made it a primary requirement in the search for that camp ground which he early envisaged as a necessary adjunct of the White House. There must be an escape, not only from city to mountains, but from house to camp — even from back porch to stream bank. The noise of waters is the chief element of refreshment in the Rapidan Valley.

But, say the critics, the President often holds conferences during his week-ends at the Rapidan camp; he continues to work there. So he does, but this is not a bar to recreation. Most of us do not have independence or initiative enough to seize the opportunity for relaxation even when it lies directly in front of us; we have never learned to escape easily and swiftly from the wearying routines of social and vocational activity. Mr. Hoover has the knack of doing this. For others, rest may demand a dramatic change of environment; for him it does not. He can find refreshment, for example, just in an early morning tussle with dogs, and his liking for this sport is a daily trial to the person who is responsible for white flannel trousers in camp. One morning after Mr. Hoover had agreed to be careful, we met for breakfast before the log fire in the mess hall. I noticed that I lacked a napkin. At the same time the guest who sat on the other side of the President noticed that she lacked one, too. The President chuckled; carefully spread over each of his knees was a purloined napkin, ready for muddy paws.

The Rapidan day — no matter what work it may include — begins in a spirit of play, and closes in the same vein. It furnishes that type of unforced, continuously relaxing, and pleasurable vacationing which the President happens to prefer. Walks under the trees, negotiations with streams and pools, luncheon on the ground, dogs, birds, no hat, no stiff shirt, other persons enjoying themselves on every hand, a story, a cigar — such is the background of these supposedly rest-defeating conferences, which are exercising a major influence all along the line of the administration's efforts. With this picture in mind it is easy to understand the President's extensive programme to save and hold our natural resources, and to develop recreation areas for the people's use.

In 1929 we were given a striking illustration of the influence of these Rapidan conferences in the field of international relations. With the world situation what it then was, it seemed that a guarantee of improvement lay in a soundly grounded understanding between the United States and England. Mr. Hoover took an important step: he invited Mr. MacDonald to come to this country to talk things over. Appreciating the need of greater freedom than the White House could afford, he suggested that they go to the camp, where, beside a stream, they could escape inhibiting formalities. The visit between those two men,

so temperamentally and intellectually sympathetic, was one of the happiest and most fruitful in our history. It established a precedent for the direct, informal exchange of views between nations. From those 'conversations on a log' spread influences which were potent all along the difficult path of the London Naval Conference, and which have been, since then, continuously helpful in our relations with Europe.

The simplicity and directness of the Hoover-MacDonald meeting recalled to my mind another similar occasion some ten years earlier. A Hoover aide, in naval uniform, was hurrying out of the relief headquarters in Paris when he almost collided with a tall man in khaki who did not salute. Incredulous, he recognized King Albert, who had dropped into Paris by airplane.

'I want to see Mr. Hoover,' said the King. 'Will you take me to him?'

Mr. Hoover, bent over his desk, looked up as the tall soldier stood before it. There was a flash of understanding, and a smile.

'I came to see you, Hoover,' said the King.

'Sit down, friend,' said Mr. Hoover; and the King and the Quaker talked. Between them there is a bond of unshakable friendship and esteem.

Very recently, plans for the moratorium were developed in the same environment which served for the Hoover-MacDonald talks. Picture the scene. People are spread out along a sunny stream bank in far mountains, enjoying a picnic luncheon. Suddenly a young man slips away (he has heard a bell), and returns to say a word to the President, who goes back with him to the cabin. Two or three other men follow, until a certain group has gathered as if by natural coalescence. They remain indoors perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes. You realize that they are talking with Berlin — with London; that they are getting an immediate picture of a desperate moment in those capitals, a moment fraught with peril for ourselves as well. The men return to their sandwiches — the President is moving toward the moratorium. And you realize that he is doing so with less strain and with a better chance for clear thinking than he would have found in the executive offices. You realize, too, that the international telephone is one of the greatest agencies yet devised for improving the methods of diplomacy, and for peace.

V

Just as it is difficult for me to picture Mr. Hoover starting forth alone on a vacation, as I and other men often do, so it is difficult for me to picture him alone in his house. He feels an unusual need of having friends about him. To some folk the President's quietness of manner and this necessity for companionship have seemed paradoxical; his undemonstrativeness, they believe, must mean that his intimate friendships are few. On the contrary, they are extraordinarily many. Friends of Stanford days, of engineering days, of war days, of later days — group by group they have accompanied him along his changing way. They are loyal to him, and he is loyal to them. Wherever his house, it has always been a place of the coming and going of these friends. Many a one has known him, if the family happened to be away, to take up the telephone and, in a voice eloquent with disapproval of his solitary state, say: 'I'm alone! Can't you all move over for a few days? Or a few weeks?'

He likes his friends to be close by. I have never happened to know another man who, when laboring at his desk, seemed to enjoy having one or more of them near at hand. He leans on his

friends; he likes to try out with them his forming ideas. If he is silent, they know the silence represents, not personal aloofness, but mental occupation.

Of course, it is only the realities of friendly relationships that count — those direct exchanges that are so often frustrated by the amazing framework we set up to obscure them. Friendship postulates a simple sharing of experiences, of ideas, of emotions. This Mr. Hoover practises to an extraordinary degree. Those who know him know that he welcomes the slightest news — happy or sad — that concerns the welfare of a friend. The report may be listened to in silence, but the action upon it is swift. It may mean, as it frequently has meant, the setting in motion of a constructive plan for relieving financial distress or some other anxiety. A friend away from home, trapped by a fatal illness, may be brought from hotel or hospital to the Hoover home to be cared for till the end. Others separated from their own firesides may be invited there to be married, or to celebrate their birthdays. The President may quietly leave his desk, on which are concentrated the problems of financial reconstruction, to attend the funeral service of a friend's child. Always his actions reflect an active sympathy and participation — whether in gladness or in pain.

It has interested me to see that Mr. Hoover's pleasure in little personal gifts and messages has lost none of its keenness, despite the fact that events have led to an overwhelming increase in the numbers of them received. At the Christmas morning breakfast table others may welcome aid in the opening of packages, letters, and telegrams. Not so the President. He yields to no one the pleasure of unwrapping. Nor does he wish to be hurried. As he smokes his after-breakfast cigar, he arranges his possessions about him, stops to read a page or two of a book, passes a message along. Fortunately his book pile is always high and varied, for he enjoys keenly a best novel or play, or almost any type of 'human interest' book. Economics and politics, science and history, by no means satisfy his appetite for reading.

On the morning after the Christmas Eve fire in the executive offices, he called one of his secretaries to say: 'There are those men working downstairs who have missed their Christmas with their families, and there are those cases of fruits and sweets from the West — have them opened up, and tell the men to dive in. Tell them there is plenty for them and for us, too.' This thoughtfulness and the way it was expressed were both characteristic of him. The spring, the source, in Mr. Hoover's way of living is the pleasure he finds, not in giving, but in sharing. One of the President's friends once said to me, 'Do you feel as I do, that we ought to defend the Hoovers against our sense of possessing their possessions?'

After the 1928 election even those of us who had shared Hoover homes and experiences through twenty or thirty years felt that it was inevitable that such relationships would have to be greatly modified in the future. In our congratulations there was a note of farewell. A quizzical, amused look appeared in the eye of the newly elected President, and it was not long before we understood what it meant. A few days after the Hoovers took possession of the White House, friends who had anticipated a difference were swapping tales and laughs around the Sunday supper table in the long-accustomed way.

VI

Mr. Hoover's quietness of manner has been particularly baffling to the multitude since he has become the

central figure in the nation's eye. Because people miss the pugnacity and physical activity of a Theodore Roosevelt, or the resounding rhetoric of a Woodrow Wilson, or the almost fictional tang of the New England type man who preceded him in the White House, many have complained that Herbert Hoover is not a leader. Well, it is really all in what one is used to. Most of us have a clearly associated group of ideas and reminiscent memories when we think of a Methodist revival, or a Presbyterian sermon, or a Puritan Sabbath — but not of a Quaker meeting. It is difficult for us to imagine the service of God shorn of all drama and music and exhortation. It is equally difficult for us to imagine the service of the State shorn of excitement and gesture and attitude.

Yet the State is so served, and ably, by Mr. Hoover. Again, the simplicity of his manner belies his complex mind. The mild man who sedulously declines to engage in controversy has been wondrously successful in his dealings with the most controversial aggregation of mortals in our pugnacious and argumentative body politic — the Congress of the United States. The truth is that he is not so mild as he looks. The energy that most men waste in noise he applies to developing new strategies of attack. He usually has ten ideas for every one of any given antagonist. His specialty is ideas. His mind is disciplined to the habit of continuous, concentrated, purposeful thought. He wastes no brain power trying to make himself appear before the public in attitudes of thoughtfulness. His wits are busy with the facts of the situation, so that he almost invariably knows the facts better than his opponents.

Here I would correct an absurd misapprehension of the President. Unimaginative observers have convinced themselves that the only facts he knows are those which are susceptible of tabulation on an adding machine. No error is more laughable to those who know the man. The first 'fact' which invariably engages Mr. Hoover's thought is the human factor. 'What manner of man am I dealing with?' — this is his first inquiry. I know nobody who is a keener judge of human nature, nor one who plays more adeptly upon the infinitely various chords of human sensibility. To be sure, he never thunders, he never tears a passion to tatters, he never twangs a sentimental lyre. He does 'pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone,' and with marvelous effect. At quiet 'intimations of immortality' from him, captains of industry have put aside their millions and followed him into the public service. At his subtle invitation to share in the salvation of the State, boisterous demagogues have stilled their voices and delivered their votes to sound measures in Congress.

Mr. Hoover is a chess player in the public arena, where we expect a gladiator or a knight in shining armor. He is a master of premeditated moves. Not for him the resounding blow or the shouts of the crowd. His concern is for the distant king's-pawn-to-queen's-bishop's-fifth that confounds his surprised opponent with a quiet 'checkmate.' The hours that politicians spend deriding him upon the floor of the Senate are by him industriously improved in devising constructive plans which make their criticisms pointless. The organization of unemployment relief, support to agriculture, the bankers' pool, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, the anti-hoarding campaign, the new Federal Reserve laws, the support to the Farm Loan Banks, the numerous other constructive moves to meet the multifarious attacks of depression — all these flowed from his fertile and imaginative mind. None came from the gusty halls of Congress,

or from any other of the more vocal elements of the people.

A witty New Englander once explained how the taciturn sons of the Puritans had managed to become possessed of so large a proportion of the desirable things on this continent, under competition from equally energetic but more voluble strains of our polyglot people. 'We talk less: that leaves us more time to think.' Herbert Hoover is forever thinking — and acting upon thought.

And here I must parenthetically press home another characteristic of the man — persistence. He is the most persistent person of my acquaintance. Not noisily persistent; not pushingly persistent; just persistent. He never gives up a purpose, once he sets his will to it. The Farm Board, as actually set up by Congress at his instance in 1929, was accurately described in a magazine article about Herbert Hoover published in 1920. The reorganization of the government departments at Washington, now in process of accomplishment, was taken up by Mr. Hoover as a major public purpose in 1921. Temporary setbacks never discourage him; the tediousness of delay never bores him; new interests do not crowd out the older ones; difficulties only strike sparks of fresh ingenuity from his mind. He watches each iron in the fire until it gets hot; then less persistent people, less patient people, are astonished to see it suddenly snatched out of the coals, neatly turned on the anvil, and hammered into shape.

VII

Mr. Hoover's solicitude for the stability of banks in our current crisis has raised again the cry that he is not concerned for individuals and their personal happiness. I happen to know his philosophy on this particular subject, and that knowledge almost makes me despair of my own class of people — people who profess to lead the intellectual life and yet so often fail to carry on their intellectual processes upon sound foundations of adequate facts. Mr. Hoover's whole concern throughout this entire depression has been for the individual man and his personal happiness.

But how help him? Here Mr. Hoover has pierced to root principles. Banks are the key mechanisms of our productive economic system, because they are the reservoirs of surplus wealth in their communities, the tanks into which men who have idle money place it, and from which bankers lend it out to other men who can use it to produce new wealth in their factories and on their farms. Wages are practically always paid with borrowed money — borrowed from banks. Farmers plant and harvest with borrowed money. Mr. Hoover is concerned for the wage earner, concerned that he shall get his wages, that the farmer shall get his crop. Hence his solicitude for the banks: they are the spigot through which those forces must be drawn. If he watches over the spigot, it is on account of its function. He has no undue regard for bankers. He has a positive dislike for some bankers. But he has a profound respect for the banking function. In other words, Mr. Hoover, in his unflagging concern for the individual and his happiness, is intensely practical, and therefore intensely interested in keeping the banking function alive. If it dies, the individual cannot have his happiness. Mr. Hoover knows this, but alas, how few 'intellectuals' know anything so practical as that!

Not long ago the welfare workers in one of our largest states reported, in alarm, that the receiving of financial aid was breeding a class of people who, though formerly self-respecting and independent, were rapidly falling into the

frame of mind of the habitual pauper; they were becoming increasingly willing to accept money without work, and were expecting to be permanently supported in idleness. These welfare workers made their report with an air of naïve surprise and disappointment. Yet many of them had been accusing the President, and still do accuse him, of lacking interest in the common man, although he has steadfastly held out against cash bonus payments and billion-dollar schemes of direct aid, precisely because these devices would pauperize the beneficiaries and would short-circuit the economic mechanism that produces a living wage for honest work.

Work for men to do, and wages to pay them for it — these are the two things that have been uppermost in all the President's thinking these last three years. But he knows the mechanism that produces these things, and few of his critics do. They do not see what the German moratorium had to do with the man with a pick on his shoulder in the streets of Dayton, Ohio. Fortunately Mr. Hoover saw the German financial emergency exactly in terms of that man's next week's wages, and protected him by a decisive action in a crisis.

All these subjects with which he deals daily, with their troubling, abstract names, — currency, a balanced budget, taxation, government reorganization, reconstruction corporation, economic stability, disarmament, — are cogs in this mechanism whose final product, if the mechanism can be made to run smoothly, will be three square meals a day for the citizen and his family. The difference between Mr. Hoover and most other Presidents is that he spends practically all of his time in his overalls down in the roundhouse, working desperately to repair the engines of civilization; a less conscientious man in his position would put on a high hat and take his post in front of the railroad station where he could be pleasant to the customers and assure them that he would like to give them all a free pass on the train, and that it is no fault of the railroad that the train is late. He knows that unless a highly competent job is done on the repairs there is n't going to be any train — and he loves the individual passengers enough to get grease on his hands helping at the repair job. This fact may make his conversation less frequent and less interesting to the man on the station platform, but it certainly does not indicate that he lacks affection for him.

Just why Mr. Hoover should have abandoned a fortune and worked himself to the limits of endurance for six years to relieve human suffering in Europe is a riddle beyond my powers of comprehension unless I can assume what I know to be the truth and say that he did it because he had a profound interest in individual human beings. The efficiency of his practical genius has buried the man himself beneath the stupendous mountain of his accomplishment. Because the result is mechanically perfect, people think that the man himself must be only a mechanism. But machinery does not run without motive power; and the nature of Mr. Hoover's undertakings makes it impossible that the motive power could be anything else than a burning sympathy for real flesh-and-blood people.

All this is simple logic, and should have been obvious to everybody. For myself, I do not need the logic, for I know the man — his warmth of heart, his instant response to the simplest personal need, his simplicity of character, his gentleness.

BEGGARS CAN CHOOSE

BY JAEL KENT

I

THERE are three of us: my husband, who cannot be with us, but is sharing our adventure in spirit; nine-year-old John; and myself. We are city folk who have moved into a remote Vermont hill town to live. This, in bare outline, is all there is to our story. 'Family in reduced circumstances tries the simple life.' Our answer to the depression was as banal as that.

Yet it did not seem banal to John and me. This stiff New England parlor, with its two Boston rockers, the 'modern' wood heater, the old schoolmaster's desk; the small white schoolhouse on the hill; this wide New England street which in the space of three city blocks becomes a country lane — to John and me these details blended into a scene as strange as Timbuktu, as foreign as Turkestan. To us they represented the Unknown, and we picked our way among the daily hazards of village life with the caution, as well as the exhilaration, of explorers.

For it was to the city that we belonged, unmistakably. We had lived all our lives in Chicago. We had derived our living and our traditions from the Big Town. Ours was a folklore of skyscrapers and taxicabs, nurses on park benches, 'play groups,' speakeasies, and elevated trains. Our conditioned reflexes, which would have served either of us admirably in a State Street traffic jam, were quite inadequate when the chimneys did n't draw and the wind blew cold. Our manners and morals, our accomplishments and skills, were of scarcely more service to us than our reflexes. Could we count John's freedom from inhibitions an asset in this Puritan community? Or my lively 'line' of polite conversation? Hardly. So we have had to begin at the beginning and acquire new and more appropriate mental furniture.

In a time of dire need and actual starvation our problem ought not, perhaps, to be rated a serious one. But it is serious to us, and to many others of America's New Poor who have had to grapple with the same dilemma which faced us before we decided to come here. For each of us has a Moloch who must be fed. We call him our Standard-of-Living, or Position-in-the-Community. In the boom days his appetite grew with eating, but he does not reverse the process and tighten his belt when times are hard. Since many of us can no longer feed our Molochs, we must liberate ourselves from them, and in doing so every man must be his own Houdini. For each the way out will be different. There is no master key that will free us all.

There is at least one mental hazard, however, that all of us who take the road to freedom will have to pass. Each of us will have to exchange the ideology of the Rich or the Comfortable Middle Class for the ideology of the Medium Poor.

That wealth and poverty involve different thought ways as well as different behavior we know very well; we have amused ourselves often enough in the past with the gaucheries of the *nouveau riche*. The gaucheries of the *nouveau pauvre* somehow never seem quite so amusing, but they involve the same kind of readjustment, the same adaptation to a foreign culture. As for ourselves, we have already undertaken this readjustment. It has led us into many adventures, the most exciting of which remains the discovery that the leopard *can* change his spots.

Now, after eight months in Gilead Four Corners, we can with some justice count ourselves seasoned Vermonters. We know all the little idiosyncrasies of our 'chunk' stove: how to make it hold fire through a long winter's night; how to make it blaze up quickly on a cold morning; what the warning tick-tick in the stovepipe means. When the water does n't run in the kitchen sink, do we send for the plumber? We do not: he lives ten miles from here, and the road is rocky. One of us lies on his back under the faucet and blows into it, until a gush of water on the face assures us that all is again in working order. No one rings my telephone bell at seven-thirty in the morning to greet me insinuatingly with 'Gro-sry?' I do not market: I go down cellar. Together, John and I have developed the really manifold possibilities of the turnip, the potato, the winter squash. Our ring on the party line is 24. We know who belongs to the other twenty-three rings, and, even when we don't listen in, we usually know who is talking to whom, and why.

II

What we have become, and the incidents of our becoming, are really only interesting in the light of what we used to be. In the old days — when we lived in Chicago — my husband and I both worked: he to support his family and I because I wanted to. Judged by the standards of the Four Corners, we lived, even a year ago, on a scale of *Arabian Nights* splendor. Judged by the standards of our friends at home, we lived simply, though pleasantly enough.

At any rate our manner of life was comfortable and gracious. We had a charming house with seven rooms, two baths, and a garden. We had a car. We employed a maid, a laundress, a janitor, and a college boy who acted as tutor to John. John went to an excellent private school of the modern, experimental type. We did not, like many of our friends, belong to expensive clubs, keep our own horses, or entertain lavishly. Our bill at the bootlegger's was modest. But we had a delightful social life, extended an easy hospitality, went to the theatre when we chose, hailed taxis when it rained, took vacations when we were too hot, or too cold, or too tired to stay at home, and usually counted our pennies after we had spent them. It was very nice — so long as we had an income of $15,000 a year.

So much for yesterday. Then came the reckoning. We could, perhaps, have compromised with the old way. Many of our friends were compromising. We could have scrimped and worried and borrowed, and practised little, inconsistent, unavailing economies. But (for beggars *can* choose) we chose a more drastic and a more fundamental course. For the old budget of $15,000 a year we substituted a new one of $900. It covers everything: rent, light, laundry, telephone, fuel, food, gasoline and automobile license, clothes, incidentals — everything except insurance and the personal and traveling expenses of my husband, whose busi-

ness makes it impossible for him to live with us in any case.

I suppose someone wishes to rise at this point and tell me that I made no startling contribution to the sum of human knowledge when I found out that it is possible to live on less than $1000 a year. Lots of people in New York, Chicago, Kansas City, and points east or west have known that for years. But these are the Old Poor. They have an intimate acquaintance with the technique of poverty. They have inherited an invaluable and extensive store of knowledge concerning the emotions and ideas proper to poor people. They have but to follow the behavior patterns familiar to them since infancy. With us it was different. Only by scrapping our traditions and our traditional patterns of behavior were we able to succeed in making the readjustments necessary to a good life on the new terms.

There is still another difference between our situation and that of the $1000-a-year family in the city. Putting aside our urban, middle-class preconceptions of what was necessary to comfort and the enjoyment of life, we found that in a Vermont village $1000 a year is generally considered an adequate, not to say a luxurious, income for a family as small as ours. There was no reason why (preconceptions aside, again) we should not do very well by ourselves on the new budget, more successfully escaping the pinch of poverty than on a budget of $5000 a year in Chicago.

III

In fairness to our standard of living at $15,000 a year, I must confess that it was very pleasant while it lasted, nor does it now seem altogether distasteful. The new way of life has inevitably meant loss as well as gain, and, while most of our deprivations are indeed trivial, they deserve mention.

For myself, I have missed most my friends: the warm sense of security which their accustomed nearness gave, the joy of their companionship, and the easy sort of shorthand communication that long association had built up between us. My neighbors in Gilead Four Corners will always be strangers to me, and I to them. The gap between our cultures is one of race, religion, manners; it is economic, social, intellectual. Sometimes I think we are at least half a century apart. There have been times when the charm of my neighbors' archaic naïveté has worn a little thin; times when my hearty chuckles over my own unuttered jokes have seemed inadequate; times when, following some interesting train of thought, I have wished that it might strike sparks from a kindred mind and kindle to a fuller expression in other voices which spoke my language.

I have had moments of shameless longing for a barber who would sculp my head, instead of scalping it, and have felt a rush of real resentment against the impertinence of the advertiser who asks, 'Domestic Hands?' On one or two evenings the choice between a lonely fire and a meeting with the ladies of the Get-Together Club has left something still to be desired. On such evenings the pleasures of a good party, a good partner at a good dinner table, a masculine eye lighting to reassure me of my own worth, have not seemed such empty pleasures after all. Trifles, of course. But these go into the fabric of everyday life, and in such an evaluation as this I think they are rightly taken into account.

More serious is the loss to nine-year-old John, though he is not aware of it and whole-heartedly accepts each day's adventures with a child's unquestioning zest. At home in Chicago, John had

the best we could find to give him, and I think now that it was good. His teachers had a genuine feeling for the joy of exploration into new fields, intellectual or physical. They combined insight with a great love for the learning process, and these things they communicated to their pupils. He has not found such teachers here. Here, expression has had to yield to old-fashioned schoolroom discipline, and curiosity been curbed by drill. There is no doubt that John has lost by the limitations of the village school, though he has gained by the experiences of village life.

IV

In spite of these things, we still have our faith in the credit side of the ledger, and that faith grows with each passing month. In the first place, we have gained a real respite from economic pressure. We can live within our means. And, in obtaining our release from the old notion that a $15,000-a-year standard of living is the only standard, we have got an intoxicating sense of freedom, a kind of rebirth. We have learned that even for us, with our inept city ways and our self-indulgent city habits, it is possible, somewhere in the world, to live simply without ugliness or discomfort; to escape the tyranny of a big overhead; to run our little domestic plant on a small scale with real profit and adequate compensation to the operators. These lessons alone make us feel that the experiment has been worth the cost.

We have gained a new sense of time, equally precious to John and to me. In the city both of us usually felt as pressed for time as we were often pressed for money. Here there is time for everything, and for everybody. Time to watch the day dawn and the evening fall. Time to watch the mist rise and the clouds change color above the hillsides. Time to watch each leaf turn, and each bud swell. Time to read the stories of a colorful past which we find all about us, in books, in old letters and records, in the memory of old men. Time to know our neighbors, and ourselves. Both of us are still a little drunk with our new-found wealth of hours and days and minutes, so much our own, so nearly tangible that we almost know the touch of them in our fingers, and taste their sweetness on our tongues.

Time and money. Besides these, there is the gain we have brewed from our very losses. I have never held much with the man who hit his head against the wall because it felt so good when he stopped. Nevertheless, something may be said for him. The rich profusion of the city's gifts brings its own surfeit. Having so little now, we extract full value from what we have, and are content. New cider in the fall, new syrup in the spring, a wood box well filled, a book from friends at home, a threatened chimney fire, a sick neighbor to 'do' for, a village dance — these are joy and comfort and drama. Oddly enough, they suffice.

I have spoken of the gap that divides us from our neighbors. Friendliness and good will, a genuine impulse to tolerate and understand, and above all the Vermonter's respect for individual differences and personal freedom, have done much to bridge that gap. It has been good to feel the warmth of the village's welcome. We are not visitors, transient freaks, merely, but fellow citizens. We have been accepted, and both of us value our acceptance as a cherished prize.

When there is a Chicken Pie Supper, a sugar party, a programme for the Parent-Teachers Association, we too play our parts. Our small talents, neglected in a world entertained by movies and blues singers and Follies

girls, have been cultivated and applauded on the hill. John plays the mouth organ in the school band; he taught his class to make a puppet show at Thanksgiving time. I teach a sketching class of twenty girls; together we have introduced anagrams, and added 'coffeepot' and 'polite conversation' to the village repertoire of games. Modest offerings, but they loom large among the simple pleasures of our community life. They have been appreciated, and we are proud of our contribution.

V

Our neighbors have been kindly guides to the customs and the *mores* of their land. They recognize us as foreigners, but they neither mock nor shun us because we are different. Rather they have seemed to enjoy advising us, and we have been grateful for their help. Thus, when I said, 'Nothing to-day, thanks,' in a brisk city fashion and shut the door on a peddler with his pack, the postmistress obligingly set me straight.

'I guess we never told you about Abijah Griscom,' said she, handing me my letters through the wicket. 'He's one of the Chelsea Griscoms. He was real hurt to think you did n't ask him in this morning. Said he did n't know who you were, but guessed you were n't much 'count. He's real sensitive that way, and won't ever stop to sell you again if he thinks you don't treat him right. Abijah, he's real interesting. He's quite a health faddist and tries to convert folks to a grape-nuts diet.'

'I'm awfully sorry,' I said. 'Don't you think maybe you can apologize for me, and make it all right?'

The postmistress said she would try.

A few months later someone knocked at my door and I opened it to find Abijah and his pack. You don't catch me making the same mistake twice! The best chair was none too good for Abijah. And he was a forgiving soul: he sat in it and accepted my apology. 'Now that's all right; don't you worry no more about it,' he said. 'Come to think of it, it was natch'l, you not knowin' who I was.'

Dinner was ready; John had to get back to school. So, somewhat presumptuously, in view of his being one of the Chelsea Griscoms, I asked Abijah to stay for dinner. He 'did n't know but what he could.' When he had washed up and we three were seated at the table, Abijah began to talk. He had a lean, fanatic face with rather poppy black eyes and thin, moist lips. His voice was gentle, but he talked rapidly, and there was a kind of febrile energy behind his speech. He talked about the depression, only he called it the 'de*fi*cit,' and he had abandoned the cult of grape-nuts for socialism.

I asked him how he had come to be interested in socialism.

'I jest kinda figured it out for myself,' he said. 'It jest kinda came to me, as you might say, goin' along the road, seein' how things be.' Somewhere he had stumbled on a leaflet, published out West, which supported his views. He read aloud to us from the leaflet, taking its well-worn pages from his shirt pocket. But he kept going back to his own reasonable discovery, the homely truth that had 'jest come to him': 'It ain't fair, now, is it?'

John, who has read in the old gazetteers and knows something about the settling of Chelsea, and about the Chelsea Griscoms, chimed in with a question. 'Are you descended from Ebenezer Griscom?' he wanted to know. We like the story about Ebenezer. In 1804 the question came up of painting the church and putting a lightning rod on it. Ebenezer said he was quite willing to pay his share

toward the painting, and 'wanted God's house should look as respectable as his own.' But as for the lightning rod — why, if God wanted to strike down His own house, when honest men had been to the expense of building one for Him, it would ill become Ebenezer Griscom to do aught to prevent.

Abijah was very clear in the matter of his kinship with Ebenezer, tracing for us again the Griscom lineage which we already knew from Chelsea records. The old church is used now for a hog house. But something of Ebenezer's independent spirit still prevails.

Abijah was as deliberate in his eating as he was eager in speech. We really did have beans for dinner, and he really did eat them with his knife, mashing each bean with finicking precision. If John noticed this offense to Mrs. Post, he did not show that he did, and he has never referred to it since, though we often recall that noteworthy dinner. For the point about it was that Abijah Griscom, to us, was not just a quaint local character. To us he was incident, unexpected color in our quiet day, a breath of news from the outside world. He told us how the roads were over Tunbridge way, and how much snow they had in East Braintree; he and his skinny horse and his dilapidated sleigh linked us with our neighbors and with their thought.

It was not until dinner was over and John back at school that Abijah remembered his pack and his business. And even when the needles and pins, the shoelaces and pack thread, were spread out on the parlor sofa, it was of the inequality in the world that he talked, not of his wares. Because I felt so keenly the benefit to us of Abijah's visit and his graciousness in overlooking an unintended slight, I did not want to take the trinket from his pack which he offered in payment for his meal. But it is his self-respecting habit to pay his way, so a bottle of lemon extract on my kitchen shelf remains as a souvenir of our guest.

VI

Dinner with a New England peddler who talked like a Shavian dustman would hardly rank as the outstanding social event of the season at home. But in our days, which go by without incident, these things stand out and take on a quality of drama and a poignancy that more vivid happenings in the city lacked.

Looking back over a winter in which 'nothing has happened,' I ask myself what has made it seem so full, and so satisfying. What Midas touch has made the days seem brighter than when they were weighted with 'solid' gold? I think the answer is this: that our adventure, bare of pirates and Indians and gangland thrills, is a spiritual adventure. We have escaped a bondage no less real because we were for long unconscious of it. If we feel a kinship with the ghosts that haunt our house, it is because we too have pioneered. It is true that it took a national catastrophe to pry us loose from our sheltered corner. But on the whole we are glad to have been dislodged. We shall never again be frightened by the bogey of hard times. We have been freed from the narrow confines of our own class, as surely as any serf or Negro slave was ever freed from his. We have found a new security — the security of simple needs.

Whatever the coming years may bring in the way of social and economic changes, it is fairly certain that many people will have to make a psychological readjustment similar to ours. It is human to fear upheavals of thought above all other change. Such upheavals are painful, always. But, if we have learned anything, it is that they are also fun!

THE DAY IN COURT

BY MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

I

JUDGE WHITING began it irritably, and with some reason. He had been smarting ever since he saw that veiled hint in the morning paper that Thrall and not he himself might be the next appointee to the district bench. When Judge Clore died—and that was only a matter of hours and a sick man's tenacity now — there would be a vacant place in the judiciary, and it had been the line-up all along that Whiting would move up from the municipal court to the district one. Now came this rumor about Thrall to upset things; Thrall, who was fifteen years younger and a rich man's son-in-law, so that his profession was really only his ambition and not his livelihood. A swell, that was what Thrall was, thought the Judge, who had himself always been a good mixer. Thrall had no right to an appointment in which legal skill had always been weighed in the same balance with political reliability. Thrall had never done a thing for the party or lifted his finger for the Governor, who would have the appointment in his hands. But in these days you could n't tell about the swells. They turned up everywhere — radicals and 'stir-sticks' half the time, too — and made trouble. They somehow got on the inside track.

It was very bright and beginning to settle down to a glare of heat outside, but the courtroom was still cool and untouched by direct sunlight. The Judge nodded a good-morning to the lawyers at their table below his own desk. This was, he knew from a glance at the pleadings, a rental case involving a few hundred dollars and the question of an oral contract. Karl Parish was trying his wings this morning, appearing for the defendant. The Sugden-Thrall firm had just added Parish to their organization and sent him on their small stuff up to the city hall and courthouse. But of course that outfit did n't handle much small stuff. Young Laitre was on the other side, and the woman in the floppy pink hat he was talking to must be the plaintiff. Whatever the case might amount to, the lawyers were ready on the dot and eager to get at it. The June term was just beginning, and the clerk was calling the roll of the jury for the first time.

'S. S. Hallam.'

Judge Whiting did not alter the direction of his glance. He had never failed to groom habits of dignity during his nine years of presiding over municipal court, always mindful that he might need them if a more important judgeship were just around the corner. Now he stared down at some papers before him and ignored the name the clerk was calling, but he heard it and was surprised.

He had known that old Sam Hallam was drawn for jury duty, but of course he had n't expected him to serve. On any one of a dozen excuses he would have been let off without question, as

so many people were. All he had to do was to ask for it. It was an odd thing to have him turn up in court like this. Names drifted by the Judge. The members of the jury were all present except one, and the clerk was proceeding to draw from the entire panel the names of twelve men and women. Six of that number, which was the legal jury for municipal court, would be selected by the lawyers after explanation of the case and some questioning.

The automatic box swirled the names of the jurors once, the clerk called one, two, three names, and the people answering to them took seats in the jury box. There it was. S. S. Hallam. It would be a joke on the old boy if he got stuck on a tiresome case. The Judge's eyes, ponderously raised, saw Mr. Hallam, gray-haired, gray-suited, with a dark blue tie exactly the color of his cornflower boutonnière, — he had always been a great fellow for clothes, — take the fourth seat. But he did it a little stiffly. Getting old like the rest of us, thought the Judge, and even seven or eight million dollars don't help your knees to bend any better.

Meeting Mr. Hallam's eyes, he inclined his head in grave recognition. The other man nodded in return, a little imperiously, as if that manner were habitual. They'd known each other for years, but their paths seldom crossed now. When one young man builds up a law practice out of small cases of any kind, meddling in politics on the side, and another makes himself valuable to a great mining corporation, the latter may be very rich at fifty-eight and the former still a municipal court judge with delayed and festering ambitions.

II

Parish was explaining the case to the twelve jurors, making its substance clear, giving it to them in a nutshell. He talked plainly and over-rapidly, as if he did not want them to think he himself considered the matter weighty, lest they underrate his own importance.

'This is a lawsuit involving a disputed question of rental of a room at 121 Exeter Street. Mr. Bert Robinson, sitting in the first chair beside me, is my client.'

The jury looked attentively at Mr. Bert Robinson. But none of them would have noticed him on the street. He would have been just one more slightly unkempt elderly man, shabby of dress, stringy of tie, uncertain in manner, keeping himself going somehow and for small, obscure satisfactions of his own.

'We will attempt to prove to you that he does not owe the plaintiff, Mrs. Millie Jeffrey, anything, and that in fact he has more than satisfied any and all claims and obligations due her. It is a case which I think can be quickly disposed of and the facts will be readily apparent. Mr. Laitre, at the table nearest you, represents Mrs. Jeffrey. I shall ask only a couple of preliminary questions. Is there anyone in the jury who is acquainted with either Mr. Laitre or Mrs. Jeffrey or Mr. Robinson? In such case, will you just raise your hand?'

Juror number ten knew Mr. Robinson.

'In what capacity?'

'Just a friendly way.'

'You know him well?'

'Oh, no. He used to come to see my uncle.'

'I see. Anyone else?'

Juror number ten, conscious that she would be excused, showed on her thin, spinsterish face a slight chagrin at not getting on the case, and a certain enjoyment of the momentary spotlight. She seemed also to question whether acquaintance with Mr. Robin-

son did her any credit, and looked at him severely in an attempt to register impartiality.

Parish, sleek and black-and-white, had a flavor of greater attorneys about him that the Judge disliked, being reminded of Thrall by some of his mannerisms. He wasted no more time. But the tall, sandy, young Mr. Laitre was in no hurry. He approached the jury to make friends, a little deprecatingly, as if he knew most of them might be more experienced than he was, but none the less with his duty to perform. In turn he asked each juror his name, his occupation, and whether he owned any real estate.

'Mr. Hallam,' said Laitre, consulting the list to be sure of the name, 'you've lived in the city some years?'

'Thirty-six years, sir.'

That's right, and I was here two years before that, thought the Judge, and after all these years I'm still stretching a salary to see if it will make the grade. And think of Hallam dining with the President last year. But I remember when he came to Mabel Dresser's boarding house and she did n't want to take him in because he was a bad risk. He had a polka-dot tie, though, and lots of gall. Always sure of himself.

'And your occupation?'

The Judge almost grinned. All Hallam had to do was to count his money now. And go around all over Europe.

'I'm retired from active business. Previously I handled mining and timber interests.'

'I see,' said Laitre, and then suddenly, for no apparent reason, he flushed under his freckles. He's just realized who Hallam is, thought the Judge. Well, he can treat him just like anybody else. He's just a juror now, and he's got to answer proper questions.

Evidently young Laitre thought so too, in spite of his flush of embarrassment. 'Do you own real estate?'

'I have two homes, sir.'

'And do you lease any property from or to anyone?'

'I lease a fishing preserve.'

'But there is nothing in that which would affect your judgment on a matter of rental of property?'

'I know of no reason why it should.'

'And you know none of the parties in this case?'

'None of them.'

'Nor the counsel for the defendant, Mr. Parish?'

'I have met him casually.'

'There is nothing in that acquaintanceship to affect your judgment?'

Mr. Hallam's voice was dry and slightly ironic as he replied in the negative, implying that Mr. Karl Parish was entirely too unimportant to affect his judgment.

The young lawyer proceeded, passing his questionnaire along the line. 'No challenge,' he said at length.

The two lawyers took the list of jurors and considered it, marking names and consulting a little. In the jury box a plump, already perspiring lady in a red knitted suit said to Mr. Hallam, 'I guess we get paid anyway, even if they don't take us, don't we?'

'I believe so.'

'I'd really like to get home to-day myself. My children are just out of school and my house is in terrible confusion. I did n't have time to even get my breakfast dishes done. But I always like to get on a case when I get here. Have you served before?'

'No,' said Mr. Hallam, 'never before.'

III

He was beginning to feel it very ridiculous that he was serving now, stuck in a jury box in this petty court

between a fat woman and a piano tuner, with two upstarts consulting over his name and old Bill Whiting sitting up there and trying to look important over nothing. If he had n't been irritated into that discussion at dinner the other night he would n't be here. He would have done just what he usually had done when he had been drawn on a jury for the last fifteen years. He would have had his secretary call the judge or write him a note saying that the press of business made jury duty difficult and inconvenient just at this time, and he would deem it a favor if he could be excused for the present. That would have been the end of it.

But now, of course, there was no press of business, no press of anything. They let him play nine holes of golf and fish a little, and that was about all. Too many people were making up his mind for him these days. That was what got on his nerves, as it had at dinner when he remarked semi-satirically that the most important thing that had happened to him for days was a summons to municipal court, to serve on the jury.

Somebody laughed a little too soon. There were a few guests for dinner, all men at the table except his daughter Barbara.

'Well, you won't break up a golf game for that, I know,' said George Faire.

'Why not?' asked Hallam. He would n't have conclusions put in his mouth, even by his own lawyer.

'You would n't find it very interesting, Hallam. It's all very small stuff. No case can come up there if more than a thousand dollars is involved, and they're usually concerned with seventeen dollars and fifty cents and who smashed the right fender of the taxi. Petty civil cases.'

'Still, I suppose they involve questions of justice or there would n't be a court?' snapped Mr. Hallam.

Barbara clapped her brown hands together and leaned forward on the table, so that the strap of her dress slipped off one shoulder, and said, 'Go to it, Father. A fight's just what you need!'

He smiled at her frowningly. There was always that mixture of feeling in him toward the daughter who had been the last child of a late marriage, and whose amazing freedom and insolence never seemed to have any effect on her fondness for him or her loyalty.

'Most lawyers,' said Faire, 'consider the municipal court a necessary nuisance.'

He also was watching Barbara, on whom he had been trying to make an impression for the past two years. But his impressions seemed to slide off that gay mind as straps slid off her shoulders, and this possibly added as much to her provocativeness.

'That may be because you're thinking of your fees and not of justice,' said Hallam.

'It's tiresome stuff. If you ever went there, you'd see. You certainly would n't bother with it.'

'On the contrary,' Mr. Hallam began stubbornly, and the discussion continued until he had committed himself to serving on that jury. He was glad to make a point of impartial justice clear to Barbara, but, just as he thought he had, she picked a watch suddenly out of the nearest man's pocket and said, 'Glory, I've got to scram! I'm years late.'

'Where are you going?' asked her father, as her abrupt rising dragged everyone to his feet.

'Country club.'

'Can't you stay home for one evening?'

'But I did, for dinner. The food's much better here, darling, but the

dancing's not so hot.' She stopped and kissed her father as she went by, and added in public confidence, 'Guess what I found out there the other night. A shy young man, the only one left in the world. And don't you believe he's just a gawk, either. I've got to go and dance with him before some wicked, worldly girl gets hold of him. They're coming to pick me up as soon as I telephone. And I think you're absolutely right, Father. You just go and be on that jury and tell them all what's what!'

That was the way he had got his foot into it, so deeply that he could n't get it out unless he was willing to be laughed at. After Barbara left, the talk had stayed on courts and justice, and finally touched on Judge Whiting. Someone had mentioned that Bill Whiting had the municipal court, and there had been an offshoot of discussion as to why a man like that, who had real legal ability, had n't gone farther. Fragments of it came back now to Hallam as he sized up the courtroom and the Judge. Whiting was weak in a way; no doubt of that. He'd always let his friends use him, and he'd waited around for rewards to be brought to him instead of going after them or demanding them in advance. They had said the other night that he wanted and expected Clore's place on the district bench, but that wires were being pulled for Thrall, who had influential connections, close to the Governor. Poor old Bill Whiting! He'd always been a sort of poser, and he'd wasted his time and scattered his energies; but he was a good fellow, too, thought Hallam.

He heard his name again. They'd evidently picked him for this case. He rose with the other five and was sworn. The rest of the jurors, who were not called, were dismissed until the next morning, and with no delay the lawyers began to put in the evidence.

IV

There were few facts and they developed rapidly. Mr. Bert Robinson and Mrs. Millie Jeffrey had stories to tell which were similar up to a point and then became flatly contradictory. For ten years Robinson had lived in a room in the house owned by Mrs. Jeffrey. He'd lived there since her husband died, since she started to rent her three extra rooms. She could n't have been very old then, perhaps about thirty-five, and she had to find some way to keep going and buy cheap girlish hats that pretended she did n't get any older. There were signs that it had n't been easy. Her hands, knobby about the knuckles and covered with the taut, shining skin that strong soap reddens and toughens, showed that. She must once have had the kind of prettiness that hard work destroys and that women seldom can believe is gone.

Mrs. Jeffrey maintained a deliberately girlish manner in answering all questions, except when she was pressed about her arrangements with Robinson. Then her voice grew sharp, almost shrill, seeming to be full of echoes of past anger and resentment, and she was determined to explain everything at once, until her own lawyer had to say: 'Just answer my question, Mrs. Jeffrey. Did you, at any time, make an agreement to let Mr. Robinson stay in your home without paying rent?'

'No. I certainly did not.'

'Why did you let him stay there when he ceased to be able to pay his rent?'

She answered, 'Well, I was sorry for him. I did n't want to put him out on the street. And I thought maybe he'd catch up with the rent some day.'

'Then the understanding was that as soon as he got some money he would pay you —'

'Objected to as leading and calling

for a conclusion on the part of the witness,' said Parish.

'Objection sustained,' ruled the Judge.

S. S. Hallam was n't bored. He found even these technicalities of taking evidence interesting. It was a long time since he'd been inside a court of law. He paid Faire a big retainer to keep him and his business out of court. But to-day he was impressed by the technique of the proceedings. These lawyers had all sorts of ways of dragging out facts and admissions, and a judge had to know his way about. He wondered if Whiting had already made up his mind on this case, after hearing an hour's evidence. It was n't so easy. Hallam was n't sure whether the man or the woman was in the right.

Mrs. Jeffrey was now being examined by the lawyer for the defense, and her manner was nervous and wary. Parish, in that suave manner which Judge Whiting instantly recognized as imitation-Thrall, was smoothing her down with false courtesy and trying to coax her to incriminate herself.

'Mr. Robinson was useful about your house, was n't he?'

'Oh, once in a while he puttered about a little.'

'You did n't have to pay a boy to help you with the furnace during the winter of 1930?'

'I could n't afford one.'

'Please answer the question. I'll put it more directly. Did you employ anyone to help you with the furnace that winter?'

'No.'

'Had you employed a boy the winter before?'

'Well, when I could afford it, I had.'

'Did Mr. Robinson take care of the furnace during the winter of 1930 when you ceased to employ a boy?'

'Oh, maybe he put on a few shovels of coal now and then.'

'Do you mean twice a day by now and then?'

'Objected to as irrelevant.'

The Judge considered. 'What are you trying to establish, Mr. Parish?'

Mr. Parish said with a slightly superior air that he was trying to establish the fact that his client had assumed certain agreed-upon duties in place of paying rent. 'A point the jury must have in mind or there is no case.'

'You may answer, Mrs. Jeffrey,' said the Judge courteously. He always did have that nice way with women, thought Hallam.

The witness looked flattered but bewildered. She had forgotten what had been asked.

'Read the question.'

The stenographer jerked it at her. He hated this heat, for he was a fat young fellow and the day made him feel every pound of excess weight. In thirty-five minutes he could go down to the drug store and get something cool to drink. He could see the clock.

'Twice-a-day-by-now-and-then,' he repeated.

'I don't think as often as that. I don't remember.'

'Do you remember that in January 1930 Mr. Robinson came to you and told you that he would have to move because he could n't afford to stay?'

'Yes. He said something like that.'

'Did he move at that time?'

'No.'

'Do you recall that all during the rest of that winter after he ceased to pay the rent he shoveled the snow from your walks?'

'I don't really know.'

'Did you employ anyone from January 1930 until spring to keep your sidewalks clear?'

'I don't remember.'

'You remember that you did n't employ Mr. Robinson, but you can't

remember whether you employed anyone else?'

'Objected to as repetition and as confusing.'

'Sustained.'

'But you know, don't you, Mrs. Jeffrey, that there is a city ordinance requiring householders to keep their sidewalks clear?'

'I don't know much about laws. Mr. Jeffrey always looked after such things.'

There was a chuckle somewhere and the Judge's glance swept the courtroom in rebuke. Not in my courtroom, he intimated, are witnesses laughed at. Hallam approved.

'But you do keep your sidewalks clear in winter, Mrs. Jeffrey?'

'Well, people have to get in and out.'

'Exactly. And, after an understanding with you, Mr. Robinson made that possible?'

Laitre was on his feet. 'Your Honor, that is objected to and I ask that it be stricken. It's putting a conclusion in the mouth of the witness.'

'It may be stricken.'

'Mr. Robinson paid the rent regularly to you for eight years and six months —'

From his chair Bert Robinson nodded vigorously. He wanted that emphasized. Mrs. Jeffrey also admitted it. She acknowledged receipt of checks, produced in evidence, though it clearly worried her to see those checks, with her name on their backs, come out of the past. Then Mr. Parish, leaning forward and becoming quick and a little less suave, asked: —

'When did Mr. Robinson move from your house?'

'In February of this year.'

'Do you know where he went?'

'To see his sister in the southern part of the state.'

'And it was after that sister died and you found out she had left him a little money that someone told you it was a good time to start a lawsuit?'

'Objected to,' interrupted Laitre.

It was irrelevant, and yet in a way it was the whole case.

V

The old man told his side of the story, the lawyers bringing it out piecemeal. He had gone to his landlady and told her that he could n't pay the rent. He no longer had his little shop. He could n't even sell things from door to door with much success, perhaps because the housewives were tired of the shabby, unprepossessing man, perhaps because the agencies who had attractive things to sell wanted more dashing representatives. He'd lived in the city for thirty years and in the end he did n't have room rent. The elderly, handsome capitalist in the jury box wondered why that was, where Robinson's blunder had been made. In thirty years a man, even without a start, without much education, and with the odds against him, could make a great deal of money, establish himself firmly. Hallam knew.

Robinson was a careful, almost fussy old man in the witness stand. He was enjoying his day in court, feeling like a person of some consequence with his lawyer by his side. His sister had evidently left him enough money to go to a good lawyer. He was determined not to pay rent for those eleven months. He'd worked the rent out, he said. Mrs. Jeffrey had said that if he would take care of the furnace and the lawn and the walks and do odd jobs about the place he could have his room rent-free. That was the agreement, Robinson insisted, though there had never been anything in writing to corroborate it. He spoke in a detailed way that carried conviction, and he stood up well under cross-examination.

Laitre tried another tack. 'You were very comfortable at Mrs. Jeffrey's house?'

'Yes.'

'You were so comfortable you lived there eight years?'

'Eight years. Yes, sir.'

'You liked to live where you got a little extra attention? Where you could be sure of a cup of coffee on a cold morning and a friendly interest in the ups and downs of your sales?'

'Your honor, this is n't proper cross-examination,' said Parish impatiently.

It was not. It was not admitted to the record but only to the jury's minds, which had a picture of an old man being made comfortable and treated well.

'You would have kept on paying Mrs. Jeffrey if you had been able to, of course?'

'Sure I would.'

'You mean you recognized a continuing obligation?'

'She said,' began the old man, 'that if I worked around the house —'

'But you knew that Mrs. Jeffrey really could n't afford to keep you on that basis, did n't you?'

'Counsel is again calling for a conclusion —'

It was at that point in the argument that the door at the back of the courtroom opened and Barbara Hallam came in. She was dressed as any girl might be who had spent the morning on a golf course and come through the city in an open roadster, especially if she had the run of the sport clothes in the best shops in the country. She was in white and blue, with large nickel buttons on her short blue jacket, and she wore a white linen hat brimmed like a halo. They were the kind of simple sport clothes that connote expensive and energetic leisure, and Barbara set them off. She looked spirited and very pretty and entirely out of place. The stenographer got as much pleasure out of the sight of her as he had expected from a cool drink. He mopped his brow with a flourish and sat up straighter.

Her father was not so pleased. He had instructed his chauffeur to be waiting in front of the building at noon and could not understand why Barbara had appeared. The few listeners in the benches at the back of the courtroom regarded her with curiosity. But young Laitre, who had been near the witness box, struggling to put a question to Robinson through his lawyer's objections, swung around to go back to his table and saw Barbara suddenly. Hallam could see his daughter's incorrigible smile, the one she gave to things and people she liked, no matter who or where they happened to be, slip over the tables and fall exactly where it was aimed, on Laitre. She evidently knew him. She almost waved. Even the back of the young lawyer's neck was red as, with an effort at concentration, he went on with his examination of the witness.

The Judge found it monotonous. He was looking at the time. He wanted to see the noon extra as soon as possible and find out what had happened to Clore and if he was still alive.

'Court will adjourn until two o'clock.'

VI

Barbara was in no hurry to meet her father. By the time he had got his hat from the jury's cloakroom, he found her talking to Laitre, and with a curt nod to the lawyer he took her away with him.

'How did you happen to come down, Barbara?'

'Mark jammed his hand in the garage door. He'll be all right, but he can't drive for a day or two. I said I'd come and get you. Was n't it nice of me?'

Mr. Hallam muttered something about carelessness.

'Are n't you having fun being on a fascinating case like that?' asked Barbara.

'What's fascinating about it?'

'All those lawyers and funny witnesses. Don't you think Peter Laitre's frightfully clever?'

'That young lawyer? Where did you meet him?'

'I told you all about him. Don't you remember that I said I'd met a shy young man who was n't just a gawk?'

'The identification was n't easy,' said Hallam, dryly.

'He's my favorite,' said Barbara; 'he's the words to the music for me! And just imagine how smart he is to think up all those questions.'

'Great minds, my dear,' said her father, 'don't appear in municipal court.'

'You said yourself the other night that it was just as important as any other court. Officer, I've just been parked a minute. I had to get my father. He's working on the jury.'

The policeman put the yellow tag back in his pocket and grinned.

'Oh, all right, miss.'

'You need n't drag me into your corruption of the police force,' said Hallam as they drove off.

'You ought to be proud to see me manage them. I'm supposed to be very good. How's the case coming out?'

'I'm not at liberty to discuss it.'

'Then I'll have to ask Peter. He'll tell me. You have to be back at two o'clock, don't you? I'll drive you down.'

It was queer to Mr. Hallam to feel the obligation of being back in the courtroom at two o'clock. For years he had been the person for whom things waited and who gave orders, but to-day it was different. He was one of the necessary parts of the machinery rigged up to dispense justice to Bert Robinson and Millie Jeffrey, but he could n't start it going. He had to be there so that the order could be given by someone else, and justice get under way. He ate his lunch, from the jellied soup to the hothouse grapes, very thoughtfully, watching Barbara, who was honoring him by having lunch at home. Sometimes she worried him. She was, he knew, almost too generous, too lavish with her affections, and he had a constant fear that someone might exploit them some day. His will protected her financially, but it could not emotionally, and she was twenty-one and free by nature as well as by his indulgence. All the rest of his children were married, but he could not remember that he had been so concerned about where or how they gave their feelings as he was about this last, motherless child who was so distant from him in age, and so like his beloved second wife.

There was a telephone call after lunch from an old friend who said that the Governor was in the city and was dining with him and his wife very quietly and informally. They wanted Mr. Hallam to join them, and Hallam said that he would. He liked the Governor and was of the opinion that his feet were on the ground. He liked him so much that he had contributed very generously to his campaign fund more than once. Hallam smoked a cigar and rested while Barbara changed her clothes. She came down in a leaf green with a loosely woven black and green hat that let the tiniest squares of sunshine through. They started earlier than was necessary, and Hallam was in the courtroom five minutes before the first of the other jurors appeared. Barbara had left him in front of the city hall.

'I'll get a taxi home,' he told her.

'No. I'll call for you. When will you be through?'

'Impossible to say,' he said testily. 'It might be four o'clock. Or six. Or half past.'

That, he thought, would thwart her, but she only said blithely, 'I'll look in about four and see if you're through,' and was off again.

Judge Whiting was there sharp at two o'clock. He was meticulous about it because he had been tempted to adjourn court for the afternoon on some pretext. The last bulletin about Judge Clore reported him as sinking, and death was expected at any minute. Appointment of his successor might be practically immediate, even though the announcement might not be made for a day or two. The Governor usually did things that way, made up his mind firmly and quickly, to keep people from nagging at him and political supporters from becoming too importunate. Whiting had picked up a rumor that the Governor was to be in the city to-day, and that too worried him. Thrall would be sure to have his friends see the Governor for him, see what influence he could bring to bear. Of course Whiting's own claims were obvious, but it was necessary to have them pressed, and better to have it done by people who were n't politicians, who could n't be suspected of having their hands out for anything. If I could only ask Sam Hallam to put in a word, thought Whiting over his pork-chop plate lunch, which seemed singularly tasteless. He stands high, he's a close friend of the Governor's, and he's certainly got no axe to grind. But after all these years he would n't go begging of Hallam.

He found in himself, too, a stubborn resistance to adjourning court, even though he might lose a chance of seeing the Governor himself this afternoon. Adjournment would throw the calendar out, and there were fifty-six cases this term. If Clore died, there'd be a half day lost for the funeral, too. It was n't right. And this case could n't be dismissed as it stood. The issue was n't clear. Somebody was lying.

So he had gone back to the city hall through the midday heat that seemed now to rise like a glycerine mist from the pavements. Whiting had never been able to afford a car. He'd always had his sisters to look out for.

VII

The sun had moved around to the courtroom side of the building, and the shades drawn against it also cut off the air. Mrs. Jeffrey had tried to cool herself with face powder, but it made her look worn and ghastly. Robinson seemed older, more petulant, more stubborn. There were several more witnesses, among them one for the defendant to testify that he had often seen him mowing the lawn and shoveling snow at the Jeffrey house; and a dressmaker who lived in the same place also was called to the stand. Her testimony was largely dismissed as hearsay, but she gave enough of it to corroborate the fact that Mrs. Jeffrey had always been kind to the old man, at least until six months ago.

Laitre was on his mettle this afternoon. But, for that matter, so was Parish. It amused the Judge to see how both lawyers struggled over small points. But he had seen attorneys get worked up before about unimportant lawsuits, especially these young fellows who had n't learned to take a beating as part of the day's work. The thing that was astonishing was to see Thrall himself come in at half past two and, after greeting the Judge and a moment's explanation, take his place beside young Parish as advisory counsel. But Judge Whiting had to fumble only a moment for the reason.

It's because Sam Hallam's on the

jury, of course, thought the Judge. Thrall does n't want his office to appear careless or indifferent about its smallest case. It 's just a grand-stand play. He must have heard at noon that Sam Hallam was on the jury. And it occurred uncomfortably to the Judge that there was possibly a deeper reason than playing to the gallery. Sam Hallam knew the Governor pretty well, and they had said the Governor might be in the city to-day. It was n't such a bad time for Thrall to give a personal demonstration of ability.

Well, said the Judge to himself, that fixes young Laitre. He won't be able to do much against those wolves, especially as he 's got the heavy end of the case. He ruled against Laitre again, and at that point Thrall, stepping up to his desk, asked for consideration of a point of law. The Judge, granting it, looked at Thrall with distaste. Perhaps he was a good lawyer, but he was a merciless machine just the same, moving steadily toward his set-up ambitions.

The jury was excused while the lawyers argued the technical point, and Sam Hallam felt that was absurd. He wanted to hear what they were saying in the courtroom, and instead he was adrift in the marble corridor with the piano tuner at his elbow and the fat woman sighing for a breath of air at the nearest window. Mr. Hallam was annoyed at being dismissed like this. He would have liked to walk out and go home, but he knew he could n't get out of this case now until he had Bill Whiting's permission. He had to stay until, after an indefinite amount of hocus-pocus, the jury should decide whether there had been an oral contract between Mrs. Jeffrey and Robinson. It further disturbed Mr. Hallam that he could n't make up his mind firmly on that simple point.

The situation was clear enough. The old man had evidently done chores around the house after he could no longer pay rent. Perhaps, as he claimed, there had been an agreement that such work would satisfy for the rent. Yet the woman might have put it that way because she knew he was broke and did n't want to turn him out. She might have begun by being charitable, and then he got on her nerves. There was a piece of evidence that she 'd cut the grass once or twice herself after the old man began to do the chores. He probably got slack; or thought himself overworked and turned sulky. Old fellows like that did. And, as was always the case in that kind of informal deal, each of them no doubt began to suspect the other of getting the best of it. That was only human nature.

Of course, when Robinson got a little money unexpectedly, Mrs. Jeffrey began to believe she 'd kept him on charity all that time. She 'd told him so, and that made him mad. She needed money, that was the crux of it, and the old man had some. Probably that was what it got down to.

'You here again?' he said to Barbara as she came along the corridor in her swift, free way. 'You 're giving me an unusual amount of attention to-day.'

She pinched his arm fondly. 'It 's four o'clock.'

'You may as well go home. I can't tell when I 'll get through here.'

'Jury is being called,' said the clerk, opening the courtroom door.

'It may be an hour or two, Barbara.'

'I 'd like to listen for a while, anyway,' she said, and he had no time to argue that with her. So she slipped into one of the back seats, but so inconspicuously that even Peter Laitre did not see her at first. It almost seemed as if she did want to listen.

There were others who had come to hear what was going on. Some of Mrs. Jeffrey's acquaintances, middle-aged

women who bore the same marks of finding existence difficult and hard work, were there, and several people who seemed just to want a place to sit, and a couple of reporters who looked desperate with heat. Judge Whiting, recognizing the newspaper men, knew why they were there. We don't get a multimillionaire on this jury every day, he thought satirically.

VIII

Mrs. Jeffrey was recalled to the stand. It was no trick for Parish, with Thrall at his elbow, to throw her into confusion now. She still denied that she had any contract with Robinson, but her manner was uncertain and fearful of what might be asked her next.

'You did n't in any way give him to understand that his work was the equivalent of the rent?'

'No.'

'Were you willing to let this old man work for you for nothing?'

'He did n't work very hard for me.'

'But he did work for you?'

'He did a few things anyone would do.'

It was too hot to keep this up forever, thought the stenographer crossly. He thought that if he had the money he'd take a lake trip. That good-looking society girl kept her eye right on Laitre. There were lots of good-looking girls on those lake boats. He kept recording every word that was said and thought of none of it.

Both sides were willing to rest their cases. Thrall spoke negligently to Parish, the two attorneys conferred, and it was agreed that the closing remarks to the jury would be limited to fifteen minutes for each side.

Parish was very much to the point. He accented the evidence that pointed to the probability of an oral contract, was slightly humorous over the suggestion that Mrs. Jeffrey would let an old man live in her house just out of good will. Mr. Hallam felt the thing clarifying. Of course the lawyer was right. There had been a deal between the two, probably as Robinson claimed.

With a few flattering words to express confidence in the jury, Parish was through.

Laitre stood up. He had seen the spectators by this time and was aware of Barbara. He could n't help that nervous glance in her direction before he began clumsily, as if he were not sure of his own points and embarrassed by his audience. A man should n't let a girl interfere with his job, thought Hallam disapprovingly, especially when other people's interests are at stake.

But Laitre's voice was changing, growing firmer.

'Ladies and gentlemen, I am asking you now to use your imagination on this case. I want you to think what it would be like to be a woman left alone with no money, a house which is an obligation, and no occupation. It must be frightening and worrying and distressing. It must be enough to make a woman hard and selfish and mercenary. But it did not do that to Mrs. Jeffrey. It did not destroy kindness in her. She understood the hard luck of this old man who had lodged with her for years. She would n't turn him out even when she could no longer collect the rent on Saturday night. She made a concession perhaps that he could, as she says, putter about the house. One makes those concessions to a child to ease his dignity, keep up his pride. But that's not a contract — no one should call that a contract and penalize her for it. . . .'

Hallam listened to every word. The boy had the orator's gift. He was brief and incensive and dramatic. He carried the jury with him. He thought for them. Mrs. Jeffrey began to weep.

Even the reporters did n't sidle out in their usual manner. In ten minutes Laitre showed what he thought had happened in that shabby little house where every penny counted. He's got sympathy, decided Hallam, and he's not thinking of Barbara now. He's got his mind on the responsibility in hand. Irrelevantly he thought that a girl could be trusted to a man like Peter Laitre, who made the best out of a bad job.

Thrall himself failed to look as impassive as was his custom during an opposing lawyer's talk, and Judge Whiting, drooped on his elbow and looking half away, thought that Laitre was a nice boy and that if he kept on he'd make a fine trial lawyer some day. Whiting had once intended to be a great trial lawyer himself. It made him dreary to remember it to-day.

The arguments were over. It was now Judge Whiting's turn, and he knew what he was up against. In his opinion, Laitre had made a nice talk, but he knew it was n't sound. It was the kind of talk that excited jurors and often made a couple of them stand out against the level-headed ones. There was in Judge Whiting's mind an inclination to let the thing go, charge the jury quickly, formally, unimpressively, and see how far Laitre's harangue would carry. It would be some satisfaction to see Thrall lose a case in municipal court after he'd given it some of his own important time and attention. It could probably be done. The courtroom was high-strung. Still, he was a judge, even if he only presided over a petty court. He could n't play tricks like that.

He swung around in his chair.

'Ladies and gentlemen of the jury,' he said with dignity, and his tone seemed to sweep sentiment away. He was grave and just, but he showed no sympathy. They must weigh the evidence. They must not, he told them, be swayed by the addresses of the lawyers. That was not their part or duty. The point at issue was one of fact and law, whether there had existed a contract between plaintiff and defendant. An oral contract could be binding. As he went on, Hallam felt himself agreeing, approving, and, to his astonishment, learning.

'This court has jurisdiction only over small matters as far as finance may be concerned, but it is as deeply concerned with justice as is any higher one. I know you will give this matter your best attention and your gravest consideration. When you retire to the jury room' — the rest was purely formal instruction, but Hallam had got the full import of what the Judge had said. He knew that it was now his business to keep the fat woman from being swayed too much by her sympathy for Mrs. Jeffrey.

IX

It took him a full thirty-five minutes. They made him foreman of the jury, but he had not guessed that anyone would be as resistant to his expressed opinions as that woman in the red suit and the man who worked in a feed store somewhere. People nearly always took Hallam's judgment, and were grateful for it. But those two would not. Again and again Hallam, holding his temper, had to remind them not of what he thought, but of what the Judge had said.

'But that Mr. Laitre was much the best lawyer,' said the feed-store man. 'I hate to see him lose his case.'

'Yes,' agreed Mr. Hallam, 'but we can't help that.'

He too disliked giving the case to the Thrall firm. Peter Laitre had put up the better fight. There was a pompousness about both Thrall and that cub

who had tried the case that Hallam had n't liked. Thrall and Whiting — the thing had slipped his mind, but now he remembered. That was a queer situation. Both of them were after Clore's place. But Whiting had been very fair, very gentlemanly. He is a real judge, thought Hallam, and wished he could do something about helping Whiting to get the judgeship. It was an appointment of the Governor's, of course. Well, he was going to dine with the Governor to-night if they got out of here. He could tell him what he thought in no uncertain terms, and the Governor usually respected his opinion. He'd do all he could.

'I don't see what poor Mrs. Jeffrey can do without that money,' mourned the fat woman.

'That does n't enter in,' explained Mr. Hallam once more.

To-morrow he'd telephone and ask to be excused from further duty. He was growing tired in this hot little room. He was too old for this sort of thing, justice blurred with sympathy. He wondered how Whiting kept his head clear.

He took another ballot. The woman in the red dress gave in weakly, the feed-store man sulkily.

'Of course I suppose you men know more about the law.'

'I'm sure we all only want to do the right thing.'

They filed back into the courtroom. Thrall was not there, but the other lawyers were, as well as the Judge.

'Ladies and gentlemen, have you agreed upon a verdict?'

They had, for the defendant. Parish took it as if he'd expected it, as if nothing else could possibly have happened. But Laitre turned to his client. He was telling her how sorry he was and she was taking it rather badly and flouncing away from his solicitude to the comfort of her friends. She'll never pay him, thought Hallam in amusement. But she's had her day in court, poor thing, and maybe that's enough for her — all she should get.

He turned to see if Barbara was still there. She was at the back of the room, frowning, looking disappointed, and suddenly her father was struck by a new fear. She was n't going to leave that young fellow in the lurch now, was she? She was n't fooled by failure — not his daughter? He tried to catch her eye and he could n't. But, as Mrs. Jeffrey turned petulantly away from her lawyer's regrets, Barbara came swiftly forward.

'You were wonderful, Peter,' Hallam heard her say. 'You were simply great and grand!'

Hallam went to get his hat. There was nothing to be done about those two and he did n't want to do anything. There was a little curl of satisfaction about his heart. He went past the Judge's desk, and Whiting was still sitting there.

'Well, Judge — well, Bill,' said Hallam affably, pausing to shake hands, 'it's been a hot day, but it's been very interesting.'

Whiting had just heard from his clerk that Clore was dead. He was wondering where to turn. He knew something should be done, but it had always been hard for him to push his own interests when it came to the scratch.

'Oh, it's small stuff, but it takes time. Somebody's got to look after it,' he answered.

'I'm dining with the Governor,' said Hallam. 'I hope you won't object to my telling him what an able judge I think you are.'

Judge Whiting grew straighter. His manner was perfect. He had always kept it so, in readiness for a higher court.

'Very good of you, Sam,' he said with dignity.

A FARMER COUNTS HIS BLESSINGS

BY JARED VAN WAGENEN, JR.

I

I AM afraid there are a good many people who, if their opinion were asked, would be unwilling to admit that the farmer had any particular blessings to count. The farmer himself would surely not be likely to take an optimistic view of his own affairs. Not only has he had personal experience with this game called farming, but, in addition, he has for years been reading the papers and listening to speeches setting forth his miserable and undone condition, so that it is wonderfully easy for him to feel very sorry for himself, and possibly to reverse Dr. Coué's famous formula by murmuring, 'Every day in every way I'm growing worse and worse.'

Nor is the business man inclined to take a more rosy view of the delights of agriculture. Of course it is true that many men in their less practical and more sentimental moments will confess to a rather undefined wish that somehow, sometime, they too might turn into farmers. This is explainable by the fact that almost none of us is more than two or three generations removed from the furrow, and there doubtless remains a genuine pull of hereditary habits and memories drawing us back to the land. It is like hunting. Time was when stern necessity compelled men to hunt for a living, and now after many generations the old instinct is so strong that every year, when the open season comes around, millions of men leave their usual tasks, don cap and hunting coat and leggings and flannel shirt, and hie themselves to field and wood, there to enact a sort of ritualistic symbolism, commemorative of days long past and almost forgotten. This revival of the chase belongs to the same class of phenomena that motivates the house dog when he revolves two or three times before he lies down in front of the living-room fire, thus testifying to his biological inheritance from those far-off wolfish ancestors who, in like fashion, turned themselves about to make a nest in the grass.

I suppose it is by just such atavistic memories that we may explain the fact that many, perhaps most, men dream in rather vague ways of a time when they will go to the land. Indeed, men commonly signalize business success by buying a country home or an estate and indulging in the pastime of playing at farming. Doing this is equivalent to a formal announcement that they have, economically speaking, 'arrived.' Still, as I say, these agricultural fancies assail men, particularly in their more romantic and less practical moments. Fortunately, in most instances they are content to gratify these bucolic yearnings with such innocent and inexpensive diversions as reading seedsmen's catalogues and subscribing to *Country Life in America*. Probably in his everyday thinking the city man is inclined to be a bit hard-boiled — more so than he is willing

to admit. Down in his heart he considers the farmer a very praiseworthy and convenient fixture in the scheme of things. He may regard him tolerantly as a sort of Brother to the Ox, but he is glad that the farmer sticks to his job without too much complaint, and that he seems on the whole to be fairly well content in the lowly estate whereunto God hath called him.

Once in a long while the farmer may get the opportunity to make the retort courteous. My friend William Amoss, of Maryland, is a Quaker and a farmer. Incidentally his family has tilled that particular bit of Harford County for more than two hundred years — almost from the days of Leonard Calvert. With that sort of background, even a Quaker is not much inclined to keep quiet when someone is making disrespectful remarks about this business of farming. Once, a good many years ago, when Amoss was still a young lad, he paid a visit to a cousin in New York, and this cousin was a relative of Charles Broadway Rouss and had the run of his house. Boylike, the two lads went there one night just as the famous merchant was dining, surrounded by such luxury as the Maryland farm boy had never before met with.

Desiring to make conversation, Mr. Rouss said, 'Young man, what is your business?'

'My father is a farmer,' was the reply.

'H-m — a farmer. You can make no money at that.'

The young nonconformist stoutly answered, 'Yes, I know he does n't make much money; but we've got clothes enough to keep warm, and we've got lots to eat, and we sleep awfully well at night, and we don't have to worry.'

Back came the reply, 'Well, well, well, I do declare. I never thought of that. Sit down and have some dinner.'

I think it will be granted that in this tilt the honors remained with the boy.

II

Now, I cannot close my eyes to the fact that this business of mine has never contributed to that class whom a very picturesque President of the United States once held up to public execration as 'malefactors of great wealth.' Only here and there, once in a great while, are we permitted to be enrolled among those who pay income taxes, and then only in the lowest brackets. Of course a casual reading of *Who's Who in America* might cause one to jump to the conclusion that the only way to become a great man is to choose a farm, or at least the country, for one's birthplace. In a word, it appears that a farm is the best possible breeding ground for great men, but it seems to be necessary to turn them over to the city for development. I remember hearing a rather prominent figure in the official political life of New York in the rôle of an after-dinner orator. Among the pleasant platitudes which are a part of such speeches he boasted that it had been his happy fortune in life to be born on a farm. 'But,' he added with a chuckle, 'I left it just as soon as I reached years of discretion.' I suppose the orthodox rule for attaining a large place in the world runs something like this: 'Arrange or contrive in some way or other to have yourself born on a farm, but also see to it that by no possible mischance do you remain there.'

I take it that the reason why the farm-bred boy so frequently comes eventually to sit in the seats of the mighty lies fundamentally in his Spartan training. Reared in that school, he learns to get up early when it would be more agreeable to remain in bed. He knows what it is to weed onions or pick up potatoes when he

would prefer to go to the ball game, and, rather pathetically perhaps, he comes to esteem the small thin silver coin of the realm as something to be regarded with respect when possessed, and to be parted with only after mature consideration. Possibly there is something rather pitiful in this, because too many farm boys find boyhood so full of tasks that they miss the carefree joyousness of life which ought to be the birthright of every child; none the less it can hardly be gainsaid that this sort of training stands a boy in good stead when he goes out to measure himself against the great world of men. Patient industry, economy, and a sober Puritan outlook on life are old-fashioned virtues — easier to extol perhaps than to practise — which have never lost their value in the game of life.

We are fond of remarking that the sweeping social and economic changes of recent years — notably the wide contact made possible by the automobile and the environment of the centralized school — have suddenly taken the farm boy out of what was formerly a distinct social caste with different training and ideals. I think this is so, and on the whole I am glad. I question, however, whether the changes have been wholly for good, and I wonder whether in coming days this farm boy will continue to make his former contribution to social leadership.

In our thinking it seems to be casually regarded as a self-evident truth that, whatever may be the pleasures and compensations of life on the land, the farmer's economic reward is adjusted to a lower level than that of the industrial world. The obvious inquiry, then, is, 'Why should anybody continue to farm?' Even so, there are more than six million heads of families in this United States who, if asked their occupation, would describe themselves as farmers. Many of them, of course, are such because, by heredity or environment, they are tied to the land and have not courage or initiative to escape; but I am convinced that there are a multitude of genuinely farm-minded folk willing to pay the price for the sake of being their own boss.

This quality of farm-mindedness is not a matter of birth or training. I doubt not there are plenty of folk in, say, New York City who will never get north of 125th Street and nevertheless will continue to daydream of green fields and orchards and cows, just as there are farm-bred girls whose conception of the good life is centred around certain small cubicles in an apartment house with a movie Palace of Delight around the corner. I may say also that I have met, now and then, a woman born to the big town who by some strange mischance has married a farmer and come to live on a remote farm, and apparently has lived a wonderfully happy life amid her pots and pans and garden and hen yard. Perhaps this is so because she was born fundamentally farm-minded. A more romantic explanation would be that it was a case of 'all for love, or the world well lost.'

III

It is a melancholy reflection that our two or three notable sunbursts of agricultural prosperity seem to have been associated with great wars. More than a hundred years ago the Napoleonic Wars brought about an inflation of agricultural prices which dazzled the tenant farmer of England and was strongly reflected in America. My father used to tell me of the unbelievable prices which accompanied our Civil War, and I listened with a feeling of wonder and envy, but felt sure that they would never again be equaled. These prices were exceeded, however,

in the fantastic quotations during the latter part of the World War and the year and a half thereafter. Among the dizzy happenings of that period I remember selling the hide of a farm-slaughtered cow for forty-three cents a pound, and deacon (newborn calf) skins for five dollars. Last winter I sold a similar cowhide for one and a half cents a pound, and deacon hides for thirty-five cents.

When I count my blessings, I include the fact that this period did n't last long. Indeed, it came suddenly to an end in the early summer of 1920. We farm folk seem to have been an object of public solicitude and governmental care ever since. *But we had our little day. We have lived.*

I count it as a blessing that this hectic, unreal, short-lived, so-called prosperity blew up before we had any real boom in Eastern land. It has been a long time since the lands of our old Northeast have been in good repute either as security for loans or as an investment. It was different in the Corn Belt. There, lands were good at the bank, and men speculatively inclined had been buying land for what was deemed the inevitable upward trend. Land had been going up notably all during those quietly, modestly prosperous years which preceded the World War, and when the war and high prices came it went up like a rocket. There is no question that the very worst and most pitiful cases of economic woe in the Middle West have resulted from buying land during the flush times and agreeing to pay impossible prices. During the heart-breaking years since then, the purchaser, regardless of anything that he might do, has seen his equity extinguished by the decline in price. On the other hand, our Eastern lands, never having been pushed to high prices, did not have far to fall.

In a general way it is true that it was always the best lands whose value was unreasonably inflated and where recent economic distress has been most acute. This is not to be construed as an endorsement of or plea for poor agricultural land. As a matter of fact, we still continue to farm millions of acres of so-called land that ought never to have been cleared in the first place, and should now be allowed to revert to the wilderness as rapidly as possible. Let it be said in passing, however, that this reversion process, before it is completed, does entail some very difficult social problems, such as the maintenance of the functions of church, school, and local government in regions which are almost but not quite abandoned.

I count it as another of my blessings that in these uncertain times we farm folk have a job. It may not be a well-paid job, and many would insist that it is not a pleasant one; but at least it has the virtue of permanence. I am rather thrilled by the fact that, at a time when statisticians say that American business is operating at hardly more than 60 per cent of its normal rate, this great industry of which I am a part continues to carry on at about the same rate that has characterized it for a dozen years past. We have taken big wage cuts, and enforced economies have led to a small reduction of the labor force, but the hours have not been reduced and the total output is normal. When, a little later, we shall have the final estimates of agricultural production for 1931, we shall find that the American farmer has produced just about the same amount of wheat and corn and cotton and meats — and all the other things by which men live — as he did in the boom year of 1929. Values may have been cut in half, but — incurable optimists that we are — we still carry on and still hope for better things next year.

I suppose farming is absolutely the most unregulated and bitterly competitive of any of our major industries. I assume that most industries try to maintain some sort of coöperation and price understanding among themselves (always within the law, of course). But in agriculture the units are so small and their numbers so vast that any really effective organization or closely knit coöperation seems impossible. Of rather crude efforts to secure some control of prices we have had a plenty. Sometimes among certain localized groups a certain measure of organization has been secured. There are some eighty thousand dairymen who live on the New York Milk Shed, and whose potential outlet for their product is the liquid milk trade of the area. Persistent high-pressure efforts to bring these eighty thousand dairymen together into one marketing organization, the Dairymen's League, Inc., has succeeded in enrolling about 50 per cent of their number within that rather iron-bound organization. The League, with a peak turnover of about eighty million dollars a year, may fairly insist that it represents Big Business in Agriculture. Its supporters will tell you that it dominates the New York market and determines basic prices. Those individualists outside will tell you that it merely follows quotations, and that it accomplishes nothing to justify the operation of its intricate and ponderous set-up. With an effort to maintain a judicial attitude and an open mind, I have never been able to come to any positive conclusions as to its usefulness.

IV

It seems to be in times like these that agriculture makes the best possible showing. The rural sociologist has long loved to expand upon the consequences growing out of a steadily declining rural population, and we folk on the spot have been rather disconcerted by the realization of what it must ultimately mean. It seems evident that temporarily the tide not only has been arrested, but is actually running in the other direction. In this old Northeast, at least, I think it can be shown that there are more people living in the country than there were two years ago. Here are two different happenings which indicate the trend.

In a neighboring township is a rural-delivery mail route of about twenty-four miles which in past years has included some unoccupied farms and many vacant houses. This winter I am told that somebody is living in every habitable house. These are not people who have turned farmers or permanent country dwellers, but they represent folk who have moved to the country because rents are either nominal or free, and fuel is available at very little more than the labor of cutting. It is most unfortunate that we should have this sort of forced migration, but it indicates that in time of stress the country can take up considerable economic slack.

Another example of how people are turning back toward the land is this. Very recently I talked at length with the president of one of our twelve Federal Land Banks. He told me that in these days, when there is every reason to suppose that no one would wish to buy anything, — least of all, perhaps, land, — there is really almost a flood of inquiries regarding farms. What it means is just this: that now a lot of people are taking stock of life, and have concluded that while there is very little money on the farm, there are always at least food and shelter and fuel. He also told me another thing from which I derived a good deal of satisfaction. He said that right

now, in the period when agriculture is passing through this tremendous deflation, there are comparatively few defaulted payments. Somehow or other the great mass of borrowers are managing to dig up the money to pay their interest and amortization charges. This judgment was based on the bank's records concerning some twelve thousand different farm loans. He says that the reason for this is largely a moral one. He believes that the farmer, above the average of the rest of the world, labors under the idea that when a debt is owing the only thing to do is to pay it. This is an old-fashioned, primitive conception of duty which I am glad to believe is still especially characteristic of our old-fashioned farm people.

In passing, it is interesting to note that this March the 4½ per cent Federal Land Bank bonds were selling, for the different maturities, for from 83 to 98¾ — surely an unusual price in these times for a security that, in its last analysis, depends solely upon the good faith and courage of many thousands of poor farmers whose idea of prosperity seems to be a little farm of a hundred or two acres, unencumbered with debt. In a word, we seem in the aggregate to enjoy rather gilt-edged credit, and for this also I give thanks.

V

As has often been remarked, farming is not only a business — it is a mode of life as well. The farm is at once the home and the factory. In this respect farming is still in an earlier era of the world. In times like these the farmer can revert to the sustenance type of agriculture. Here in New York State, a hundred years ago, the average farmer lived almost wholly from within his own fence lines. His economic system was one of barter. He grew his own wheat, and it was ground to flour in the local mill. His field of flint corn furnished samp and supawn and johnnycake. There were sweets from his own beehives and from his maple-sugar bush. He ate hugely of beef and pork, and of mutton if he cared for it, and the cow that furnished the corned beef also yielded a hide that was tanned in the local tannery and made into shoes for the family by the neighborhood cobbler. On every well-ordered farm there were a flock of sheep and a plot of flax, and in every farm kitchen there were the great spinning wheel for wool, the little spinning wheel for flax, and the barn-frame loom on which the homespun yarn was wrought into thick and honest cloth. All this is hardly a hundred years removed. The farmer of 1832 was not primarily interested in prices. He was interested in abundant crops because that meant plenty for everyone and plenty to barter with the local craftsmen for the things he could not produce on his own farm or within his farmhouse walls. His was not a commercial agriculture, but rather one of sustenance.

I repeat, then, that in those days farming was not a commercial venture, but a mode of life. If the farmer of a century ago had been called upon to live through a great world-wide depression, he would scarcely have learned of its existence. As news of it filtered through to him, he would hardly have changed the even tenor of his ways. He feared flood and drought and hail and frost and grasshoppers, but he did not worry himself concerning the business cycle.

My own father on this farm lived very much closer to this era than I do. He ate the home-baked loaf from his own wheat, and the buckwheat cakes came from grain grown on his own hillsides. Down cellar were incredible amounts of salt pork and corned beef, and the smokehouse hung full of hams

and bacon and smoked beef. My own mother dried apples and plums and berries and corn, and put up great quantities of canned fruit. She cleaned the tripe of the fat cow and made 'roletje' (phonetic spelling), and the autumnal butchering furnished 'souse' and liverwurst. Always it was supposed that there would be 'old' ham to fry until the 'new' was ready to use. I am glad to say that we still cure some ham and bacon, but there is not nearly as much of it as in the old days.

I am only sixty years old, — hardly senile enough to write the 'Recollections of a Graybeard,' — but I remember with considerable satisfaction that candles from the tallow of the cow had a good deal of a place in my youthful environment, and I positively swell with pride over the fact that until fairly recent years we made our own soft soap from the wood ashes accumulated in the kitchen stove. In fact, down cellar still stands the long wooden trough in which the soap was kept. My memory thus goes back and links me to many features of the Homespun Age, and only two generations would carry back to the days when this farm was a wholly self-contained, self-sufficient agricultural and economic unit.

Now, what I wish to call attention to is just this: on the surface of things the farmer appears to have come a long way from his bygone past, but not so far that he cannot return if it should be necessary. He seems even now to have started a bit on the back track. The Grange League-Federation Exchange is a coöperative farm organization supplying cattle feed and bread flour to many thousands of New York State farmers. An official of this concern told me that the sales of flour to farmers have doubled during the past year. In other words, almost purely as a measure of economy, the home-baked loaf is returning. If times get hard enough, the farmer can go much further in the same direction. The average farmer on the typical family-sized farm is a singularly resourceful individual. He is a hardy perennial and almost impossible to kill. If worst comes to worst, he can put off painting the barn and get along without some piece of agricultural machinery he had planned to buy, and drive the old car a couple of years longer, and so come through. There may be an appalling scarcity of cash money, but there will not be starvation.

Whatever may be the farmer's state of mind west of the Mississippi River, I am thankful to say that here in the East he is not expecting the Federal Farm Board or any other product of legislation to save him. He expects to live though till spring without asking for charity, and in the coming better and brighter days, when is held the roll call of men and institutions, the farmer will be present to answer, 'Here.' For this assurance I give thanks.

VIRGINIAN MEMORIES

I

All day we sat in the motor bus,
Tearing along the straight smooth Lee Highway,
Farther and farther going into Virginia.
As we went the North faded and faded,
And the South grew and grew as we went along.
And all the time I was singing to myself,
'O Shenandoah, I long to hear you. . . .'
We saw proud old Colonial houses
Of time-toned brick, with white wide porches and windows,
Set comfortably in the rolling Virginian land.
And all the towns and villages were full of black men;
And black men worked in the fields and on the roads;
And old black women and little children stood
In the doors of rotting wood houses, and at the corners
Of untidy wooden streets.
All along the road were cypresses;
And often we went by maples, budding red,
Making all of rich Virginia richer.
And I (full of the sad music of the name,
And feeling it strange to be near the place of the name)
Kept singing to myself, and sometimes out aloud,
'O Shenandoah, I love your daughter. . . .'

So we went onwards and onwards. The blue high hills
That ridge the Shenandoah Valley grew higher and bluer,
And higher and bluer. And still we went on and on.
Slow and wide,
The Shenandoah (O Shenandoah!)
Ran through the level countryside;
Through the level countryside
The Shenandoah (O Shenandoah!)
Went its proud unhurried way.
(O Shenandoah!)
Its proud unhurried way it went,
By heavy-budded trees that bent
And touched the waters they had known
When the Shenandoah was all alone,
Was all alone (O Shenandoah!);
Before red men had crossed the hills,
And had come into the plain;
Before white men had crossed the hills,
And had driven them out again;

Before the land had been wild with guns
In the days of the Civil War.
(O Shenandoah!)
It knew what solitude was, once,
Did the Shenandoah.
And there we saw it, slow and wide,
Run quietly through the countryside;
Slow and wide;
Slow and proud.
(O Shenandoah! O Shenandoah!)

We traveled on until evening; and the mountains distant
Before us grew near, and passed, and grew distant behind us;
And I kept singing the song which had a new meaning:
'O Shenandoah, I'll not deceive you;
Away you rolling river!
O Shenandoah, I've got to leave you;
Away I'm bound to go. . . .'

II

I saw an ancient cherry tree
Scarredly and crookedly
Stand in a field that was also
Crooked and scarred with the scars of plough.
Bloom was misty upon the bough;
And the earth was red with the riches of earth;
And the wind that frolicked a thoughtless path
Would tremble the blossoms then and now —
Tremble the blossoms; and laugh; and go;
And the red earth would be flecked with snow.

That's all. And yet it seemed to me
That the plough-scarred field and crooked tree
Were built in holy harmony.

III

And I saw also cypresses
Pricking the sky.

The ploughland stretched in rhythmic way
Between the hills and where I lay;
Rich brown, rich red it stretched. There was
A Negro sat astride a horse
That dragged a harrow;
In a certain course (that seemed
As rhythmic as the rounded land)

Across the ploughland, cracked with furrow,
They dragged a harrow.
The dust rose white at the horse's tread;
Then blew; then mingled again with the red
Bold sweep of earth.
And then the trees,
Standing as sentinels, caught my eye;
And I saw also cypresses
Pricking the sky.

IV

I hear the tramp of Confederates
March down the wind, and the hoofs of horse
Clatter upon the rocks. A pause . . .
And the wind is still. . . . And the army waits. . . .

This hill has rung with men like a town,
And a gun been dragged up its wooded slant.
The soldiers came, and the soldiers went;
And the soldiers went, and the gun fell down;

And now the hill has only the wind
That peoples its sides with a thousand feet,
And clatters with horse, and brings the beat
Of the drums of war to the lonely land.

V

In Virginia I met a man from Ohio
Who said: 'I've been in Virginia for four years,
And if I stay here four years more I'll be
As crazy about it as the Virginians are.'

Do you need eight years to lose your heart to this,
O stubborn man, O stubborn man from Ohio?

ALASTAIR MILLER

THE BREAKING POINT

BY ARTHUR POUND

I

Such gods as watch the weary ways of man must have smiled pityingly when the new apple-vending machine made its appearance a few months ago. Selling apples on street corners and in lobbies of office buildings became a refuge of the unemployed in 1929 and 1930, but no sooner had apples established themselves in the wayside market than someone invented a shiny machine which sells apples automatically — a nickel in the slot brings a red apple rolling down a chute. A sanitary apple, at the right temperature, summer or winter. The machine is cheerful to look upon, well kept, frequently groomed. Even this humble, random occupation is at the mercy of invention and enterprise. Yet so far are we under the spell of progress that apple venders fatalistically suffer this silent competitor without giving way to a natural desire to kick in its shining sides.

Whatever can be done better and cheaper by machines will be done by them sooner or later. Rightly so; there is no reason why a man should waste his time standing on a street corner in the cold beside a box of apples. A better use than that can be found for almost any human being. The trouble is that the machine comes along before a door to other employment can be opened.

This parable of the apple sellers shows the alert follow-through of machine development, which produces a machine to fit every market challenge, and reveals the economy of machine use. The machine sells apples better than the man does it, and at less cost to society. Not that society gets apples cheaper from the machine than from the human vender, or that the apple raisers get more for their Jonathans and Spitzbergens. But less effort is involved, more time released for something else. And when enough apples have passed through a machine to pay the cost of designing and manufacturing it, then perhaps consumers may get apples cheaper or producers get more for them. Some of the saving may eventually work around even to the displaced competitor of the machine, but he is the last.

If society ever needed apple venders standing forlornly in public places, it will not need them long. Their jobs have become obsolete through the superior technique, economies, and beauties of machine apple vending. For a time the human apple sellers may escape its competition by moving on to other corners and lobbies, but the machine is on their trail.

'Occupational obsolescence' is the new name for the process by which improved machines and ways of production put human beings out of work. 'Technological unemployment' was the first mouth-filling phrase invented to cover this, but it does not describe the situation quite as accurately as the

new one. Jobs of many sorts really become obsolete as industrial technique advances; they tend to disappear as surely as obsolete animals now called prehistoric have disappeared, as surely as an ancient lathe goes on the scrap heap. Those jobs are worn-out. It does not matter that they sustained considerable numbers of human beings up to a point; if those human beings cannot shift their work to other jobs, they find themselves in a market which has less and less use for their services.

II

From 1923 to 1929 all American conditions save one favored heavy and steady employment. Times were good, credit easy, employers confident, trade expanding. Nevertheless, the number of unemployed grew throughout those years of flash prosperity. Why? Only one answer was found at the time, and it remains the only adequate one. Improving mechanisms, processes, and systems of production kept releasing workers from their jobs faster than they could find new jobs.

The Report of the Committee on Recent Economic Changes, of the President's Conference on Unemployment (Herbert Hoover, Chairman), was published in 1929, together with a report by a special staff of the National Bureau of Economic Research. From the figures therein Professor Rugg of Columbia estimates the number of unemployed at 1,500,000 in 1923; 1,775,000 in 1925; 2,000,000 in 1927; 3,000,000 to 5,000,000 in 1929. Presumably the 3,000,000 figure measures the unemployment in the early part of 1929, before the plunge into cyclical difficulties.

The same period saw the largest increase in goods production ever recorded, — 58.5 per cent, according to the London *Spectator*, — yet this record in efficient toil was hung up by a total factory force smaller by more than 1,000,000 persons in 1929 than in 1919. The figures are: 1919, 10,813,000; 1929, 9,730,000. Both money and real wages rose, while hours of work decreased. Factory workers, and many outside of factories, had more of everything than ever before except security of tenure, and of that they had considerably less.

If industrial employment had increased from 1919 to 1929 in the same proportion as the population of the United States increased, about 1,450,000 workers would have been added to industrial pay rolls. Since there was no room for more workers in the factories, mines, and on the farms, which also reduced their staffs, the surplus workers took to producing services instead of goods; many of them lived by serving directly the well-paid industrial workers. There were increases in the numbers of salesmen, gasoline attendants, bootleggers, hotel and restaurant employees, civil servants, teachers, domestic servants, motion-picture workers, delivery men, garage workers. Many of these could be easily dispensed with, and were laid off when decreasing wages hit the purchasing power of the goods producers.

Among both 'makers' and 'servers' more workers were in debt than ever before. When credits were based on possessions instead of futures, a workman could hardly get credit beyond his immediate creature needs — a month's house rent, two weeks' groceries, and a half ton of coal on 'tick.' Beyond these he could not go far into debt. But in the twenties he could buy anything from a ring to a house on time, provided he had what was optimistically called 'a steady job.' Labor carried a heavy load of debt into this depression and some of it still lingers. Those still in debt are slow to begin buying other than sheer neces-

sities, and the forced liquidation of their equities of course depresses values.

Watching the reactions of American society to these novel conditions, the London *Spectator* drew this conclusion:

> The doctrine that high wages mean prosperity works well enough so long as the high wages are paid to a sufficiently large number of citizens. But if the numbers of the wage earners are to diminish steadily . . . and if the labor surplus, dependent on those wage earners, is to grow in proportion, we must expect the unemployment problem to become more menacing as the years go by.

How swiftly American industry increased output and decreased jobs is revealed in this table from Professor Rugg's *Introduction to Problems of American Culture*, giving the percentages of increased production and decreased labor forces in nine industries from 1923 to 1927: —

	Increase in Production *Per Cent*	Decrease in Labor Force *Per Cent*
Oil Refining	84	5
Tobacco	53	13
Meat	20	19
Railroad transportation	30	1
Building (Ohio only)	11	15
Coal	4	15
Steel	8	9
Cotton	3	13
Lumber	6	21

For a more stirring picture, consider the two plants of the A. O. Smith Corporation at Milwaukee, described by Stuart Chase in *Fortune*, November 1930. In one plant equipped with huge mechanical 'dragons,' 200 men (since reduced in number) made as many steel automobile frames as 2000 men made in an adjoining plant of the same size equipped with the usual conveyor systems and machine equipment, reckoned efficient until the 'dragons' were put to work. It was inevitable that jobs should be killed by those new giants.

III

I am aware of the arguments from economics and history with the quieting purport that supplanting men with machinery can have little effect on employment 'in the long run.' While opportunity for a long run remained, all was well. Individuals, family groups, and localities might suffer temporarily, and of these some might never recover their former status, yet these losses were overshadowed by the gains of far larger numbers. But now the staccato raps of science are so insistent that time enough may not elapse between one blow and the next to permit the adjustment in what is considered a normal manner. The question becomes, 'How long a run?' Man starves in a few days and loses his morale under despair in a few weeks. Society reels a little under a blow from science to-day, staggers back part way, and gets another facer before equilibrium has been quite established, and then a third and a fourth. It does not matter that the innovations are excellent 'for the long run' if the patient is overwhelmed to exhaustion in the meantime.

All the exponents of the 'long run' theory of industrial beatitude admit a delay between the time a man loses one job and finds another. Few realize, because accurate data are not plentiful, how demoralizing this is to those who experience it. In the *Journal of Political Economy* for August 1929, R. J. Myers describes the results of machine displacement of garment cutters in Chicago. In 1926, conditions forced employers to reduce costs, a simple matter on the technological side because union regulations had restrained for some time the full operation of their labor-saving machinery. Three hundred and seventy cutters left the Hart, Schaffner and Marx plant, of whom

236 received a dismissal wage of $500 each. Twenty-nine per cent found work immediately, and of the remainder 11 per cent had not found work within a year. On the average it took more than five months for this group of skilled workmen to place themselves. Only one quarter found work at the cutting table. Multiple-ply cutting of garments had rendered their skill obsolete, and this in one of the great clothing centres of the world. The older men were particularly hard hit. The average loss in wages was $675. Desperate want appeared in many cases, and would have appeared in more except for the generous dismissal wage and other aids.

Another investigation revealed even longer waits for work. In *Absorption of Unemployed by American Industry*, Brookings Institute, May 1929, Isador Lubin reported on 754 unemployed workers in Baltimore, Chicago, and Worcester, Massachusetts. Seventy-six per cent of those investigated had been unemployed for more than two months, 65 per cent for more than three months, 41 per cent for more than four months, and 19 per cent for more than nine months. Thirty per cent of those over forty-five years of age had found no other job; 48 per cent of those finding jobs received smaller wages than before, 27 per cent received the same, and 19 per cent had bettered their condition. Some turned bootlegger.

How the jobless try to make both ends meet is shown in the Lynds' *Middletown*. Of 68 families where the breadwinner had lost his job, 47 families reduced the clothing budget, 43 families reduced the food budget, 27 wives went out to work, 6 families moved to cheaper homes, 5 of 20 had telephones taken out, 4 of 35 removed a child from high school so that he might work, 14 of 60 were unable to meet insurance payments.

As one draws closer to the present, the privations are correspondingly greater. A survey of Philadelphia quoted by Rugg showed as unemployed one sixth of the normal working population, and 12 per cent of these had been without work for a year. The food allowance of one family of four was $4.00 a week.

These pre-depression figures indicate that unemployment on new high levels had become chronic before 1929. A few of the concrete reasons for this increase are set forth by President William Green of the American Federation of Labor in the *New York Times*:—

1. There were 32,000 razor blades made per operative in 1930 as against 500 in 1913.

2. Thirty men with ten machines in the shops of the Sun Tube Company do as much work as 240 men had done previously.

3. One man with a 'gang' of semi-automatic machines replaces 25 skilled mechanics.

4. Within five years the Bessemer process was improved so that it required 24 per cent less labor, and in pig-iron production 7 men did work which formerly took the labor of 60.

If, in practice, men were laid off in all lines at the rates indicated above as possible, American society would long since have shattered its present bases in search of relief. But, actually, more of us have been helped than hurt by these changes in industrial processing. Offsets have appeared. One man now makes as many electric light bulbs as six made before modern machine developments, the present output per man in eight hours being 10,000 as against 1600 previously. Mr. Green cites an increase much larger than this, and he takes for granted that every man so displaced immediately loses his job, but the demand must have risen, and some of the operators released from that

sort of work would be put on another kind of work by the same employer the next day.

IV

If we could be sure that unemployment would increase no more than 1,500,000 during the prosperous years which intervene between cyclical depressions, we might dismiss the subject as minor, though perhaps we should still be troubled by the hardships of the victims. But all indications are that the great drive for industrial efficiency is just getting under way, and that hereafter jobs will become obsolescent at an even faster rate.

The imperatives of American life dictate change in industry. Among these are ambition, greed, admiration of system and order, belief in progress, lust for knowledge, and desire for the social applause which follows placing knowledge at the service of mankind. These urges compel the application of science to the production of goods in new ways which, through competition, soon become efficient. No longer is the innovator considered a heretic or a crank. The liaison between capital and invention, and between pure science and applied science, grows closer day by day. Corporations maintain staffs of highly specialized scientists to carry on, through continuous teamwork in excellent laboratories, researches likely to develop salable improvements in goods and services. As improvements appear, they are put into production with less delay than if the inventors had to cadge about for capital and improvise manufacturing and distribution facilities.

Further, the network of communications which crisscrosses the planet and brings news to the people makes for speed in rounding out new processes and disposing of their production. Consumers' distrust of novelty has largely disappeared; advertisers can sell more goods by saying, 'It's the latest thing,' than by saying, 'It's been standard for a century.' Lay press and technical press spread the news of scientific achievement so fast that the public mind is dazed by the succession of discoveries, and the scientist is aware, though hidden in his laboratory, that he works under the eye of an expectant, appreciative world. A flood of congratulations poured in upon the Cornell physicist who described the last of the unknown elements. More meaningful, a metallurgist in Wyoming, soon after the physicist described something never seen of mortal eye, announced that he thought he had run the quarry down in some ore then under process. He may be wrong, but we can be sure that no such delay between hypothesis and use will occur in this case as occurred with helium, named in 1868, found in 1890, but not placed in production for another quarter of a century.

While details of change in the near future remain hidden, some machines and tools cast their shadows before quite definitely. The Smith 'dragon' is a multiple automatic machine combining a considerable number of functions previously performed by separate machines, the parts so produced being later assembled. The 'dragon' does several hitherto separated tasks in a nicely synchronized operation, and assembles the completed whole. For years engineers have been looking upon a factory plant as a unit, and have been synchronizing various operations; they are now combining the functions of separate machines in larger mechanisms, the goal being a plant which functions by itself under the eye of a few supervisors. The engineering ideal is to reduce the amount of supervision necessary until, at long last, the manless factory becomes a reality. The

process, of course, will be so gradual that when the announcement finally comes it will create no more stir than the recent announcement that, after years of effort in the oil industry, the first 10,000-foot well had been sunk.

So much for giantism in industry. Turn now to the other extreme — the photo-electric cell. Here is a small and delicate device, rather like a large electric light bulb, so sensitive to wave vibrations that it lends itself well to remote controls. By means of it an operator on one end of an ordinary telephone wire can start and stop machines at a distance and receive reports on their movements. At this moment photo-electric cells are being used to control electric substations, water reservoirs, and auxiliary stations on oil pipe lines. These buildings may house large capital investments, yet human attendance is seldom necessary. Not only does the photo-electric cell 'hear' and 'speak'; it can also 'feel' and 'smell.' That is to say, it reacts to the various stimuli which we segregate under those senses. If you want a tunnel or room ventilated, it will start a blower whenever a given saturation point of gas is reached. It will automatically direct a stream of fire-quenching gas toward a flame originating at any point within a given radius. It will open a traffic lane, by switching a red light off and a green light on, whenever the shadow of an automobile approaching the light falls upon it through a tough glass plate set in the pavement. Some of these applications are still laboratory demonstrations rather than practical uses; indeed, the very sensitiveness of the device sometimes necessitates long and patient adjustments to industrial machines, but enough has been done to prove its ultimate utility.

Thus, in color-sorting operations the photo-electric cell seems likely to sweep the field. It can pick out in a flash the unlabeled yeast cake in a moving line and start the mechanism which separates it almost instantly from its fellows ready for packing. It is the champion kidney-bean and cigar sorter, more discriminating than the human eye, faster than the human hand.

Watching the photo-electric cell at work under the best conditions, one can easily believe that here is a control mechanism which will go far to relieve machinery of routine guidance. On most machines there is a switch or lever, a handle or pedal, with which an operator can stop the machine in case of mishap. Though the machine may be ordinarily started and stopped from a distance, the nearest hand holds a potential veto over its operation. In years to come it is probable that this cell can be so applied to machines that it will automatically stop operations, in case of any deviation from normal procedure, more swiftly than the smartest human being can act. It will then be a chief reliance in accident prevention.

There are staggering possibilities in the union of this delicate controlling unit and giant multiple machines. So sensitive is the photo-electric cell that an intruding shout or shadow may influence it, yet it can control the force which drives a Smith 'dragon.' Before this awesome combination one is moved to ask whether, in the fullness of time, a chief problem of industry may not be that of keeping man at some distance from the machines which make the goods he uses. The factory of the future may well be as completely controlled, as definitely shut off from random interruptions, as is a laboratory where a precision experiment is under way. If this seems a wild leap in the dark, compare it with the prophecy of Philip Livingston in 1831 that a steam locomotive would wreck itself at seventeen miles an hour.

V

In *R.U.R.*, the play which introduced the mechanical man or robot, human beings declined in number as the robots increased. An illogical escape from reality! Unless plenty of consumers are on hand to use the production of machines, why improve the machine processes? So far, machines and population have increased together, and probably will continue to do so. Man can adjust himself to anything, even to living with less work; but in the process various institutions considered sacrosanct are likely to perish.

Taking continued life and growth for granted, what adjustments can human society make to continuing technical advance? Certain restraints have already been set up by organized groups. While union labor in America has never definitely set its face against inventions, in practice it often adopts a policy of delaying the full application of improvements, to protect 'the boys' until they have had time to adjust their lives to changed conditions. When the linotype made its appearance in the office of the small-town newspaper where I worked thirty years ago, the public opinion of the shop bore down hard on the 'swift,' an itinerant operator out to set all the copy on hand. Usually the 'swift' was soon put in his place. This discipline seemed un-American and all that, but from the vantage point of more experience I can see that homes were being protected from want through a transition period. Some of the more recent reactions of union printers to technical improvements seem hardly as sensible, yet when type can be set in Rochester from copy in New York, through gearing the teletype to the linotype, the struggle to keep jobs alive becomes too pressing for strictly logical procedures.

That group controls are merely temporary is indicated by the crisis which developed in the unionized Chicago clothing trades in 1926. There the full impact of technical advances had been avoided by mutual consent. Costs, therefore, remained relatively high in the union shops, while costs fell in open and competing shops. The market could find cheaper clothes, and did, so that the Chicago unionized firms, losing trade, found it necessary to use their labor-saving tools to full efficiency.

Employers also put on the brakes sometimes. Holding patents out of use is a commonplace. Occasionally the fear that the market is not ready for a change in design delays the production of novelties. Years ago a great automotive engineer told me, along with many other prophecies which have since come to pass, that eventually automobile motors would be carried in the rear instead of at the front of the chassis, a change against which consumer habit seemed to be the chief argument. Now that the Prince of Wales has bought a car so designed the ice may be considered broken. A leading electrical company is said to be holding back some startling innovations out of consideration for the effect they might have on unemployment if brought into use suddenly. This is perhaps the high point in the development of soul, or at least of social conscience, in American corporations. But these lags, like those set up by labor unions, are temporary. Patents expire eventually, and stockholders can rightly protest against any managerial policy of hoarding patents which may return profits in use.

Of course it might be possible to stiffen these brakes. The unions would do so if they could, and a good many industrialists in preferred positions are not averse to a stabilized system. But the line between a stabilized world and a static world is faint, and the question

fairly shouts itself, 'Who is to do the stabilizing?' Most Americans prefer flowing life, surging energy, pressing innovations, come what will. Yet there remains the stern fact that some suffer through innovations, and the prospect that the number of those idle because of occupational obsolescence will increase. What, if anything, can be done about them?

The usual answer at this point is state unemployment insurance. A major difficulty is that the risk eludes accurate, actuarial measurement. There is the attitude of the insured toward job hunting to consider, and also the possibility of novel factors coming in after the plan is set up. The British system was designed as an insurance measure and functioned as such until the postwar situation forced a change of procedure, turning it partially into a government dole. Any system of that sort is so at the mercy of events as to make it a danger to national solvency, since, once it is started, government cannot let it drop, but must come to the rescue when the planned sources of revenue become inadequate. Short of state aid, however, a good deal can be done by corporations which build up reserves for unemployment benefit and so manage their affairs as to keep their workers busy as steadily as possible. The fund created in the Chicago clothing trade by employers and their unionized employees is an excellent model of industrial self-government in this field. Yet there is grave need for introducing a control effective over the whole domestic market, in order that goods produced under an adequate relief plan shall not be at the mercy of competitors refusing to meet the situation as fairly. The Wisconsin plan seems to be one of the best unemployment relief measures ever written, but if it raises Wisconsin's costs of production it may handicap that state's industry.

Mr. Hugh Frayne, labor leader, told members of the New York Senate Committee, holding hearings on unemployment, to tax machines. They might have replied that: (1) machines are already taxed through income taxes on their earnings, and also as personal property; and (2) to place unusual tax burdens on New York machines would penalize New York machine owners and operators as against those of other states free to sell their produce even in New York. Nevertheless the phrase took hold and has echoed through the Valley of Doubt and Despair down which the world has been traveling.

In favor of the idea is the fact that, under ordinary conditions, machines pay for themselves quickly, usually within three years. Their power to pay out far exceeds that of other forms of capital. Against this must be set the fact that many a machine becomes obsolete or obsolescent long before it is worn-out, and has to be junked merely because a better machine has been invented. In a year the economic value of a considerable investment may be destroyed. Yet government, in its wisdom and majesty, arbitrarily fixes 10 per cent as normal machine depreciation. Consequently, if a machine becomes obsolete after a year, 90 per cent of its cost cannot be charged off as a loss, but instead becomes a charge against the new machine substituted for the old one or against the total machine equipment of the plant.

Management's ability to progress rapidly in one direction depends upon having machines at work in other lines which have paid for themselves and yet are still working, their production affording a cushion into which obsolescence losses sink without causing undue financial strain to the enterprise. It follows that machine innovations require shrewd calculation in advance,

and a machine tax might shift industrial trends in unforeseen directions.

Something might be done by issuing patents subject to tax when, in the opinion of some duly constituted board, the articles or processes so covered seem likely to kill jobs faster than they create new jobs, the proceeds to be used toward financing the unemployed. But here again would arise marked difficulties in administration. If the tax were levied on sales price at time of sale, it would discourage improvements; if levied on output, a tremendous amount of accounting and inspection might be necessary.

VI

Nevertheless, with 6,000,000 or more persons unemployed and likelihood that even in normal times unemployment totals will exceed those of previous periods of normality, we must continue the search for some adjustment. As one industrialist said to me: 'What I want to know is, where's the breaking point? Say we now have 6,000,000 unemployed persons. Apparently America can support that many. How many more can it support? Can it support ten million, twelve million, fifteen million? We engineers know that everything has a breaking point, and I suppose our social and political system likewise has a breaking point. What is it? And some materials which can stand a severe strain for a short period give way under a continued strain at a lower level. How long can we stand 6,000,000 unemployed — six months more, a year more, forever?'

None of these questions, though they get at the heart of the matter, can be answered definitely. It all depends on intangibles — the extent to which the well-to-do provide relief and the skill with which they organize its distribution, the vigor of the national ideal taught in the schools for many years, the extent of education in the masses, the faith of the common man in the nation's leaders. The breaking point is pushed ahead in the United States because under universal suffrage all adults can join in government. Moreover, the breaking point probably changes from year to year. Before we discover just where it is, by harsh experience, it might be well to experiment with economic planning under which the hills and valleys of unemployment and goods production might be leveled somewhat, since they can hardly be smoothed away entirely. It seems inevitable that economic planning on a broad scale will become the alternative to which big business will turn if, and when, it decides that unrestricted competition is played out. At present, large-scale planning appeals more to engineers than to business men.

A planned national economy involves some surrender of freedom of action by producing groups. It implies the existence of a government strong enough to hold producers to the plan and its quotas, and financially able to carry all or part of such surpluses as result from error in calculating consumption. Government may eventually have to assist in financing consumers. State capitalism would be likely to follow as a matter of course. These possibilities are enough to frighten conservative persons, yet there is no reason why a capitalist state cannot make important advances toward a planned economy without doing the institution of private property serious damage. Already government has declared certain forms and activities of private property to be vested with a public interest, and as such subject to control; economic planning on a national scale would mean the extension of that description to new varieties of private property. Unless extreme wis-

dom and caution were used, the experiment might easily be ruinous, yet in some fashion, either now or later, America is altogether likely to make the effort, as it is in line with what appears to be the desired trend and dominant aspiration — quick wealth, widely distributed. Probably we shall delay taking the leap until another crisis is upon us, though perhaps soon making some tentative steps forward along the lines of the Swope plan.

Economic planning requires a closer union of business and government. At present, business does not trust government, because the latter is inefficient and wasteful. There are too many tax-eating governmental divisions in America, too much duplication in government functions, too much politics in the administration of what should be scientifically ordered activities. To ask American corporations to bind themselves to the tail of American government at present is like asking Einstein to waste his time on first-form algebra. On the other hand, our people still fear business because of its concentration of authority and its too frequent disregarding of the social responsibilities incident to its exercise of power in the fundamentals of daily life. Helpful in this direction would be the growth of closer relations between employers and their employees, organized and led not only to defend their rights, but also to defend the industry on which their wages depend. However, necessity forces the partnership. Advisory committees of bankers now have the final word on public policy in many insolvent American cities. They pass on budgets, dictate salary cuts, and otherwise exercise the final authority of the purse. And union chiefs are thinking less about rates and rules than they are about continuity of employment.

Those who look upon large-scale economic planning as the salvation of this industrial nation can prepare the ground in two ways: first, by cleansing and modernizing government so that business will respect and trust it; second, by bringing managers of large and socially significant enterprises to an appreciation of their social responsibilities. The second movement is already further advanced than the first. Many corporate plans for unemployment relief are in operation, and more will come into operation when managers again have surpluses to fund for that purpose. The idea is growing that the corporation should take care of its own in sickness and health, in adversity as in prosperity. In many other good works of a social nature certain corporations are notably forward. When government puts its house in order, it will have earned the right to enforce a plan of business operations in defense of social stability; until then, extension of its influence over business would be a blight instead of a blessing.

Democracy, as we know it, appears to be taxing itself out of existence. Government can really do very little for the apple vender when the machine takes his place. Of course it can give him, at perhaps a ruinous cost in the aggregate, enough calories of nourishment to keep him alive, but hardly enough to keep him fit. In the long run, and disregarding near developments, the noose of job obsolescence can best be broken by national economic planning in which an able government coöperates with understanding business managers. To do this the nation must sacrifice some of its traditions and throw into the rag bag a good many time-honored shibboleths which at the present stage of the nation's industrial maturity represent merely so many infantile ideas of the Horse-and-Canal Age.

AN ADVERTISING MAN LOOKS AT ADVERTISING

BY H. A. BATTEN

I

One of the most consistent charges leveled against the American commonwealth, both at home and abroad, concerns the blatancy, vulgarity, and charlatanism of our industrial life. We are accused, not without justice, of being a nation of materialists. We are represented as producing badly made goods; of distributing them by unfair trade methods; of selling them by means at once insincere and misleading and offensive to good taste. We are, in short, left with very little of that dignity or natural virtue which is commonly associated with the humanely civilized state.

This is a serious indictment, and one which is of particular interest to me because my profession is advertising, and advertising is, and always must be, the handmaiden of industry. Advertising is the channel through which much of this blatancy, this vulgarity and sharp practice, must necessarily be manifested. Any charge against our industrial system must, therefore, be considered and dealt with, at least in part, by the professional advertising man.

Just how much truth, then, is there in this indictment? I will say unhesitatingly that in my opinion there is a great deal of truth in it. So far as advertising goes, we are fallen upon evil days. Even a brief excursion through the average newspaper and magazine is, for the advertising man who respects his calling, a disheartening experience.

Here, for example, is an article recommended to the American public because it has found favor (almost certainly at a price) with a popular radio crooner. Here is an advertisement which is systematically creating and fostering the fear — in the great majority of cases absolutely unfounded — of unpleasant breath. Here, on the following pages, are its horrendous foster brood — awesome medical terms seized upon by purveyors of various remedies and antiseptics to inspire fear, and thereby to increase sales. In this newspaper one finds what purports to be a comic strip, but turns out to be an almost incredibly inane dialogue about a common home product. In that magazine one is regaled with a hysterical domestic drama of lost love resulting from failure to use a certain toilet accessory.

It would be possible to cite further instances, *ad nauseam* and *ad infinitum;* but everyone is familiar with this sort of thing. Such antics would be mildly amusing if they were not so tragically symptomatic. But to the responsible advertising man they are no joke. It means that the great power with which he is concerned — the

power of the printed page — must slowly but surely become discredited.

Already there are indications that this is so.

One product, which for several years has featured the testimonials of moving-picture actresses and other professional endorsers, has been forced by public skepticism to state in the advertising itself that no money is being paid for these encomiums (leaving discreetly in the air the question of how much had been paid for them in the past).

An organization which investigates and returns confidential reports upon the value and utility of all kinds of products has gained thousands of members without a line of advertising or promotion — simply because a great many people are beginning to turn from advertising (even at a nominal cost to themselves) in order to supply themselves with some source of information which they can trust.

And finally we have the very significant phenomenon of a group of magazines which have recently sprung up, devoted entirely to the gentle art of burlesquing advertising — magazines which carry to their logical conclusion all its absurdities, exaggerations, and misrepresentations.

This is a situation which exists, and one which is poles apart from the true nature and purpose of advertising. Advertising is, or should be, nothing more than the dissemination of truth. Every product worthy of being advertised at all has certain qualities to recommend it to the public. It is the function of advertising to make these qualities known. That this should be done as interestingly and effectively as possible goes without saying. But it is not within the province of advertising to make for any product a single claim unfounded upon fact, or to exceed the bounds of candor or good taste in the statement of those facts which are at hand.

However, what we have before us is not a theory, but a condition. It would take a bold advocate to deny that a large percentage of advertising in this year of grace 1932 is further than it has ever been from the ideals and hopes of those who have its best interests at heart. True, much — perhaps the greater portion — of the advertising appearing to-day preserves intact its integrity of thought and spirit; but unfortunately the public does not discriminate in such matters. The public reads one dissertation upon dirty undergarments, and throws up its hands. A single paid testimonial renders suspect a hundred honest and sincere advertisements.

II

For this condition of affairs it is not altogether easy to assign the blame. The first impulse of the layman will be to ascribe it *in toto* to the influence of a type of advertising man who has, in the past, made himself all too conspicuous. And I have no doubt that the trouble did in fact originate with him. But the matter is no longer as simple as that; it is no longer merely a case of a vulgarian in the business of advertising, selling his ideas to a vulgarian in the business of manufacturing. The evil has ramified; there are other elements involved.

Perhaps it will be enlightening if we trace in a characteristic industry the rise and spread of this process of contamination.

Let us take one of the more conservative manufacturers in that industry. He is not the largest manufacturer, but he has always done very well. One of his chief competitors, however, is doing better than very well. He is forging ahead. He is using

advertising of a sensational and misleading nature. He is also using five times as much of it.

The advertising of this competitor is a mixture of paid testimonials, specious claims, and an occasional excursion into the realms of pseudo-science. It shouts, it shrieks, it blares from the pages of newspapers and certain magazines, and from every other billboard. It sells the product.

Under the pressure of this competition our manufacturer grows restless. He does not believe he can afford to spend any more money on advertising, but he thinks that perhaps he can get more for what he is spending by changing the nature of his advertising. 'Fight fire with fire,' he says. He calls upon his advertising agent, therefore, to produce something 'with more punch in it.' He wants a new idea.

Now the advertising agent, no matter what his standards or ethics, has his choice of one of two courses. He can either produce an idea 'with punch in it,' or resign the account to somebody else who will.

First, of course, he tries to stay within the bounds of good taste and reason. If, however, his client is not satisfied with what he offers, he has the choice of surrender or the Pyrrhic victory of declaring his moral independence.

If he is big enough and strong enough, and feels that way about it, he will part company with the manufacturer and let somebody else take the business. If, on the other hand, he cannot afford to lose the account, he will swallow his scruples and try to give the customer what he wants.

We will assume that the agent needs the business very badly indeed. (In days like these, everybody needs the business very badly indeed.) He possesses his soul, therefore, in silence, and retires to formulate an idea of sufficient blatancy and idiocy to compete with its model. In a week he returns. He has it. With due solemnity he reveals it. It is Sex Appeal.

Thus within a short time we read in the newspapers that this manufacturer's product merits our patronage because, after using it, one may kiss without exhaling an offensive odor.

Now it is easy enough for the observer of this little moral tragedy to pass judgment upon the actions of both the manufacturer and his advertising agent; but before doing so it would be well if he were to ask himself the question, 'What would I have done in their place?'

My own feeling is that there are few of us here on earth with enough moral courage to sacrifice our bread and butter during a period of financial depression for the sake of an abstract ideal. As a matter of fact, our unhappy advertising man is no whit different from the lawyer who knowingly defends a guilty client, the minister who preaches sermons made to order for his wealthy parishioners, the editor who sets forth the opinions of the newspaper publisher who hires him, or the stock-market operator who participates in bear raids.

I venture to say that there is no one of us who is not forced, at some point in his daily affairs, to make compromises with his conscience, and his bow to Mammon. The instinct for self-preservation is still stronger than the passion for perfection. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak.

This, of course, is an explanation, not an excuse. I do not wish to appear as an apologist, but if possible as a constructive critic. Before prescribing a remedy, it is necessary to diagnose the disease.

I have suggested that the blame for this condition of affairs rests no more with the advertising agent than with

the manufacturer. But there is a third party, a silent accessory after the fact. That party is the public. Such advertising as we see to-day in this country could not possibly be made to pay if the public did not respond to it by buying the goods it promotes. It is true that a great portion of the patronage thus obtained is drawn from population levels so low as to be unable to distinguish between truth and untruth, good taste and bad. Yet there remains a large body of informed citizens who can, if they will, do much to correct the evil.

I must explain, in passing, that when I say that advertising of this sort is being made to pay, I do not mean that it is profitable by reason of its nature. It must be remembered that most of these malodorous campaigns are supported by huge appropriations. They are in all but the most scrupulous newspapers and magazines. It is entirely possible, and even probable, that a similar expenditure upon better advertising would produce similar, or better, results. The fact remains, however, that such advertising is, as it stands, successful, and that it is a stench in the nostrils of the civilized world.

III

This is the situation. What can we do about it? How are we to pull ourselves out of this slough of chicane and vulgarity into which, with every passing day, we seem to be sinking deeper? For it must be apparent to every thoughtful person that *something* ought to be done about it. The tremendous power of the printed page, of which every advertising man has daily, concrete evidence, — a power which influences the thoughts and actions of every one of us; which shapes, in fact, that structure of ethical and æsthetic values which is the national soul, — that power is being prostituted beneath our eyes.

I believe there is one way, and one way only, to check this trend. That is to make such advertising unproductive through the active hostility and resentment of the public. This resentment is already in evidence; but it is unorganized. The average citizen feels, at least dimly, that many of the advertisements he reads are an insult to his intelligence. But he feels also, perhaps, that such stuff is well enough adapted to a lot of people who are not so clever as he, and with the discerning minority he has neither influence nor contact.

Thus it happens that the masses who are incapable of discrimination are unaware that anything is wrong; the better-educated citizen shrugs his shoulders and tries to forget it; and nothing is done.

This is what I propose: *Let every person who feels himself concerned in this matter make a resolve not to buy any more goods which are advertised in an unseemly or unethical way.* No matter how good the product, or how long you have used it, let it remain on your black list until such time as the advertiser sees fit to reform. Go to the shopkeeper who sells the goods and tell him what you intend to do. Go to your friends and urge them to do likewise.

If enough people would do this, — if only a relatively few people would do it, — there would be consternation in the enemy's camp. The retailer would complain to the wholesaler. The wholesaler would complain to the manufacturer's salesman. The salesman would pass the word on to the manufacturer, and the manufacturer would clean house.

This is no idle dream. The ear which the industrialist holds to the solid earth of public opinion is both apprehensive and sensitive. The industrialist builds

upon mass production. He must please the public. And if he has reason to suspect that the public does not like his goods, or his method of selling them, he will waste no time in setting matters right.

So far, the manufacturer has not interpreted aright those significant signs of the times to which I have already alluded — the appearance upon the horizon of the organization for consumer research, the extraordinary success of the magazines which satirize advertising. But no manufacturer could ignore or misinterpret such a manifestation of public disfavor as I am proposing, for the message would reach him through the nerves of the industrial organism itself, in terms of sales.

There is, unfortunately, no organization or medium by which this idea can be consistently promoted. If it gains common acceptance it must be by word of mouth among public-spirited people, by editorial support and comment, and by steadfast adherence on the part of those who profess it.

Great movements have sprung from smaller beginnings. I am not by any stretch of the imagination a sentimentalist, but I sincerely believe that if we as a nation are to preserve a shred of dignity and self-respect for ourselves and our children we must set ourselves at once to this task. There is no other which, in the long run, will so well repay our efforts.

QUAINT FOLK, THE ESKIMOS

BY GEORGE MIKSCH SUTTON

I

Ask an average white man to tell you what he knows about the world of the Eskimo and he may give you a somewhat disjointed discourse upon long dark winters, icebergs, igloos, Husky dogs, filthy clothing, blubber, and the trading of wives; he even may mention harpoons and walrus hunting, kayaks, seal lamps, and ivory carvings, or venture the guess that *Nanook* is the Eskimo name for the polar bear.

Ask an average Southampton Island Eskimo to give you his concept of the white man's world and you may, in due course, be regaled with a series of practically unpronounceable words and phrases describing very big boats, radios, gramophones, mouth organs, accordions, soap, warm water, razors, airplanes, odd footgear, robed priests, binoculars, and magazines; and sooner or later you will be told that white men spend nearly all their time looking for skins of the white fox.

The Southampton Island Eskimo of to-day has seen a good deal of the white man. Half a century ago he helped the Scottish and American whalers in the waters of Sir Thomas Roe's Welcome and Fox Channel. Now that whales are scarce in Hudson Bay, he traps foxes for the fur traders every winter. For years he has used the white man's firearms and ammunition,

worn some of the white man's garb, and to some extent eaten the white man's food. He has even added such words as 'ayah-plen' to his vocabulary, and knows that 'Har-lo' and 'Goo' mahni'' are fitting words of greeting.

To-day, on Southampton Island, the white man and all his accoutrements are taken for granted. His well-made rifle and shotgun, his motion-picture camera and his binocular, are, like his radio, gaped at for a moment, then promptly appropriated. It is doubtful whether their significance in any other world than the Eskimo's is even considered. If the white man cannot pull from his pocket, ditty-bag, or trunk some mechanism which will save labor, amuse, or work an unaccountable wonder, or some potion which will heal a bodily ailment, repair anything from a broken needle to a wrecked motor boat, or attract foxes to traps where usual bait fails — then that white man simply is n't normal.

It is characteristic for an Eskimo to handle and talk of a white man's possessions as better than his own. This behavior may reflect an honest admiration for good craftsmanship; it may be a sort of courtesy; or it may be subtle dramatics with an ulterior motive, for the Eskimo has learned that the white man is susceptible to flattery. Many a volubly praised rifle eventually finds itself perched on the roof of an igloo. While we were caribou hunting at East Bay, one of the men repeatedly borrowed my six-powered binocular when his own eight-powered pair was actually stronger, simply on the ground that he liked mine better; and his face shone with a childlike delight when I bound his bleeding finger with the portion of one of my handkerchiefs which bore a machine-embroidered initial.

The Eskimo appears to concede that the white man possesses and controls many wonderful tools, toys, and machines. Whether he considers the white man's brain capable of making these mechanisms, or of using them to the best advantage, is quite another matter. He seems to feel that it is as natural for the white man to have power over huge ships, or so to control the spirits as to bid them carry messages through the air, as it is for the snow to cover Southampton in winter. Accepting the phenomenon, he does not disturb himself further. In fact, the average Eskimo knows and cares so little about the world outside his own that, consistently enough, he thinks it impossible that we of the South should be interested in, or know anything about, the circumpolar region. This racial solipsism expresses itself variously. Paradoxical, is it not, that an Eskimo should marvel at and adopt a rifle which will kill a bear at a hundred times the distance necessary for a harpoon, and at the same time regard the racial mind which invented and produced the rifle as incapable of coping with the problems of the world the Eskimo knows?

One man was amazed at the cleanliness and shapeliness of bird specimens I had prepared: it was not fitting that I should skin a bird as well as or better than he, since these birds were of his world, not mine. So profoundly ignorant was he of our knowledge of the world at large that he wondered whether I had ever seen or heard of an *ookpikjuak*, a snowy owl. Another man was surprised that I could handle a rowboat without special instruction: it was his world's water, at present his world's boat; therefore I, son of the race which gave him that boat, could know nothing of the universal laws of propulsion.

The white man in the arctic has one ability that completely mystifies the Eskimo — he can read Eskimo aloud

from a printed page even though he may not possess sufficient knowledge of the language to converse intelligibly. This apparently easy mastery of one important feature of the Eskimo world is confusing, incredible, beyond any possible comprehension; it borders upon sorcery. But it has to be accepted as one of the unaccountable white man's unaccountable gifts. The Eskimo has developed no system of writing. The simple syllabics he sometimes learns to use were introduced by the missionaries. He has no printed literature; his only classics are those of legend and fable, or of narrative song.

Maps, magazines, and books have given the Eskimo some idea of the world and of the relative position of Southampton. But his concept of the daily life of the white man in office or on farm is so hazy that it is hardly a concept. No Eskimo thinks of planting a seed, for there is virtually no soil in the Barren Grounds; therefore, what is a farm to an Eskimo? The one definite idea of the white man's civilization which every Eskimo appears to have is that the white man needs fox skins. So long has he trapped all winter, brought his pelts in for trade, and been exhorted to hurry back for more, that he has come to think of the arctic fox as a sort of hub about which the Wheel of Civilization moves. It would not surprise me to learn that among the Eskimo synonyms for white man are such titles as 'He who wears the fox skin,' or 'The Cold One.'

It is considered quite normal, therefore, for any white man to go to any extreme in his quest for the fox skin. But when a naturalist comes to Southampton on the annual supply boat, announcing, as I did, that he is interested in lemmings, mushrooms, sculpins, beach birds, moss, and stones just as much as he is in foxes, the Eskimo gulps once or twice, remembers that the white man's behavior is unaccountable after all, then bends to the task of bringing in everything from blood to sand in the belief that no person fresh from the Outside can have seen any creature indigenous to the boreal world. Birds may be brought in half rotten, crudely skinned, or battered to pieces. Mammals may have had all their legs broken or cut off because of the widespread belief that such treatment of a carcass will assure strength to the hunter in his old age. A fair-sized willow tree may be carried in by *komatik* for a distance of a hundred miles, and by the time the 'specimen' reaches the Post nothing is left but a sort of Harry Lauderesque walking stick — a scarred trunk without most of its bark, without roots, without vestige of twig or branch. Tell an Eskimo that a bloody, mangled specimen cannot be used, and he may decide not to bring anything again; accept what he brings, and he thinks any remnant is a prize. Tell him you particularly want a certain animal, and that creature instantly becomes more valuable to him. Ask him to care for bird specimens more carefully, and he may wrap them up meticulously in a flour sack after neatly nibbling off and eating part of the bill, or chopping off the brightly colored feet. One learns, in this world of the Innuit, to accept what comes, and be glad it is not worse than it is.

II

The Eskimo is so accustomed to sitting stolidly for hour upon hour during stormy periods of the tedious winter, with little to do but eat, smoke, and talk, that he delights in watching a white man at work. The preparation of natural-history specimens assumes theatrical proportions. While I am skinning birds in my workroom, a silent man may sit or stand near by absorbed

in every detail of the process. When I measure a lemming's tail or hind foot with brass dividers and metric tape, he may whisper a rapt '*Wah, kudlunga!*' — which is, so far as I can ascertain, almost precisely the equivalent of Virgil's '*Mirabile dictu!*' My careful examination of stomach contents interests and amuses him, though my failure to nibble at this and munch at that as I proceed may mystify him.

During February and March I painted a good many water-color portraits of arctic birds. Thinking that the Eskimos might better understand my need of specimens after seeing the pictures, I took some of them downstairs one evening, laid them on the table, and bade my friends inspect them. Approbation was comically noisy. Groan followed groan; grunt followed grunt. 'Why-ee, why-ee,' sounded in many voices. The Eskimos handled the sheets almost reverently, touched the delineation of cloud, rock, or feather as if to make certain the object were not actual, — what compliment could be more subtle? — and constantly grunted and groaned. Finally Shoo Fly, who was queen of our Island by popular consent, but who probably had never before found it necessary to assume the rôle of art critic, delivered her ultimatum: 'You are not human. You are more like a camera. But I want to see you making one.' Here, indeed, was a skeptic!

When next I turned to painting, I sent for Shoo Fly. I had already completed a background which showed a pale sky, snowy ridge, and frozen lake. The figure of a white gyrfalcon in the foreground I had not yet completed. In Shoo Fly's presence I stroked in some brown rocks, a little gray barring on the white plumage, and a tinge of blue on the hooked feet. At her first opportunity, she picked up the sheet of paper, groaned, clucked, and redelivered her remark of the evening before. Then, inundated by a wave of enthusiasm, and before I could prevent her, she swept her greasy hand across that pale sky, smiled at me benignly, and departed. I spent the rest of the day trying to erase, bury under paint, or scrape out the record of her attentions — the stamp of her approval, as it were. The picture was ruined, quite; but Shoo Fly was convinced that my drawings had not been cut out of a magazine, developed in a dark room, or powwowed out of the ether.

The Eskimo makes a gesture of genuflexion to the white man; but a gesture may be only a gesture. In his heart he knows that the Eskimo in Eskimo land is superior. The Innuit are the inheritors of the earth. We come to see and live with them because we need their environment, their philosophy, or their religion; because we need their fox skins; or because we want to paint pictures of their birds. We bring them our choicest possessions for the most desirable of the world's treasures. They may learn a convenient amount of our language, adopt our religion nominally and externally, or use the products of our civilization as they wish; but in their hearts they are unalterably Eskimos with a deeply imbedded sort of contempt for the visitor, the impostor, in the arctic.

The Eskimo is nearly always friendly; but I am not convinced that there is much altruism in his friendliness. He realizes through experience that he will receive useful gifts in return for companionship, work, specimens, or native *objets d'art*. He may appear to admire a white man's ability as hunter, trapper, or craftsman; or he may compliment him upon his courage and endurance. But in his heart he has reservations: to him the white man on the Eskimo's tundra is out of place; his body is too tall and awkward, his nose too narrow

and pointed, his hands too white and smooth, his clothes too eternally clean. One Eskimo defined the white man as someone who 'wipes his face all the time with water.'

And who am I to assert that the Eskimo is inferior to me? In my own native land he would certainly be wretched, sick, lonesome, and helpless. But here, where no limousine draws up to any curb, where no electric sign flashes, where no milk is delivered, and where for months only frozen, rotten walrus meat may have to serve as food for dog and man, filthy clothing may, in some mysterious way, be actually warmer and more comfortable than clean; vermin on the body may, for all I know, afford an occasional entertaining interlude as well as an unmentionable *hors d'œuvre;* flat noses are assuredly better suited than aquiline to fifty-degree-below temperatures; a short man of a given diameter certainly is less of a burden on the komatik than a longer man of the same diameter. The Eskimo is right — the white man on Southampton is only an exotic creature, like a hurricane-blown bird of the tropics, in a world he does not know.

While my world has developed an obsession for inventing, discovering, conquering, for 'being somebody,' the Eskimo has evolved the ability not alone to endure, but to *enjoy*, the 'unspeakable tedium' of the long winter. He seems to have learned far better than I, in my world, to be content. This sort of contentment in my world is held to be mental, even physical sluggishness; but the Eskimo sees no need for effort not connected with the pursuit of daily food, so he smokes and eats, and eats and smokes, and tells tales. Whether, during his silent moments, he is thinking, I cannot say.

When we of the South are shut in, we turn avidly to our printed literature. A year's output of our books, magazines, and catalogues might alone cover Southampton's nineteen-thousand-square-mile expanse at least one sheet of paper deep; yet why is not the spoken fable of the Bunting and the Snowy Owl enough for the soul whose great ambition is to kill a walrus or caribou, to keep comparatively comfortable in *tupek* or igloo, or to drive the dog team properly? And why should the Eskimo have a greater ambition than this, so long as he is happy?

The average Eskimo, as I have hinted, is scarcely even curious about the Outside World. At the Post he looks at a map for a moment, but prefers to gaze at the wall, listening to the radio. He inspects a magazine, gapes admiringly at a full-page corset advertisement, finds, with satisfaction, the picture of a woman clad in white fur, asks a question about a horse or cow, recognizes a Sealyham terrier as a dog in spite of its aberrances, informs us that the Eskimos could make an igloo as high as a skyscraper if they wanted to, murmurs a self-satisfied 'motah khah' as he gazes at a pictured automobile, asks whether bananas grow in the sea, stares long at drawings illustrating some comical situation but does not smile, laughs uproariously at a Jeritza costumed for her part in *Turandot*, is happy to recognize an Eskimo-smoked brand of cigarette, cuts — with our permission — a square of red paper from the cover design, closes the journal carelessly, and is done.

He boards the supply ship in August, shakes hands with everybody, slops up a pan of meat and biscuits from the galley, dives madly here and there for candies thrown at random, stares at the officials in their bright uniforms, says 'Goo'-bye,' and is gone.

He attends services at the Mission, hears an organ, learns hymns which have been translated into his language,

hears discourses and rituals which include such words as *Magnificat*, looks through a stereoscope at pictures illustrating the life of Jesus of Nazareth, and leaves, wondering, perhaps, whether or not he is good.

He plays cards — five hundred, casino, poker, hearts, or snap. He listens to lectures, weather forecasts, sermons, and music from the radio. He trades his fox skins, his bear hides, his whalebone, or his sealskin boots for food, ammunition, and clothing at the store, and then, sitting silently on his komatik, makes his way back to his camp, perhaps a hundred miles away, where he becomes an aboriginal once more.

As he journeys across the tundra, what does he think about? The dogs know the way across the purple-gray expanse, and for long periods may need scarcely a word of direction. Does he muse upon the beauty of the sky above him — the round moon, the sharply twinkling stars? Is the weighted curtain of the aurora borealis a mystery to him? Does he say over to himself the tribal legends he has learned? Does he compose poems about himself, songs of his hunting experiences or of his love affairs? Does he dream of becoming, one day, an *angekok*, a leading man in his tribe? Does he ponder upon his catch of foxes and decide whether he got enough 'in trade' for them? Does he think of and wonder about the white man and the white man's world?

It is not possible for me to answer these questions, for I am not an Eskimo. I have traveled with the Eskimos on their komatiks and have lived with them in tupek and in igloo. I have learned to like them greatly. But of their thought processes I know next to nothing. My guess is that the Eskimo has learned long since that there are times for thinking and times (as Gertrude Stein would put it) for *not-thinking;* and that the long hours of solitude on the komatik or at the seal hole are not hours of loneliness or tedium because they are *not-thinking* hours.

III

Occasionally — though only occasionally — an Eskimo becomes really interested in the doings of the Outside World. Such a man is Amaulik Audlanat, whom we usually call John Ell; stalwart, industrious, dependable, good-natured, lucky John Ell — full-blooded Aivilik who has associated with white men nearly all his life, but who is, nevertheless, a good Eskimo.

John's curiosity is without limit. He wants to see the shipbuilders upon a great, steel-plated *S. S. Nascopie*. He wants to solve the mystery of the binocular which brings Nanook, the bear, so much closer to him. He is not convinced that tiny people are responsible for the music when the needle scratches the revolving gramophone record. He has doubts about the ability of the spirits to carry messages through the air. He has perceived that a rifle was *made* by someone, that it was not found growing on a bush. He is sometimes half sick with curiosity. His ignorance clouds his sky.

John and I, lying on caribou skins in the igloo, have talked about many matters. We have talked about New York City. I have told him that the white-skinned people are innumerable as mosquitoes; that there are endless, indescribably tiresome noise and confusion; that the *igloojuaks* (big houses, other than snow houses) really are large and high, seeming to touch the sky even more than they do in the pictures he has seen; that locomotives drawing trains of cars, automobiles, and airplanes are to be seen every day; that there are dishonest people who will cheat, unfriendly people who will not understand him or even care to

learn that he is an important man in the land of the Innuit — and to all this John listens quietly, his eyes half closed as he smokes, as if trying to find himself somewhere in this bewilderingly crowded picture.

I have begged him not to come to a world so different from his own. I have told him of the heat and dust — such heat and dust as were never dreamed of on Southampton's clean, windswept tundra. But he nods his head and continues to see himself as a foreign prince commanding the wonders of a great city, for he has saved a good deal of money through the years. I tell him that he will be exceedingly lonesome, since no one can talk to him in his own language; that he may become sick; and that even though he may wish, with all his heart, to return to his homeland, he may not be able to do so.

He answers in his childlike way that he is never lonesome though he may wait all day by himself alongside a seal hole in the frozen bay, and that he has never been sick, so far as he can remember. How can I make him understand, through mere words, that unless he has an influential friend constantly at his side he will be slammed and whacked about by the efficient and unscrupulous employees of stores, railway systems, and restaurants of the busy white man's world; that his bed in a hotel will make his soul sick for his caribou-skin sleeping bag back in the tupek; that the sight of food everlastingly served on plates will revolt him; that he will be lonely, friendless, hot, and weary — that he may even want to die; that his money will all be gone before he has begun to count how much remains; that he will return to his beautiful arctic island, if indeed he lives to return, not a powerful, competent hunter, but a disillusioned, perhaps frightfully sick sort of pariah; that he will solve for himself some of the mysteries and see some of the world he is so eager to see, but that the price will be paid not alone in money, but in muscle, bone, blood, and soul?

But if John does, one day, come to the white man's land, I hope I may see him. I want to remember a few words to say to him in his own tongue. I want to call a cab for him and be whisked about through traffic in the shadow of the skyscrapers; to clatter down flights of stairs and board that most impersonal of trains, the subway; to walk with fitting decorum into the plush-and-gilt silence of a motion-picture palace; to visit a great museum with polar bears mounted on an artificial iceberg; to inspect a great refrigeration plant; to go to a college fraternity house, there to perceive the latest in clothes and manners, and to hear the boys sing; to attend a football game, heaven of raccoons and chrysanthemums; to peer in at crooners making big eyes and narrow eyes and pressing hands to hearts at a microphone; to watch the making of a great daily paper; to order some raw meat at a restaurant, and watch the head waiter gulp and blink, quite Eskimo-wise, and look omnipotent; to attend a formal dance where jazz orchestra, backless gowns, and some white fox fur are in evidence. Yes, I want John to see the best the White Man's World has to offer, even as he wanted me to see Southampton's seething ice floe and walrus herds, the huddled bands of caribou, glorious Nanook on his wild crag. I want him, while he is with me, to have no time for *not-thinking*. And I will hope that, when he returns once more to Southampton, he will remember me as a creature of my world with as much admiration as I remember him in his.

'AYE, AYE, MISTER MATE!'

BY BILL ADAMS

I

YOU'VE heard, I suppose, of men whose patience is inexhaustible; of men who can remain phlegmatic through anything whatever? I've *heard* of them, too.

Take Gregory. I'll tell you about Gregory. He was tolerably well known in the old windjammer days of some thirty years or so ago.

I don't know anything of Gregory's life before he went to sea. Nothing at all. I don't know if he had parents, or brothers, or sisters. All I know of him is after he went to sea. Maybe it was his upbringing that made him as he was. Maybe he had been brought up by some very religious person who trained him in the way that person thought was the right way for him to go. Perhaps in his early years he had been what is nowadays known as 'repressed.' The bubbles had been bottled down, so to speak. Or maybe it was simply his nature that made him as he was.

Gregory was eighteen when he started to sea — old enough to have a mind of his own, old enough to resent being continually overridden. Most lads of his age would at least have looked a bit rebellious, at any rate sometimes.

Gregory was the only green hand, the only first-voyager, among the apprentices of the ship in which he started to sea. That was how he came to be bossed so much. You know how it was. He had to wait on the others, had to be a sort of seagoing butler to them. It was sea custom, and good custom, too. Nothing like a hunk of humble pie for a first-voyager. But he got a rather larger share of humble pie than common. It was up to him to fetch the meals at every mealtime, and to carry the empty mess kids back to the cook afterward. It was up to him to keep the quarters clean and shipshape, to see that the lamp was kept full and rightly trimmed, and so forth. It was for him to run every time the mate blew his whistle for an apprentice to do some job or other in the dogwatch, when every sea apprentice likes, and expects, to be left to himself. Usually when there is only one green hand in a half deck the apprentices more or less share up all those things. But there was no sharing up with Gregory.

It was owing in part to his size, but mostly to his manner, that Gregory's fellow apprentices treated him as they did. He was taller than any of them, and he looked older. Some who were several years older than he looked younger. Some *were* younger. Because age does n't count in seniority aboard ship, he had to wait on those younger ones as well as on the others. It's sea experience that counts in seniority. And the youngsters particularly took it out on him a good deal. It was rather good fun, of course, to have such a big first-voyager to boss.

Gregory never made the slightest kick. He was utterly phlegmatic about it. And of course it was not long till the others were setting him down as easy. They took him for a fellow with no backbone, without any pride; and they got to ragging him quite a bit. He took that quite calmly, too. It did n't appear to have the slightest effect on him. He never became the least bit sore, so after a while they quit ragging him because there was no fun in it. They set him down as a queer fish, and let it go at that. They said, all of them, 'He'll never make an officer. There's no ginger in him. He's too confounded soft.'

But after a time, as the voyage progressed, Gregory's shipmates in the apprentices' quarters changed their minds a little. They found that he was quite wide-awake in some respects, and that he was not so soft in others. He picked up the names of the ropes and so forth a good deal faster than most first-voyagers; and, though he seemed to make no effort at all, he began to show that there were some seamanlike qualities in him.

If a sea came over the rail, knocking down and soaking the other apprentices, they growled, of course. Gregory never growled. He did n't growl when he was too hot, or too cold, or when the grub was bad, or when his sleep was disturbed. Nothing seemed to faze him. 'He's too blasted gentlemanly,' said one. Another said, 'No. He's just simple-minded.' And they all agreed with that. Long before the end of the voyage they lost interest in him. He was a queer fish, and that was all there was to it.

II

Gregory kept to himself, did n't open up and confide in anyone at all. And no one was sufficiently interested in him to try to dig into his reserve. There did n't appear to be any mean streak, any selfishness, in him; and since he was free of that, the worst of all sins at sea, he was not objectionable.

Even the mate tried to get Gregory mad at first, and failed. As a rule, mates don't go out of the way to try out an apprentice, but this was once when a mate did so. He not only kept every nasty, dirty, finicking job he could find for Gregory, but he swore at him a good deal when there was no real reason for it. On a fine evening, when all hands were peacefully walking the deck or sitting yarning on the hatches, the mate would go down to the main deck, take a jerk on a skysail buntline, and break the stop. Then the buntline, which had been perfectly all right before, would need overhauling. 'You, Gregory, hop aloft and overhaul that buntline!' the mate would order. That's an old, old trick of mates with young apprentices, and it never fails to rile the victim. But it never riled Gregory. Up to the skysail mast he'd climb, his bland expression never in the least changed. As for swearing at him, that was like pouring water on a duck's back. He never seemed to hear it.

Gregory remained unaltered through the four years of his apprenticeship. By the end of it he was a tall fellow of twenty-two, and a lot huskier than you'd expect such a long-limbed, slender youngster to be. And he'd never been known to hurry since the first day he came aboard. That was another queer thing about him. There did n't seem to be such a thing as hurry, or as getting rattled, in his make-up. He went about everything at an even gait. But he was never behindhand. He always 'got there' just about as soon as anyone else. It was because of those long, spindly-looking limbs of his. To see him making for the ropes, or climbing aloft, reminded you of one of those long-legged spiders that, scarcely seem-

ing to move their legs, get over a floor or a wall in no time at all.

'I'd like to see that fellow Gregory if he ever does get a move on,' the mate said to the second mate one day. 'I'd like to see him lose his temper just once.'

'He's got no temper,' said the second mate. 'If he ever gets his ticket, he'll be a fine large joke. His men'll laugh in his face.'

As soon as Gregory had finished his apprenticeship he took his exam and passed for second mate, and he was lucky enough to get a second mate's berth right away.

If Gregory's new ship had been specially manned for him, she could n't have fitted him better. There were no apprentices in her, and every one of her foremast hands was either Swede, Norwegian, or Finn. You know how it is with those fellows. In the first place, they're almost always cracking good sailors; and in the second place, they never make any trouble. Docile is just the word for them. It takes the meanest of officers to rouse their temper. The skipper was an easy-going old sort, and the mate was like him. The ship was a regular 'home ship,' and the voyage that Gregory made in her was as peaceable as a voyage could very well be. She did n't experience any particularly bad weather, and when she came in after a year and a half Gregory took his mate's ticket.

III

It was funny how the luck stayed with Gregory. It's not often that a young fellow just out of his apprenticeship lands a second mate's billet right away, and it's still rarer for a man who has just passed for mate to land a mate's billet. Gregory did. He was wandering about the docks on the day after he'd taken his ticket, looking for a ship needing a second mate. He'd been aboard several ships and was approaching another when four men came over her gangway carrying a stretcher. Her mate had been injured by a cargo sling that had carried away, and was being taken to the hospital. She was deep-loaded and her sails were all bent. She was ready for sea, and due to go out next morning. When Gregory stepped to her deck he met her skipper, who was going ashore in a great stew because, with a thousand things to see to at the last minute, he had also to find a new mate. He took Gregory on at once.

The crew came aboard late that night, and the ship towed to sea at dawn. When the tug dropped her a few miles offshore and the mates went to setting sail, they very soon found that there was only one man in the forecastle who was fit to be called a sailor. He was an old, gray-haired, stoop-shouldered, bow-legged Dane. He had been at sea some forty-five years or so. A regular old shellback — simple and honest, a sailor when at sea, a fool when in port. He'd come aboard hog-drunk like the rest of the crew, and with a bottle in his pocket. The others had all turned in and gone to sleep, but he'd spent the night finishing his bottle and singing chanteys in the forecastle. At the first long breath of the sea wind, with the first roll that the ship took, he was instantly sober — or at any rate practically so.

The second mate said to Gregory, 'Good night, sir! Lord love a duck, we'll catch hell off Cape Stiff if we try to get this hooker round it with this lot of swabs!'

Gregory, who was watching the old Dane, said nothing at all. He'd been round the Horn ten times. The second mate had been round once.

The second mate begged Gregory to try to get the skipper to put back for a

better crew. Gregory did n't do it. Maybe he'd have liked to — I don't know. Sailors were scarce, and he knew it. Several ships had gone to sea in the last few days and had taken the pick. If the ship were to put back, she would probably have to wait some days for other men, and, with steamers crowding sailing ships on every trade route, hurry was the watchword.

The mates managed to get sail on the ship. Anyone can loose a sail, or pull on a rope after a fashion. A fair wind took her down the North Sea and out into the channel. When she was pretty well down channel, the wind fell away to an air. The second mate came to Gregory and begged him to try to get the skipper to put in somewhere for a better crew. Gregory said, 'We've got one good man, and there'll be plenty of time for the others to learn between here and the Horn.' The skipper had n't noticed the crew. He was one of those skippers who, while themselves attending to the navigation, leave the foremast hands entirely to the mates. He was a large, fleshy man, ponderous and rather short-winded.

The wind soon came back and the ship ran on her course at a good clip. Gregory set the old Dane to work in the rigging and put the rest of the crew to cleaning ship. She was loaded with general cargo, among which were some hundreds of tons of coal, and was filthy, of course. Had Gregory been skipper, he would perhaps have left the cleaning ship till later and would have spent the early part of the voyage in drilling the men into sailors. It was the skipper who gave him orders to clean ship. The skipper was a great stickler for cleanliness, one of the sort who go in heavily for paint and polish and are a bit apt to neglect other things for the sake of a smart appearance. The second mate was desperate, but Gregory never turned a hair.

It was remarkable how the fair wind held, all the way down into the trade winds. The trades took the ship south of the line, which she crossed when twenty days out; and all the way there had never once been occasion to take a sail off her. That sort of thing happens not infrequently. What made it remarkable in this instance was that it was certainly not the best thing to happen. The crew were still cleaning paintwork, polishing brass, and holystoning decks. The old Dane still worked in the rigging. She was in good shape aloft, and such repair work as was necessary could be done by one man provided he was a good one. The old Dane was a good one.

The northeast trades carried the ship right into the southeast trades, without any doldrum weather at all. The second mate was like a grasshopper on a hot stove lid. One morning, when she was getting well down in the trades, down to latitudes in which she might lose them at any minute, he took it on himself to speak to the skipper — which is something that second mates don't ordinarily do.

'How'd it be, sir, to take some sail off her and set it again, just by way of giving the hands a bit of sail drill?'

The skipper looked at the second mate as if he were n't sure that he had heard aright.

'They're a lot of useless swabs, sir. There's not a sailor in the lot,' said the second mate.

The skipper called Gregory. 'What's the matter?' he asked. 'What's all the fuss about? Can't you handle this ship, mister?'

Gregory looked the skipper coolly in the eye. 'Yes, sir. Everything's all right,' he replied.

When the skipper had gone below, the second mate cursed Gregory to his face, demanding, 'How the devil do you think we'll ever get round Stiff alive?'

Gregory shrugged his shoulders.

The trades took the ship to latitude thirty-three south, and left her there. She lay in a flat calm off the River Plate coast — a sullen sea below, a sullen sky above her. The second mate wore the look of a condemned man. Lots of ships have been lost off the Plate. The Plate's a bad place, very bad. Gregory remained quite unruffled.

Toward dusk the skipper came on deck and ordered the royals and topgallant sails taken in. It took the crew over an hour to furl those light sails. A good crew would have done it in twenty minutes or less. They were still aloft when the skipper came up again and ordered the mainsail and foresail furled. That took the crew another hour and a half. The second mate went aloft with them, and, hearing him cursing up there, the skipper said to Gregory, 'What's the matter aloft, mister?'

'Nothing, sir,' said Gregory. 'Everything's all right.'

If it had not been for the old Dane, it would have taken the crew a lot longer to furl the sails than it did. He was of the sort to whom it makes no difference at all whether it is daylight or dark, hot or cold, flat calm or a gale of wind blowing. Gregory was confident that with him aloft everything would be done right. The Dane would n't come down till everything was shipshape. Despite the difference in their ages, in their nationality and appearance, there was something precisely similar about the old Dane and Gregory. And, though Gregory had never held any conversation with him except on such matters as the work in hand, there was something of an understanding between them.

IV

An hour or so after the ship was snugged down the wind came. Suddenly is hardly the word for the way it came. It was as though somewhere a button had been pressed to awaken the hitherto motionless air to utter fury. But, snugged down as she was, the ship was safe.

Toward morning Gregory went forward to look for the old Dane. The wind was a continual scream. Spray was driving over the ship in an incessant sheet. The decks were full of white water. It had occurred to Gregory that just possibly some of the sails might work loose from their lashings. The old Dane could not very well have seen to every foot of the lashings, of course.

Gregory could n't find the old Dane. He was n't in the forecastle and he was n't on the deck. Gregory took it for granted that the old sailor had been swept overboard in the darkness, so he went back to the poop. Since it would not be possible to put a boat out in such a sea, even with a good crew, he did n't call the skipper to tell him that one of the men was lost.

After a while the bell struck and a sailor came to relieve the wheel. Soon after the new helmsman arrived to take the wheel, Gregory went to look at the compass. At the wheel he found the old Dane.

'I was looking for you a while ago,' said Gregory.

'I voss aloft, sir,' said the old Dane. Unordered, he had taken it on himself to go aloft and make sure that the furled sails were all right. 'Voss dot all right, sir?' he asked.

'All right,' said Gregory, who had intended to send him aloft for just that purpose.

Soon after daybreak the wind moderated, and Gregory started to set some sail. It was the first time any sail had been set since the ship had left port. That had been in fine weather, with a smooth sea. Now there was a strong breeze with a rough sea.

'You lot of infernal farmers!' bellowed the second mate, and began to use his fists on the incompetent crew, who were giving a good demonstration of lubberliness.

Gregory called the second mate aside. 'Don't get excited, sir,' said he.

Gregory walked to the rope on which the crew were hauling, took hold of it, and lent them a hand — without a word to any of them. Appreciating a mate who was willing to show them the way, they were very soon learning to haul all together. The second mate, looking on, not offering to lend a hand at all, scowled and muttered to himself, 'I would n't give a damn for the whole lot, mate included. This ship's a crazy madhouse and she'll never get round Stiff.' He was several years Gregory's senior, and he looked on Gregory as a young, inexperienced fool. When sail was set, he lost control of himself and again cursed Gregory to his face. That Gregory did n't take any notice of him enraged him the more. He went to the cabin and called the skipper. 'If you're going to try to get this packet round Stiff with this lot of swabs to handle her, I'm done. You can put me in irons, for all I care,' he said.

The skipper called Gregory. 'What's the matter here? Have you got any complaints to make, mister?' he asked.

'No, sir. Everything's all right,' said Gregory.

The skipper ordered the second mate to go to his room.

The crew had seen and heard everything. They knew Gregory for a first-rate seaman, and it appeared that he had confidence in them. You know how that sort of thing goes. Trust a man, and if there is man in him he'll make a try. The crew began to get a bit keen. But the skipper was becoming somewhat perturbed. It was borne in on him now that he had a very poor crew and a rather peculiar mate. Without saying anything about it to Gregory, he decided to take the ship in to the Falklands and get a new crew to take her round the Horn. The Falklands were only a few days' sail to the south and west. 'I'll look after the ship by night. You'll take her by day, mister,' he said to Gregory.

That night one of the men came running to Gregory's cabin. The wind had freshened and the skipper had gone down to the deck to see about taking some sail off the ship. It was the first time that he'd been down to the main deck in a good many years. Many skippers never go down to the main deck when their ships are at sea. Owing to the water that was washing about on it, the main deck was slippery. He had only been on it a moment or so when he lost his footing and fell heavily. He was no sooner up than he fell a second time. And then, before he could get to his feet, a big sea came over the side, washed him into the scuppers, back to the scuppers at the other side, and brought him up heavily against a stanchion. A minute later one of the men stumbled over him as he lay groaning, and shouted to his fellows.

Gregory had the skipper taken to his bed, and then returned to the deck to look after the ship. Having managed to get some sail off her, he went back to the skipper. The skipper's eyes were open. 'Take her in, mister. Take her in,' he groaned, and lapsed into unconsciousness.

'Very good, sir,' said Gregory, taking it for granted that the skipper meant that he was to take the ship in to Frisco.

Gregory hurried up to the poop and altered the ship's course, heading her in for the South American coast in the hope of falling in with a steamer. She was well to the north of Magellan

Straits, and some hours after the skipper had been hurt the lookout man in the bow reported a light right ahead. A steamer just come out of the Straits was approaching. Gregory burned a blue flare to attract her attention, and, when she burned an answering flare, backed the main yard and brought the ship to a stop. In a few minutes one of the steamer's boats was alongside, to find out what was the matter.

Wakened by strange voices, the second mate came from his room. 'I reckon you'll put in to the Falklands, eh, sir?' he asked Gregory, when he found that the ship was minus a skipper.

'What for?' calmly inquired Gregory.

'By gad, that settles it for me, then,' said the second mate, and ran back to his room. Hastily gathering his belongings together, he dashed out to the deck and clambered down into the steamer's boat, where the injured skipper had already been conveyed, so that he could be rushed to the hospital by the returning vessel.

V

As soon as the boat was away, Gregory squared the yards and put the ship on her course again. Then he called the old Dane aft. 'Stay on the poop and keep a close eye on the weather,' he said. 'Call me at once if the wind shifts at all or shows any sign of freshening. I'm going to finish my sleep out in the chart room.'

Next day Gregory spent in drilling the crew — taking in and setting sail over and over again. A good crew, knowing that there was no skipper aboard, and no second mate, and that the mate was only a young fellow, would very probably have refused duty — would have refused to face the Horn, and insisted that Gregory take the ship in to the nearest port. It did n't occur to Gregory's lot of lubbers to do so. They'd developed a good deal of respect for him, for one thing, and, for another, they did n't any of them realize just what they were up against. It was not till evening that there was any question raised, and then it was the cook who raised it.

The cook went to the forecastle and began to complain to the foremast men. He said that it was against the law for any such fellow as the mate to try taking a ship round the Horn without a skipper, or even a second mate. Gregory happened to be passing the forecastle at the time, and when the old Dane, sheath knife in hand, chased the cook out of the forecastle he saw it. He saw the Dane return to the forecastle, and heard one of the men ask him, 'What d'ye think? D'ye think things is all right?' The cook had wakened some doubts in the men. Gregory listened to the Dane pacifying them; heard him say, 'Sure, tings iss all right. Der mate knows well his yob.' Gregory said nothing about it to the Dane or anyone.

Gregory kept the deck all day every day, and at night he and the Dane stood watch and watch on the poop. In his watch below he slept in the chart room, where he was within instant call. Day by day he gave the men some sail drill. On the morning of the fourth day after the skipper had left her, he took the ship past the corner of Staten Island. The Horn was now less than a hundred miles away.

Coming out from under the lee of the land, the ship met a tumultuous sea and a stiff westerly wind. Gregory had expected just that and had taken some sail in in readiness for it. Despite his apparent nonchalance and the complete indifference of the old Dane, the crew were feeling a bit jumpy. Once a ship gets past the corner of Staten Island, the general scenery is enough to

make the best of crews tighten up their belts a bit. The sky and the sea looked mighty dirty, as they usually do thereabout.

Gregory quite possibly felt a bit jumpy himself now. I don't know. No one knows. Certainly it was no light job that he was undertaking. Any man in his shoes would have been justified in feeling rather nervous just then.

Gregory did the only thing he could do. Instead of trying to keep a lot of sail on the ship and crowding her along, he shortened her down till he had her under three lower topsails and a main upper topsail only. He knew that he could n't count on his crew to get sail off in a hurry. They had not yet had enough sail drill. Whatever happened, he must not be caught under too much sail. And the thing he expected very soon came. A Horn gale blew up, from due west — dead ahead. And it was n't even a common Horn gale. It was a genuine Horn hurricane. He took the main upper and the fore lower topsail off her, and he went aloft with the men to help them stow the sails. The men were pretty well scared, but, noting Gregory's calmness and the indifference of the old Dane, steadied and did their work in reasonably good shape.

It blew hard for a full week, and Gregory scarcely left the poop all that time. There was nothing to be done but ride the blow out. The ship was well found in all respects; the standing rigging all in first-class shape, and the running rigging all good. The life lines were stretched, the relieving tackles on the tiller. All through the blow a large bag of seal oil was kept hanging over the lee bow, that the seeping oil might break the force of the seas a little. 'Diss iss der vedder vot makes of you sailors now,' the old Dane told the apprehensive crew. 'Der mate iss on to hiss yob. Dot's all right.'

VI

When the westerly gale died, it did so very suddenly, just as those gales often do down there. A light breeze sprang up from the east, a fair wind for rounding the Horn. But Gregory could n't make any use of the fair wind. The ship was lying far over to starboard; the cargo had shifted. Had the gale lasted for a few hours longer, she would very likely have gone down. Gregory had been saved by the skin of his teeth, as you might say. Now, instead of piling the canvas on her, he must get her on an even keel, if that could anyhow be done. He was pretty well fagged out for want of sleep, and the men were pretty well fagged out too. Even the old Dane looked a bit white about the gills.

Leaving the Dane on the poop to keep an eye on the weather, Gregory had the main hatch taken off and led the crew below to trim cargo. All that day and all that night he worked among them, and worked harder than any. But there was no evidence of any nervousness in the way he worked. He was perfectly matter-of-fact. With him leading, they shoveled coal, moved heavy barrels of cement, laboriously hauled back-breaking bars of pig iron, and shifted lengths of railroad steel. When at last they had the ship trimmed, they were completely done in. So was Gregory, but he did n't show it.

When the hatches had been put on again he looked at his crew and in even tones said to them, 'Well, boys, that's a good job well done. It was a close call, but you've saved her. Good for you, lads.' Not till then did the crew realize the dire peril they had been in. Now one of them stepped forward. Taking off his sou'wester, he looked at his comrades. 'Three cheers for the mate!' said he. But Gregory cut their cheers

short. 'Hop up aloft and get that fore-topsail and the main upper topsail loosed!' he ordered. Weary though they were, the men hastened into the rigging.

When the sails were set he sent all hands below, the old Dane included, and himself went up to the poop, where he remained for four hours till his men were a bit rested. By that time the wind was gone and the sea flat calm. Knowing that a Horn calm is almost invariably followed by a gale from the westerly, he ordered the two topsails furled again, and when that was done went into the chart house to get a little sleep, leaving the old Dane to keep watch.

There's no use in describing in detail just what took place during the ensuing three weeks. Gregory could have taken the ship back to the Falklands, of course, or, as many skippers have done, could have turned tail on the Horn and taken the easterly route by the Cape of Good Hope and Australia. He did neither. He fought it out. If ever any of his crew murmured, they did so among themselves only, and when the old Dane was not there. At first Gregory shepherded his crew, working among them, leading them, encouraging them now and then with a word of praise, always infinitely patient. Dangerous though it often is, a sailor's work is really very simple. Willingness and a reasonable degree of courage are the chief requisites. But even though he be unwilling, and a coward, a man will often manage his work well enough with someone to lead him. With the old Dane's never-failing assistance, little by little Gregory made his men into sailors. After the first two weeks he was driving them, showing that he trusted them, and no longer working among them. Treating them as though from the first they had been worthy seamen, he challenged their pride; and they answered his challenge well enough.

A month after passing the corner of Staten Island, Gregory headed the ship north into the Pacific. She was rusty and battered. Her standing rigging needed setting up, her running rigging called for much repair. And now, with the old Dane to help him, he worked among the men again, showing them how to splice, knot, rattle down, and so forth. Such sleep as he had he took by night, never more than four hours in the twenty-four, leaving the old Dane to keep watch while he slept. In twenty-three days he crossed the line, and, with the top-hamper in good trim, set all hands to cleaning and painting.

When he took the ship through the Golden Gate she was as smart-looking as any ship in port. And he was lean as a rake handle — not an ounce of spare flesh on him. But there was no care in his face, no sign of any strain. He looked what he was — a twenty-three-year-old mate, not very much more than a boy. And his men were no longer lubbers.

As the ship approached her anchorage, Gregory called all hands to the quarter-deck. He said to them, 'As soon as the anchor's down, the boarding masters will be coming aboard. They'll offer you their rotgut whiskey, and they'll promise you all soft jobs. If you take their drinks, if you listen to them, you're a lot of fools. They'll take you ashore, keep you filled with liquor, and first thing you know they'll have shanghaied you. What about it?'

The old Dane stepped forward. 'Vee stays by der sheep, sir,' said he. The others joined in noisy acquiescence.

The boarding masters came aboard, and went back ashore without having prevailed upon one of Gregory's men to leave the ship. That was something practically unknown in Frisco. It was

the talk of the water front. Everyone was talking of Gregory, and of what a fine lot of men he must have.

VII

A new skipper came aboard to take command, and, after lying at anchor for a few days, awaiting a berth, the ship went alongside to discharge. It was Saturday. At quitting time the crew were able to go ashore.

When Gregory came on deck next morning there was no one about. Since it was Sunday, that was quite all right. He himself went ashore and spent the day.

When he came on deck on Monday morning, there was still no one about. The forecastle was empty. He knew what that meant, or at any rate could make a good guess. The boarding masters had got hold of his men. They would all be shanghaied, sold like so many cattle to other skippers. He went to the new skipper and asked to be allowed to go ashore to look for the men. The skipper said, 'No use, Mr. Gregory. Sailors are all a lot of fools. The boarding masters have got them.'

Word went round the front that Gregory's men had all skipped their ship. Everyone was laughing. 'Gregory's a pretty good man,' they said, 'but you can't keep a crew in Frisco.' It was plain fact, of course. Not ten men in a hundred ever stayed by their ships in Frisco.

Gregory remained entirely unruffled. He did not attempt to argue with his skipper. He stayed aboard all day, and saw two ships come down river from Port Costa and anchor in the bay. He knew what that meant. The two ships would be going to sea right away, and when they did so it would be his lost crew who would help man them.

If it had not been that the old Dane was among the skipped men, perhaps Gregory would have let things slide. I don't know.

Directly quitting time came and the stevedores went ashore, Gregory went too. He'd asked a few quiet questions during the noon hour, which he had spent ashore, and he'd found out that his lost men were all of them at Shanghai Brown's place on Front Street. Brown was known as the toughest sailor's boarding master in Frisco.

Gregory went ashore looking just as he had always looked, perfectly placid. He walked slowly, not hurrying in the slightest. He walked straight to Shanghai Brown's place, opened the door, and stepped in.

Brown was behind his bar. So was Brown's partner — an ex-prize fighter. After seven o'clock every evening he worked at a large dive on the Barbary Coast, where it was his job to throw out anyone who tried to start any trouble. He did that job, not for the money that was in it, but because he enjoyed it. Even among the Barbary Coast bouncers he had a reputation. He was not as tall as Gregory, but he weighed some forty pounds more and was very much squarer built. In front of the bar one of Brown's crimps was sweeping the floor with a long broom. All three glanced up when Gregory entered.

Gregory said, 'You've got my men here. I want them.'

Brown reached a bottle from under the bar, poured a drink, and held it toward Gregory. 'Have a drink on the house, mister,' he said, completely ignoring Gregory's words.

'I've come for my men,' said Gregory, ignoring the drink.

Brown winked at his partner.

The bouncer looked satirically at Gregory. 'What's that you say?' he asked.

Gregory said, 'I reckon you heard.'

'S'pose we tell you to get to hell out of here?' the bouncer said.

Gregory shrugged his shoulders.

'Then get to hell out of here!' said the bouncer, and moved round toward the front of the bar.

In later years, questioned as to what took place in Shanghai Brown's place that evening, Gregory referred to the affair as 'a pleasant little rumpus.' Just exactly what happened no one could say very well, I suppose, because it all happened so quickly. Neither Brown nor his partner ever discussed the matter, and Gregory was never much of a talker. Very shortly after it started, the crimp took his departure.

There are men who are born with a natural aptitude for using their fists, and Gregory, we may presume, was of that type. He was wiry, of course, and quick on his feet, and, being accustomed to plain living and hard muscular exertion, was in excellent trim, with plenty of wind. Brown, naturally, had no wind to spare, and the bouncer, in the common run of his bouncing, was used to dealing with men more or less in their cups.

A few moments after the crimp had cleared out, a young sea apprentice lad chanced to be passing, and, hearing a tinkle as of breaking glass, looked in. Brown was sitting on the floor with his back to the wall, his mouth wide open and one of his eyes closed. The bouncer was leaning back against the bar, his breath coming in gasps. There was a large bruise on his forehead, his nose and lips were bleeding, and he was cursing most horribly.

To quote the sea apprentice, 'Mr. Gregory was yanking the bottles from the shelves behind the bar and shying them on to the barroom floor one after another. Gosh, there was whiskey and broken glass all over the shop! Brown got to his feet and shouted to him to stop, and Mr. Gregory yanked off the wall behind the bar one of those big paintings of naked women that you always see in a saloon and brought it down on Brown's head, so that his head came right through the canvas and he collapsed on the floor again. Mr. Gregory was whistling softly to himself, like when a mate whistles for a wind in calm weather at sea. Brown saw me and called to me to get the harbor police, but I did n't, of course. When there were n't any unbroken bottles left, Mr. Gregory walked to a door at one end of the barroom, opened it, and stepped through. I stepped in and went after him. There was a little narrow passage inside the door with another door at the other end of it. He turned the handle, but it was locked; so he kicked it in.

'There was a room with a lot of sailors in it, and you could see that they were all more or less drunk. They were lolling about on dirty cots, except one old gray-headed fellow who was on his feet singing, "Whiskey is the life of man, whiskey for my Johnnie." He quit singing all of a sudden when he saw Mr. Gregory, and he and Mr. Gregory looked at one another for a minute. Then he stepped up to Mr. Gregory and said, "Vee iss all done mitt der damn sea, Mister Mate. Vee iss goin' get goot yobs on der shore. Brown iss goot vren' to sailormans, an' go get all us fallers goot yobs."

'And Mr. Gregory said, "Yes, I suppose so. All right, boys. Get down to the ship!"

'For about half a minute, maybe, the old gray-headed fellow stood staring at Mr. Gregory, and then he began to look sort of sheepish. Mr. Gregory pointed to the door and said again, "All right, boys. Get down to the ship!"

'And then the old gray-headed fellow said, "Aye, aye, Mister Mate!" He made for the door, and the others with him, and Mr. Gregory followed them out to the street.'

THE PLAGUE OF RABBITS IN POETRY

BY B. K. SANDWELL

I

THERE is a plague of rabbits in contemporary English poetry. It is a recent development, and, unless something is done to check it, it threatens to upset the proper balance of wild life in that important region. The subspecies which is multiplying so rapidly under the favoring influence of the present-day poetical climate is the Pathetic Rabbit (*Lepus cuniculus lamentabilis*), and was introduced, if I mistake not, by James Stephens somewhere about 1910, in a poem entitled 'The Snare,' which has been in all the anthologies ever since: —

> I hear a sudden cry of pain!
> There is a rabbit in a snare:
> Now I hear the cry again
> But I cannot tell from where.

From that time onward, poems about rabbits—pathetic rabbits—have multiplied as rapidly in English literature as the rabbits themselves did when introduced into the virgin pastures of Australia, and it may become necessary to deal with them after the same harsh but effectual manner. They are fast driving out the favorite fauna of the Victorian versifiers, the faithful hound, the romantic stag, the charmingly domestic robin. They are monopolizing the tears of sympathetic readers. Hundreds of other admirable animals, which suffer from the disadvantage of having less liquid eyes or less squeaky voices or a less convincing air of helplessness, are being literally crowded out of poetry. It really is not fair.

The preponderance of rabbits in contemporary poetry would not be so noticeable if different rabbits, in different poems, were doing different things and exhibiting different aspects of the rabbit character and the rabbit life. But they are not. The rabbit in to-day's poetry has only one function, and that is the same as the function of 'lovely woman' who 'stoops to folly' in the poetry of an earlier generation — namely, 'to die.' Our little furry friend is always either just dead or in the act of dying, or else being hunted or trapped with a view to his death, and with very little chance of his survival.

Listen to D. H. Lawrence on the subject: —

> The rabbit presses back her ears,
> Turns back her liquid, anguished eyes,
> And crouches low; then with wild spring
> Spurts from the terror of his oncoming;
> To be choked back, the wire ring
> Her frantic efforts throttling:
> Piteous brown ball of quivering fears!

And Wilfrid Wilson Gibson (you will permit me to stretch the term 'rabbit' to include the hare, which my dictionary assures me is merely a larger variety of Lepus): —

> My hands were hot upon a hare,
> Half-strangled, struggling in the snare —
> My knuckles at her warm windpipe —
> When suddenly her eyes shot back,

Big, fearful, staggering and black;
And, ere I knew, my grip was slack;
And I was clutching empty air.

I have suggested that the rabbit invasion began with James Stephens; but the act which laid open the path for the more helpless and picturesque types of vermin to enter the realm of poetry was of course much earlier. It was Tennyson's reluctant discovery that nature is 'red in tooth and claw with ravin,' a discovery which was subsequently expanded into an entire poem by Eden Phillpotts under the title of 'Litany to Pan.' This remarkable poem is a long recital of the cruelties of nature, and Mr. Phillpotts must certainly have been thinking of rabbits when he wrote: —

By fading eyes pecked from a dying head,
By the hot mouthful of a thing not dead,
By all thy bleeding, struggling, shrieking red,
Oh, hear!

And about the same time Arthur Christopher Benson was devoting himself largely to a consideration of the supposed sufferings of the more defenseless members of the 'lower creation' in a whole series of poems, in which his only reason for neglecting rabbits was that to his particular taste songbirds seemed more pathetic: —

The hawk slipped out of the pine, and rose in the
sunlit air:
Steady and still he poised; his shadow slept on
the grass:
And the bird's song sickened and sank: she
cowered with furtive stare
Dumb, till the quivering dimness should flicker
and shift and pass.

Suddenly down he dropped: she heard the hiss of
his wing;
Fled with a scream of terror: oh, would she had
dared to rest!
For the hawk at eve was full, and there was no
bird to sing,
And over the heather drifted the down from a
bleeding breast.

Mr. Benson, it should be noted, had no affection for cats; the rabbit poems are probably written by poets who like cats, because these poets are debarred by their feline sympathies from taking much interest in the fate of birds. But I think most readers will agree that, when it comes to the business of working up the pathos, the rabbit poets have it all over the bird poets, and indeed the poets of any other branch of the animal creation. The gazelle does not do so badly, though it suffers from the disadvantage of emitting a slight aroma of the outmoded romanticism of 'Lalla Rookh'; a more modern Moore, T. Sturge of that name, has described the pursuit of this graceful animal by a leopard: —

Then the warm wet clutch on the nape of the neck,
Through which the keen incisors drive;
Then the fleet knees give, down drops the wreck
Of yesterday's pet that was so alive.

It might just as well be a rabbit, and so might the victim in the very similar poem on 'The Panther,' except that Mr. Moore wants a certain exotic beauty in his killers as well as a pathos in his killed, and consequently he has to have all his animals a trifle larger.

II

Now the rabbit is a mildly picturesque animal to contemplate in his native haunts, and a pleasant-tasting animal to consume in a stew. But as a subject for poetry I think he lacks distinction. He is used, and he can be used, for only one kind of emotional effect, and that is the pathetic. And he is valuable to the pursuers of the pathetic only because of the fallacious belief of most poets, and of nearly all readers of poetry, that the behavior of animals indicates the same moral

qualities as the same behavior would indicate in human beings.

As a matter of fact, the behavior of the rabbit (and of the gazelle), instead of being the result of the possession of certain moral qualities, is entirely determined by the means of survival with which nature has endowed him. There are three things that the rabbit does supremely well. He propagates his species with extreme fertility; he perceives danger with extreme promptitude; and he runs away from it with extreme speed. He relies entirely on these accomplishments for his survival.

He never tries to kill or beat off his enemy, not because of any high moral standard, but because he has no equipment for doing so. For nourishment he relies entirely upon the vegetable kingdom; but this again is not because he has adopted vegetarianism as a moral principle, like the people who eat in certain restaurants and belong to societies for making the world safe for cows. It is due to the shape of his teeth, and to the lack of equipment for killing any other kind of animal. And so far from sacrificing himself for the general interests of the animal world, the rabbit frequently devours the food supply of other branches of it so completely that they are left to perish of hunger.

There is no more chivalry in the rabbit than there is in any other kind of lower animal; each is for himself and the devil take the hindmost, and the rabbit gets along as well as the next one. I say this not by way of reproach. He is as God made him; let him pass — but let him pass for a rabbit, and not for a pacifist.

For it is as a pacifist, a non-resister, that the rabbit has acquired his immense repute among our contemporary poets. They are against violence among human beings (whether rightly or wrongly it is not within the province of this article to inquire), and quite illogically they therefore admire non-violence among animals. And for the representation of non-violence among animals they have almost unanimously picked on the rabbit.

There have been admirers of non-resistance in poetry before; but never before have they selected the rabbit as the heraldic emblem of their cause, emblazoned him upon their banner, adopted his squeak as their trumpet call.

Incidentally, the use of animals in this connection has always hitherto been much more consciously symbolic and less realistic than it is in our own day, because previous generations have never 'read into' animal psychology so large an amount of human thought and feeling. The rabbit to-day is not merely a symbol, but an exemplar of non-resistance; the lamb, which preceded him as the symbol, was a symbol only, and nobody regarded it as an exemplar or ever dreamed of admiring it for its non-resistant qualities or attributing virtue to it on account of them.

There are very sufficient reasons why pacifistic poetry went in for lambs prior to 1900 and why it goes in for rabbits to-day. Poetry until the close of the nineteenth century was written for people who were still rural, or at least still had a considerable amount of contact with rural life. No population even remotely interested in the rude business of agriculture could ever be asked by its poets to love and admire rabbits, even symbolically. To such a race the rabbit is a pest, a species of vermin, a critter to be got rid of as efficiently as possible, because, if not kept down by constant killing, he will multiply to the ruin of every growing crop. So long as the

readers and writers of poetry were to any extent familiar with farm life, the rabbit was excluded from all possible hope of sympathetic treatment in verse.

To an agricultural community a poetically admirable animal must be an agriculturally useful animal, not a destructive one. Until the Industrial Revolution, therefore, the domesticated sheep remained the poetic figure for non-resistance. At the close of the nineteenth century he fell from that position with much suddenness, and for good reason. For the lamb as the type of non-resistance had got itself mixed up with religion; and, as the contemporary poet is 'off' religion just as much as he is 'off' violence, he had to hunt around for a fresh animal. He hit upon the rabbit, which had never been featured in poetry before except as something nice to hunt and eat, and which therefore was admirably suited to be the bearer of an entirely new set of humanitarian connotations. And he began to ask us, not merely to contemplate the abstract virtue of non-resistance as symbolized by the rabbit, but to sympathize with the rabbit on account of the sufferings which its heroic fidelity to non-resistance imposes upon it. And this, in my opinion, is going too far.

III

We must all die, men and animals alike, and I object to having my feelings harrowed up by the deaths of millions of poetic rabbits, just because the rabbit always suffers assassination and never directly commits it. There is no more reason why I should weep over the death of a rabbit than over the death of a tiger. Morally one animal is as good as the other. Each fulfills his destiny, which consists in being born, keeping alive (at the expense of others) as long as possible, and finally dying, either speedily at the hands of an enemy or slowly by the ravages of disease or starvation. So does a rat; so does a bedbug. Why these tears over rabbits?

These poets are taking an unfair advantage of the fact that nature has done all she can to make the rabbit *look* pathetic. She has given him, in addition to his non-resisting and vegetarian habits, a pair of expressive eyes, an appealing squeak, and a heart whose beat can be immensely accelerated and strengthened by the stimulus of fear for the purpose of supplying blood to the leg muscles and thus enabling him to make a quick getaway.

These visible manifestations happen to bear a close resemblance to those by which human beings make it apparent to one another that they are alarmed and suffering. But they certainly do not prove that the rabbit is undergoing anything like the degree of agitation that would be indicated by a corresponding degree of heart activity and vocal and optical expressiveness on the part of a human being.

It is extremely difficult to measure either the emotions or the physical sufferings of a rabbit, or of any other of God's creatures with a different structure from ourselves. The rabbit's heart acceleration may be — the scientists can doubtless tell us — four or five times as great as that of the rat. But it does not in the least follow that the rabbit is five times as scared as the rat, or suffers five times as much from his fear.

Their defense mechanisms are different. The rat has to stay cool, and fight; the rabbit has to run. A rabbit which stayed cool in the presence of danger would speedily cease to be a rabbit. A rat which did nothing but

run away would equally cease to be a rat.

I have myself had a couple of experiences with rabbits from which I am inclined to deduce that their emotional disturbance when alarmed is far from proportional to their physical reactions. True, they were tame rabbits; but the tame rabbit, being accustomed to security throughout its life, should presumably be even more disturbed when that security breaks down than its wild brother which has depended on its own speed in scores of emergencies ever since infancy. On one occasion I was a guest at the head table at a banquet where two rabbits were for some reason brought in and presented to the guest of honor, whose seat was next to mine. They were greeted by the three hundred diners with loud clapping and shouts of applause, which threw them into paroxysms of alarm; but thirty seconds after the applause had died down they were munching the ferns out of the table bouquets as if they had been brought up on after-dinner speeches. Their fear, whatever its intensity, was clearly of the most momentary character.

On another occasion, at a country home where I was visiting, the door of a rabbit hutch was accidentally left open, and the family dog got in about three seconds before the arrival of the young girl who owned and adored the rabbit. The rabbit was dead before it could be rescued; but it was absolutely untouched, and had died of an overstrained heart. It must have been dead within three seconds of becoming aware of the approach of the dog; and while the *physical* reaction to that approach was enough to kill it (probably owing in part to the enervating results of a life of luxury), the conscious emotional reaction could not possibly be very great in so short a time.

IV

No; the rabbit poets are purporting to give us a rabbit's-eye view of the universe, from which point of vantage they deduce that it is a bad universe and ask us to deplore that it was ever established.

I do not think these poets can make a convincing case; their use of the rabbit's liquid eye and wrinkled nose and appealing squeak to bolster up that case strikes me as special pleading of the worst kind. It might be unpleasant for me and Mr. Stephens, who have never been rabbits, to awake some morning and find that we had become rabbits, as Mr. Bultitude awoke to find that he had become a small boy at school; but that would be because we are unaccustomed to the conditions of rabbit life. But to a rabbit it is not unpleasant to be a rabbit. A fairly constant risk of death from foxes and dogs and traps and guns is part of the permanent conditions of rabbitry, and it is safe to assume that rabbits get used to it, just as we human beings get used to the risk of death from bacilli and are beginning to get used to the risk of death from automobiles.

As for the pain of death itself, apart from the pain of fearing it, is there much difference between one form of death and another? Is it much more painful to be eaten alive than to starve or die of thirst? Human beings who have experienced the earlier stages of being eaten, by falling into the clutches of a lion and then being rescued, report that the process is accompanied by a considerable degree of anæsthesia.

But in any case nothing can be done about it. We cannot extend the benefits of euthanasia to the whole sentient creation; we are even hesitant about extending them to our

own kind. All that we can do — and that, I think, is what the rabbit poets want us to do — is to regret that the sentient creation exists at all, including ourselves. And that seems to me a futile, unjustified, and on the whole ungrateful proceeding.

In all that I have said I would not for one moment be understood as belittling in the slightest degree the noble work, in which poets have had and still have a large share, of persuading human beings to avoid all avoidable giving of pain to lower creatures. But the argument for that policy lies in man himself — in the magnitude of his power, and the high degree of his sensibility — rather than in the actual severity of the sufferings of the animals themselves. The hawk, the fox, the panther, these have a right to live as well as the thrush, the rabbit, and the gazelle, and they can only live by inflicting death upon other creatures and inflicting it with little regard for suffering. Man has no such limitations; but I do not think he is called upon to resent the character of the universe because the hawk kills chickens in a more brutal manner than man does.

I wish we could get at some idea of the poetry conceived (I suppose I can hardly say written) by rabbits about human beings and their miseries. If the rabbits are anything like as percipient and emotional as our poets make them out to be, they must certainly have some sort of imaginative notion about us. What must they think of the terrible fate of belonging to a section of the animal creation which, not content with contemplating its own sufferings, has to weep futile tears over the necessary and inevitable end of every other kind of animal possessing expressive eyes and an appealing squeak?

ENTER MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES

BY VINCENT STARRETT

THE London 'season' of the year 1886 was, upon its surface, much like other and similar seasons before it. No blare of sudden trumpets marked its advent. Victoria was still placidly upon her throne; Lord Salisbury had, for the second time, ousted Gladstone from the premier's chair; Ireland was seething with outrage and sedition; and Beecham's Pills were 'universally admitted to be a marvelous antidote for nervous disorders.' In literature the gods, perhaps, were Stevenson and Henry James and Henty, depending upon one's age; but an Irishman named Wilde was making himself a figure of fantastic moment by his championship of æstheticism. At the Gaiety, Mr. Cellier's *Dorothy* had begun its celebrated run of 968 performances, and *The Harbour Lights* were gleaming brightly at the Adelphi. In Piccadilly the race of hansom cabs was swift and dangerous. No wars immediately threatened; the wide world was at peace. A smug and happy time, a time of prosperity and great contentment. And no celestial phenomena existed to indicate that, once more in the history of the world, a blue moon was marking an epochal event. Certainly no planets fell to tell an impoverished provincial doctor, resident at Southsea, Portsmouth, that he had brought forth a new immortal in the world of letters.

Sherlock Holmes, however, was already in the world. With a Dr. Watson, late of the 5th Northumberland Fusiliers, he had engaged a suite of rooms at No. 221-B Baker Street, London, and entered upon his astonishing career as a consulting detective. As far as the world is concerned, he is there yet.

I

Times had not been of the best for Dr. A. Conan Doyle of Bush Villa, Southsea. The young man had recently married, and was eking out the slender returns of early medical practice by writing stories for the magazines. It had occurred to him that he might go on writing short stories forever and make no headway. What was necessary, he was certain, if one intended to be an author, was to get one's name upon the cover of a book. A first novel — *The Firm of Girdlestone* — had been an impressive failure, and was still in manuscript about the house. But he had, for some time, been turning in his mind the possibility of something new and fresh in the literature of detection. Gaboriau had pleased him by the precision of his plots, and a boyhood hero had been the Chevalier C. Auguste Dupin, Poe's masterful amateur detective. What was there, he asked himself, that he — Doyle — could bring to this field which would be indubitably his own?

Outside, over his door at night, burned the red lamp that was the sign of his profession. In the daylight his

brass name plate, polished every morning, shone brightly in the Portsmouth sun. But the patients that either of them should have attracted were few and far between. In his patients' sitting room, — three chairs, a table, and a patch of carpet, — as he smoked and thought, there rose before him the remembered image of his former teacher at the university — one Joseph Bell, 'thin, wiry, dark, with a high-nosed acute face, penetrating gray eyes, angular shoulders,' and a peculiar walk. Joseph Bell, M.D., F.R.C.S., Edinburgh; consulting surgeon to the Royal Infirmary and Royal Hospital for Sick Children, whose voice was high and discordant, whose skill as a surgeon was profound, and whose uncanny trick of diagnosis was a legend of the institution. It occurred to the young physician, waiting for his patients who did not come, that if Joseph Bell had determined to be a detective he would have reduced 'this fascinating but unorganized business to something nearer an exact science.'

Bell, for reasons which Doyle the student had never quite understood, had singled him out from among the droves of others who frequented the wards, and made him his out-patient clerk. It had not been an onerous position. The student herded the waiting patients into line, made simple notes of their cases, and ushered them into the big room in which Bell sat in state. But it had been quickly evident to young Arthur Conan Doyle that Joseph Bell learned more about the patients at a glance than he, the questioner, had learned with all his questions.

'He would sit in his receiving room,' wrote Doyle the novelist, later in life, 'with a face like a red Indian, and diagnose the people as they came in, before they even opened their mouths. He would tell them their symptoms, and even give them details of their past life; and hardly ever would he make a mistake.'

The results were often highly dramatic, the author tells us.[1] To a civilian patient, on one occasion, he observed: 'Well, my man, you've served in the army.'

'Aye, sir.'

'Not long discharged?'

'No, sir.'

'A Highland regiment?'

'Aye, sir.'

'A noncom officer?'

'Aye, sir.'

'Stationed at Barbados?'

'Aye, sir.'

'You see, gentlemen,' explained the physician to his surrounding students and dressers, 'the man was a respectful man but did not remove his hat. They do not in the army; but he would have learned civilian ways if he had been long discharged. He has an air of authority, and he is obviously Scottish. As to Barbados, his complaint is elephantiasis, which is West Indian and not British.'

And no little of the dry humor of Joseph Bell's deductions is visible in another case that is of record. It is recalled by Dr. Harold Emery Jones, a former classmate of Conan Doyle at Edinburgh.

'What is the matter with this man, sir?' Bell suddenly inquired of a trembling student, standing by. 'Come down, sir, and look at him. No, you must n't touch him. Use your eyes, sir! Use your ears, use your brain, use your bump of perception, use your powers of deduction!'

The stammering student did his best: 'Hip-joint disease, sir?'

'Hip-nothing!' retorted Bell disgustedly. 'The man's limp is not from his hip, but from his foot, or rather from his feet. Were you to observe

[1] *Memories and Adventures*, Little, Brown and Company. — AUTHOR

closely you would note that there are slits — cut by a knife — in those parts of the shoes on which the pressure of the shoe is greatest against the foot. The man is suffering from corns, gentlemen, and has no hip trouble at all. But he has not come to us to be treated for corns, gentlemen; we are not chiropodists. His trouble is of a more serious nature. This is a case of chronic alcoholism, gentlemen. The rubicund nose, the puffed and bloated face, the bloodshot eyes, the tremulous hands and twitching face muscles, with the quick, pulsating temporal arteries, all combine to show us this. But these deductions, gentlemen, must be confirmed by absolute and concrete evidence. In this instance, my diagnosis is confirmed by the neck of a whiskey bottle protruding from the patient's right-hand pocket.'

Of another patient he once said: 'Gentlemen, we have here a man who is either a cork cutter or a slater. If you will use your eyes a moment, you will be able to define a slight hardening — a regular callus, gentlemen — on one side of his forefinger, and a thickening on the outer side of the thumb; a sure sign that he follows the one occupation or the other.'

And of still another he observed: 'Gentlemen, a fisherman! You will note that, although it is a summer's day, and very hot, the patient is wearing top boots. When he sat upon the chair they were plainly visible. No one but a sailor would wear top boots at this season of the year. The shade of tan upon his face shows him to be a coastwise, not a deep-sea sailor who makes foreign lands. His tan is that produced by one climate only — it is a local tan. A knife scabbard shows beneath his coat, the kind used by fishermen in this part of the world. He is concealing a quid of tobacco in the farthest corner of his mouth, and he manages it very adroitly indeed, gentlemen. The sum of these deductions is that he is a fisherman. Further to prove the correctness of my diagnosis, I notice a number of fish scales adhering to his clothes and hands, while the odor of fish announced his arrival in a most marked and striking manner.'

To the wondering Watsons it was all very marvelous indeed.

II

Smoking in his sitting room at Southsea, waiting for the patients who seldom came, young Dr. Conan Doyle heard again the strident voice of his former mentor, haranguing the awkward students of Edinburgh's school of medicine. In one familiar and oft-repeated apothegm there was the very substance of a new detective: —

'From close observation and deduction, gentlemen, it is possible to make a diagnosis that will be correct in any and every case. However, you must not neglect to ratify your deductions, to substantiate your diagnoses, with the stethoscope and by all other recognized and everyday methods.'

Out of his memories of Joseph Bell, hawk-faced and a trifle eerie for all his sardonic humor, the creator of Sherlock Holmes builded the outlines of his great detective. But it was an outline only; the special genius of Conan Doyle, himself, was necessary to complete the picture. It was from the first, indeed, only the potentialities of a living Sherlock Holmes latent within his medical creator that made possible the gaunt detective's entrance upon the foggy stage of London's wickedness.

The name, one fancies, was an inspiration. To think of Sherlock Holmes by any other name is, paradoxically, unthinkable. It was a matter, apparently, that gave the author only slight concern. Obviously, his detective must not be 'Mr. Sharps' or 'Mr. Ferrets';

good taste rebelled against so elementary a nomenclature. His love for the American essayist — also a physician — dictated the choice at one end: 'Never,' he later wrote, 'have I so known and loved a man whom I had never seen.' But Sherlock was longer in coming. A leaf from a notebook of the period exists, and the astonished eye beholds it with dismay. 'Sherrinford Holmes' was the detective's name as first it was jotted down by the man who was to create him. And from the same source one is permitted to deduce an earlier thought than 'Watson.' The good Watson, one learns with tardy apprehension, was to have been 'Ormond Sacker.' It is a revealing page, that page from Conan Doyle's old notebook, and a faintly distressing one. In the end, however, it was Sherlock Holmes,[2] and Sherlock Holmes it is to-day — the most familiar figure in modern English fiction; a name that has become a permanent part of the English language.

III

It was late in the year 1880, or perhaps early in 1881, that Holmes and Watson met and discovered their common need of the moment, which was a comfortable suite of rooms at a figure that would suit their pocketbooks. One inclines to the latter date, in view of the recorded fact that it was as late as March the fourth, in 1881, that Holmes revealed his profession to his fellow lodger. Devotees will recall the passage in *A Study in Scarlet* in which the revelation is set forth; but one fancies that early readers of that first adventure must have come upon it much as Crusoe came upon the footprint in the sand.

Young Stamford introduced them, then vanished from the tale, his whole existence justified. The day following, they inspected the rooms in Baker Street and took them on the spot.

It is amazing that the good doctor did not guess the truth about his new acquaintance weeks before he was told. Yet by that very failure to suspect he was forever to establish himself in the character of Watson. That first meeting, indeed, was to establish a tradition of the saga — a bit of dialogue which was, in essence, to be a sort of prologue to every tale that was to follow. The doctor's record of the lines is quite precise: —

'Dr. Watson, Mr. Sherlock Holmes,' said Stamford, introducing us.

'How are you?' he said cordially, gripping my hand with a strength for which I should hardly have given him credit. 'You have been in Afghanistan, I perceive.'

'How on earth did you know that?' I asked in astonishment.

'The Lauriston Gardens Mystery,' it will be recalled, followed quickly on the heels of Holmes's confession that he was a consulting detective — perhaps the only one in the world; and for the first time, under the eyes of his admiring Boswell, the greatest detective of history or fiction set forth upon his mission of humane vengeance. It was a perfect morning for the adventure — that is, 'it was a foggy, cloudy morning, and a dun-colored veil hung over the housetops, looking like the reflection of the mud-colored streets beneath.' And a man named Enoch Drebber, of Cleveland, U.S.A., or so his cards revealed, was dead in dreadful circumstances, in a house at No. 3, comma, Lauriston Gardens, a trifle off the Brixton Road.

Thus opened the strange case of

[2] 'Years ago,' Conan Doyle was once quoted in a newspaper, 'I made thirty runs against a bowler by the name of Sherlock, and I always had a kindly feeling for that name.' This explanation does not occur in his autobiography. — AUTHOR

Jefferson Hope, for which Gregson and Lestrade, of Scotland Yard, received the credit, but which was solved by Mr. Sherlock Holmes of Baker Street, and later set forth by his friend and companion, Dr. John H. Watson, who had all the facts in his journal. It is an admirable bit of melodrama, well told in vigorous, Anglo-Saxon English, delayed in the middle by a secondary story that is reminiscent of Bret Harte at his worst, and ending on the inevitable explanation of the detective.

The book was written in the spring of 1886 and by July had been returned by Arrowsmith, unread. 'Two or three others sniffed and turned away.' The friendly editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*, who had paid thirty pounds for a much shorter tale some time before, found it at once too short and too long. On the point of laying it away beside its predecessor, *The Firm of Girdlestone*, the despairing author bethought himself of yet another publisher who might be cozened. Thus near was Sherlock Holmes to dying at his birth.

Ward, Lock and Company received the tattered manuscript and looked it over, and on the last day of October Dr. Conan Doyle, gloomily smoking in his patients' sitting room, received a letter: —

DEAR SIR —

We have read your story and are pleased with it. We could not publish it this year as the market is flooded at present with cheap fiction, but if you do not object to its being held over till next year, we will give you £25 for the copyright.

It was not a tempting offer, even for so impecunious a practitioner as Dr. Conan Doyle. Sick at heart, however, from repeated disappointments, he wrote a letter of acceptance, and the deed was done. Sherlock Holmes was committed to the publishers, the pirates, and the world; and *A Study in Scarlet* became the issue of *Beeton's Christmas Annual* for 1887. At no time, the author tells us in his autobiography, did he receive another penny for it. Yet so often has it been reprinted and pirated and otherwise put forth, in many lands, that a very decent income might have been achieved from that first slender volume — when later volumes had been written — if only its author might have kept his title.

That lurid paper-back of Christmas 1887 is to-day one of the rarest books of modern times — a keystone sought by discriminating collectors in every part of the earth. Of equal rarity, and possibly even more difficult to find, is the second edition of the tale, with illustrations by the author's father. It was issued in 1888, with a brief publisher's preface that is a masterpiece of inept rhetoric and comparison. 'The *Study in Scarlet* and the unraveling of the apparently unfathomable mystery by the cool shrewdness of Mr. Sherlock Holmes,' the reader was informed, 'yield nothing in point of sustained interest and gratified expectation to the best stories of the school that has produced "Mr. Barnes of New York," "Shadowed by Three," &c., &c.'

The line drawings by Charles Doyle are astounding, viewed at this date. One wonders what his son thought of them, even in 1888. But Dr. Conan Doyle's kindness of heart is perhaps attested by their inclusion.

IV

British literature in the eighties had a considerable vogue in America, and much of it for a simple reason. No copyright act existed, and it was possible to publish it for nothing. But publication, even under these unfavorable auspices, had helped to make a number of reputations. Among the

reputations thus established, in some degree, was that of Dr. Conan Doyle. In England *A Study in Scarlet* had received some favorable but unvociferous comment; in America it was no inconsiderable success. Thus it happened that, in 1889, when *Micah Clarke* had been praised by Andrew Lang and published to the world, to mark its author's versatility, there appeared in London an agent for the American house of Lippincott, with knowledge of that author's previous work.

At a dinner paid for by the American, there were present by invitation Oscar Wilde himself, a garrulous member of Parliament named Gill, and the still impecunious physician from Portsmouth. Wilde's conversation was a delight, and as a result of the eventful evening the happy authors were commissioned to write books for *Lippincott's Magazine*. Wilde's contribution was *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, and Doyle's was *The Sign of Four*, in which Sherlock Holmes for the second time — under the eyes of Watson — went forth into the London fogs upon a trail of violence and murder.

The adventure is dated September 1888; and the tale appeared in the issue of *Lippincott's Magazine* for February 1890. Are there any who, having read it, can now forget it? It is still perhaps the most vivid and the best of all the many tales that were to follow, and far, far better than the one that had preceded it. Of course, 'the day had been a dreary one, and a dense drizzly fog lay low upon the great city. Mud-colored clouds drooped sadly over the muddy streets. Down the Strand the lamps were but misty splotches of diffused light which threw a feeble circular glimmer upon the slimy pavement.'

And through this melancholy glamour, in a four-wheeler, drove Watson and Sherlock Holmes, with Mary Morstan by their side, to a rendezvous beside the third pillar of the Lyceum, and thence to Pondicherry Lodge and the horror of the grinning Face.

It was Jones, this time, who took the credit,—Athelney Jones, you will recall, of Scotland Yard, — and for Watson, at the end of the trail, there was a wife. For Holmes there remained the bottle of cocaine that stood upon his shelf, toward which, when all was over, his long white hand was slowly reaching up.

The book appeared in the autumn of 1890, over the imprint of Spencer Blackett, and was popular from the first. It, too, to-day is rare and difficult to find. But the money that it made for its author was insufficient for his needs, and Dr. Conan Doyle continued to practise medicine at Southsea. A second great historical novel, meanwhile, had been written, — the doctor's industry was incredible, — and *The White Company* was all but ready to take its place beside the earlier *Micah Clarke*. That Sherlock Holmes would again appear between the covers of a book did not enter the author's mind, save perhaps as a happy possibility — when and if some other publisher, greatly daring, should solicit Watson for another reminiscence.

V

Dr. Conan Doyle, for all his mounting reputation, was a modest man, and still a man of medicine who wrote novels when his profession did not pay. In the latter days of 1890, indeed, he was contemplating a happy union of his two vocations.

As a specialist, it occurred to him, he would have leisure for his writing and perhaps command a greater flow of patients; wherefore, he would go to Vienna and study to be a specialist! The die was cast, and as the year drew

to its close Dr. and Mrs. Arthur Conan Doyle closed the doors of Bush Villa behind them for the last time. There is to-day, one reads, a tablet on the house, and 'Doyle House' is a place of tourist interest. As the birthplace, so to speak, of Sherlock Holmes, it should be marked, one thinks, by national decree.

With the spring, his work in Vienna completed, a new eye specialist tacked his plate over a door in Devonshire Place, not far from classical Harley Street, and the new chapter of adversity was begun. 'Every morning,' wrote Dr. Conan Doyle, later on in life, 'I walked from my lodgings in Montague Place, reached my consulting room at ten, and sat there until three or four, with never a ring to disturb my serenity.'

It was a situation made to order for literary work. A number of popular monthlies had begun to make their appearance on the stands, among them the famous *Strand*. To the thoughtfully smoking doctor it appeared that a serial might be an impediment in such a journal, but that a series of short tales, featuring a single individual who would appear throughout the series, might be the very ticket. And, happily, the individual was at hand. In the long hours of waiting, all unknowing whither it was to lead him, Dr. Conan Doyle, eye specialist, of No. 2, Devonshire Place, began to write his remarkable series of short detective tales, now famous the world over as *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*.

This time Holmes was in the world to stay. That lean and sinewy figure was to become a symbol as familiar as the Nelson Monument and the Tower of London. A figure of incredible popularity, who exists in history more surely than the warriors and statesmen in whose time he lived and had his being. An illusion so real, as Father Ronald Knox has happily suggested, that one might some day look about for him in Heaven, forgetting that he was only a character in a book.

OUR SPORTING GRANDFATHERS

The Cult of Athletics at Its Source

BY ARTHUR C. COLE

I

THE annals of sport in the stadium age of vicarious athletics reveal scarcely a hint of the crusading spirit which launched the beginnings of organized sports in America fourscore years ago. Prior to that time two great obstacles had actually checked the development of sports on this continent. One was the frontier, which, with its persistent and strenuous physical demands, made other exercise unnecessary. The other barrier, which lingered after the frontier had moved well across the country and left leisure in its train, was the troubled New England conscience, which could not condone athletic games and merry out-of-door amusements in the interest of health and happiness.

There was something in the Puritan heritage which long insisted that 'unattractiveness is a powerful evidence of duty.' It was this, doubtless, that made a champion of repression out of Lyman Beecher, whose turbulent physical energies could not be satisfied by the back-yard woodpile or even in a now-famous contest with an old woodcutter, and who therefore often took his fiddle, after his strait-laced wife had retired for the night, and enjoyed — in stocking feet — a jig to his own tune.

It was the same force which made Charles Francis Adams apologize in his diary for 'idling away' a morning in unsuccessful fishing for smelts, his one weakness in the way of sports. He could not realize that the young sons who joined him after school would in later years regard this as one day at least saved 'from utter loss,' and that the eldest of the boys would carry through life a regret that his Puritan inheritance had destroyed for his youth all sense of the joy of living, at a time when he should 'have acquired aptitudes — sailing, rambling, the playing of games, the genuine love of outdoor life — which I never did acquire, and the lack of which I lament more and more every year I live.'

Out of New England, home of the Puritans, who proclaimed, though they did not always practise, the virtues of carnal self-restraint, suddenly came a new gospel that the body, temple of the soul, had too long suffered from a neglect which now threatened to undermine the very foundations of American culture. Puritanical self-denial was at last forced to yield to the unimpeachable evidence that the American people were undergoing a serious physical decline.

It was all the more tantalizing because true that foreign critics began to lay stress upon the prevailing deficiency of physical health in America. It was indeed humiliating, because, as one of the New England intellectuals argued, 'it is the only attribute of

power in which they [Americans] are losing ground.' There were those like the essayist and editor, N. Parker Willis, who, pondering the implications of the fistic victory in 1849 of the American, Tom Hyer, over the British champion, known as 'Yankee Sullivan,' felt that there was an impending struggle 'in which England and America will enter the ring for the championship of the world,' and yet had to admit that Americans could be truly described as 'a hollow-chested, narrow-shouldered, ill developed looking race.' 'America,' said Willis, 'could doubtless afford at some cost of order and staid propriety to purchase an enthusiasm for physical culture and masculine vigor and beauty.'

II

There could be no denying that personal habits generally had failed to reflect an adequate adjustment to the new and more leisurely life which appeared as the strenuous experiences of the frontier colored the lives of fewer and fewer people. Disorders of the stomach multiplied as Americans continued to stuff themselves with a rich diet of badly cooked food; rapid eating was a long-established national habit. Anxious observers also found shrunken limbs, crooked spines, weak joints, and disproportionate bodies everywhere in evidence. To the thoughtful editor of *Harper's Monthly*, Young America in 1856 seemed 'a pasty-faced, narrow-chested, spindle-shanked, dwarfed race — a mere walking manikin to advertise the last cut of the fashionable tailor.'

Thoughtful men in America in the 1850's began to ponder what Emerson referred to as 'the invalid habits of this country.' There was, to be sure, a touching and futile faith among the masses in patent-medicine 'cure-alls,' which were heralded from poster and advertisement. The beginnings of modern medicine and pharmacy seemed only to accentuate the tendency toward drugging. The healing art seemed to an intelligent critic (in the *Atlantic Monthly*) a case of 'big wigs, gold-headed canes, Latin prescriptions, shops full of abominations, recipes a yard long, "curing" patients by drugging as sailors bring the wind by whistling, selling lies at a guinea apiece — a routine, in short, of giving unfortunate sick people a mess of things either too odious to swallow or too acrid to hold, or, if that were possible, both at once.' Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes declared in 1860, in a startling address before the Massachusetts Medical Society, his firm belief that, in view of the prevailing dependence of the medical profession upon medication, 'if the whole materia medica, *as now used*, could be sunk to the bottom of the sea, it would be all the better for mankind, — and all the worse for the fishes.'

The need of the hour seemed to be some recreation that would offer relief from the prevailing strenuous living. 'Our sorest need, as a people, is recreation — relaxation of the everlasting tension of our laborious lives,' declared Bayard Taylor after seeing the world in his extensive globe-trotting. There were those who suggested the advantage of more holidays, and the desirability of a more spontaneous enjoyment of them.

It is not without significance that the New England prejudice — in religious circles — against the joyous celebration of Christmas began at about this time to break down. But the example of England and of continental Europe seemed to point particularly to the value of out-of-door exercise and play; for Young America in 1850 had not yet learned to play in the

modern sense. 'To roll balls in a tenpin alley by gaslight, or to drive a fast trotting horse in a light wagon along a very bad and very dusty road, seems the Alpha and Omega of sport in the United States,' declared one English critic, while others of his kind set down American recreation at the lower level of 'chewing, smoking, drinking, and reckless driving.'

Nor could serious American students of this problem deny the indictment. 'I am satisfied,' admitted Oliver Wendell Holmes, the Harvard medico, 'that such a set of black-coated, stiff-jointed, soft-muscled, paste-complexioned youth as we can boast of in our Atlantic cities never before sprang from the loins of Anglo-Saxon lineage.' 'We have,' he added, 'a few good boatmen, — no good horsemen that I hear of, — I cannot speak for cricketing, — but as for any great athletic feat performed by a gentleman in these latitudes, society would drop a man who should round the Commons in five minutes.'

Those most interested even admitted that German gymnastics, a 'beneficent exotic' prematurely transplanted by protagonists like Dr. Karl Follen, had withered and died. Athletic exercises were not even a prominent feature of college life. There were lingering memories of a bathing shed on the 'College Wharf' at Cambridge which had been suddenly removed to make room for coal bins. 'Manly sports were not positively discouraged in our day,' Harvard alumni admitted, 'but that was all.'

III

It was not strange, therefore, that a new cult arose among the intellectuals of New England, who felt the call to challenge these conditions. Holmes was not the least of these crusaders; a puny, asthmatic type, he had a frank admiration for the physical giant, and dropped into the training quarters of the champion, 'Benicia Boy,' and other prize fighters, where he watched the men at work and measured enviously their muscular arms and legs. For himself, Holmes found recreation in walking and in rowing on the Charles River, and proclaimed the virtues of this sport from his famous Breakfast Table.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, frail philosopher of transcendentalism, confided to his *Journal:* 'I have so little vital force that I could not stand the dissipation of a flowing and friendly life; I should die of consumption in three months.' He lamented the physical imperfections of the New England intellectuals, and proclaimed the glories of walking, which led him, along with Lowell and Agassiz, to join the Adirondack Club and to enjoy outings with the coterie of Boston literati. Like Holmes, he knew the records of the race track and once corrected to a quarter of a second the 2:19¾ record made by the famous trotter, Flora Temple, in 1859.

The ubiquitous Beechers threw much of their boundless energies into the cause. Catherine, who declared that there were not a dozen healthy women in all the vast acquaintance of the Beecher family, included an excellent essay on calisthenics at the end of her popular volume on *Physiology.* The 'vigor of the paternal blacksmith' still revealed itself in the sinewy arm of her famous brother. Henry Ward Beecher was, indeed, one of the exemplars of the new religion which aimed at 'breadth of shoulders as well as of doctrines.' The popular preacher was an excellent player of quoits and other games; he lectured on the 'Laws of Nature,' proclaiming the virtues of physical strength with a vigor that

aroused critics to assail his precepts as barbarous.

Beecher regarded wholesome, vigorous out-of-door recreation as a greater need for the relaxation of the excitable and excited American than the theatre or opera, young men's associations, debating clubs, or even religious meetings. To him a horse was a 'gentleman.' He made no secret of his fondness for fast driving as a form of 'wholesome exercise,' and invited himself to ride behind Robert Bonner's famous trotters, at a speed at which all the trees would seem crazy and the fences mere chalk lines, with the earth and skies commingled. He proclaimed the 'inhumanity of not letting horses run. Fastness is a virtue. . . . I drive fast on principle. I do it for the sake of being at one with nature. . . . If I were engineer of a sixty-mile-an-hour express train, I should covet twenty miles an hour more.' But he admitted the democratic values of 'slow speed' riding, of swimming and boating, of baseball and cricket. He advocated a system of gymnastic grounds and good bowling alleys in connection with reading rooms, where the evils of the commercial bowling and billiard establishments could be avoided. He hoped that some Christian association would undertake 'this valuable reformation, and give to the young men of our cities the means of physical vigor and health, separated from temptations to vice. It would be a very gospel.'

Again, the eager young Yale collegian, Andrew D. White, found physical training an important aid to a far from robust constitution; his prowess in boating won a place for him on the eight-oared boat, the *Undine*, which took part in the first — but unsuccessful — race with a Harvard crew on Lake Quinsigamond. To the end of his life this great educator continued as an ardent champion of boating. White was convinced that 'the most detestable product of college life is the sickly cynic; and a thorough course in boating, under a good stroke oar, does as much as anything to make him impossible.'

According to tradition another later university president, Charles W. Eliot, rowed on the Harvard crew that defeated Andrew D. White and his team mates. In any event the nearsighted young Harvard assistant professor of mathematics was a member of the Harvard six-oared crew which, in 1858, won the famous and record-breaking boat race on the Charles River from a miscellaneous field of competitors. Writing to his fiancée on the day of the contest, he explained: 'I had rather win than not, but it is mighty little matter whether we beat or are beaten; rowing is not my profession, neither is it my love — it is only recreation, fun, and health. I am going to . . . row as hard as I comfortably can, and not a bit harder. I have been rowing so much within three days that my fingers feel as stiff as any hod carrier's.'

Another Harvard alumnus, the idealistic young business man, Amos A. Lawrence, long felt concern over the effects of the lack of 'manly and athletic exercises' upon the coming generation. Lawrence himself continued through life the active enjoyment of skating, bowling, and other sports. As a stimulus to the younger generation he therefore proposed to the master of Groton Academy that he offer annually three silver medals worth twenty dollars each to the students who excelled in cricket, quoits, and singlestick. He shared the feeling of those who declared that athletic prowess in school ought to be a matter of as much concern as the Greek or mathematics prize. Indeed, the editor of *Harper's Weekly* had a definite

preference for the former. 'We had rather chronicle,' he wrote, 'a great boat race at Harvard or Yale, or a cricket match with the United States Eleven, than all the prize poems or the orations on Lafayette that are produced in half a century.'

Thomas Wentworth Higginson, liberal clergyman and author, was a strenuous young apostle of a newer and better day and the especial champion of the new crusade for health and happiness. Like Charles Kingsley in England, he set up a demand for a muscular instead of an ascetic Christianity, and rejoiced that in Beecher and his contemporaries a new set of saints had arisen to exemplify the gospel. Higginson launched a series of articles in the *Atlantic*, beginning with his 'Saints and Their Bodies,' probably the most powerful single printed argument for the new athletics. He ardently commended field sports and the communion with nature that they permitted. So strenuously did he press the claims of skating that a widespread interest was aroused and some rigid-minded people sneered at the increasing popularity of this sport as 'Higginson's revival.' But Higginson was very catholic in his tastes. He had a good word to say even for billiards and bowling, popular amusements which often aroused the moralists. Boxing seemed to him quite likely to brutalize the mind, although he admitted that a limited knowledge of sparring would improve the manliness of any youth. He agreed with Holmes that 'anything is better than this white-blooded degeneration to which we all tend.'

IV

It was a matter of no small importance that the new crusade found its chief sponsors among the religious leaders of the day. Many shared the pride of Higginson in the saints who exemplified the new gospel. Holmes was convinced that if the manly art of self-defense could be introduced among the clergy 'we should have better sermons and an infinitely less quarrelsome church militant.' For, as Higginson wrote in a published 'Letter to a Dyspeptic,' 'if athletic amusements did nothing for the body, they would still be medicine for the soul.'

The older belief that physical vigor and spiritual sanctity are incompatible therefore began to pass, although it was vividly recalled that a young orthodox divine had once lost his parish by swimming the Merrimac River, and that another 'was compelled to ask a dismissal in consequence of vanquishing his most influential parishioner in a game of tenpins' — it had seemed to the beaten party very unclerical behavior. It was an omen of better days, therefore, that a boat club had been formed at the Cambridge Divinity School. Equally significant seemed the later news that a number of the most prominent clergymen of Philadelphia had formed a baseball club, and made their appearance on Saturdays before a large number of spectators 'as athletes in true club style — belts, caps, and all.'

The eloquence of the pious advocates of American regeneration through sports found receptive ears in the late fifties when the routine of a national prosperity was rudely interrupted by economic panic. The great hindrance to adult play was doubtless absorption in business. An enforced leisure now came to many who had previously found themselves harassed by the demands of the workaday world. With it came the inevitable amenability of an idle and troubled people to the various gospels of the way to salvation. The response to the sports movement became scarcely less con-

spicuous than the sweep of a new current of orthodox religious revivalism.

The summers of the late fifties witnessed the final stages of a new boating era. Rowing clubs in the water-front cities promised a new and attractive brand of male comradeship. College students in the New England schools and in the University of Pennsylvania found a new lure in training for the regattas that were scheduled. People throughout the country became interested in the physical training of the rowers who competed. The editor of the *Independent* commented upon its benefits: 'If he attain a seat in a university boat, must he rigidly practice austere virtues; and drill himself into such self-denials as tell on the moral character not less than on the muscular system.' Developments seemed to bear out the forecast of an interested observer, who commented: 'If the boating era shall continue for the next five years, the coming generation will relieve America from the odium of the charge of physical decline.' It was all the more to be regretted, therefore, that the gory spectre of civil war intervened to stay immediate fulfillment of this prophecy.

Its praises sung by the zealous protagonists of sport, swimming also found a new popularity. Except for the small boy and his swimming hole, bathing had long since been a leisure-class pastime, fastidiously pursued only by the fashionable set at approved seaside resorts, where dressing, flirting, dancing, and riding were the other chief amusements. On the beach the women wore clumsy but fashionable costumes of white trousers and red frocks, often with hoop skirts. The garb of the men was rather more abbreviated but less picturesque, exposing the calf but not the knee, the forearm but not the biceps. In this attire mixed bathing seemed harmless enough. Indeed, the gentlemen ordinarily took charge of the ladies in the surf, at times 'handing about their pretty partners as if they were dancing water quadrilles.' A resort at Old Point Comfort, however, confined the men to one stockade built out into the water, while in another, alongside, shrieks, screams, and laughter betrayed the ladies at play. An occasional natatorial enthusiast, like the aforementioned clergyman, sometimes ventured out into real swimming depth, and at certain beaches nude bathing, signalized by a red flag fluttering in the breeze, was provided for the men during the early afternoon — or napping — hours.

In the same period driving and riding became more popular pastimes. Fine saddle horses were sought by the wealthy, and Robert Bonner, editor of the *New York Ledger*, was only one of many who took pride in stables of fast trotters. Trotting racing was considered a good amateur sport. Even when pursued professionally, it seemed to Holmes, who gloried in American superiority in this field, a truly republican institution. The Autocrat looked upon horse *racing*, in which there was an undoubted British supremacy, as lacking this virtue. He looked forward, however, to the day when an American horse would beat the pick of the racing stables of England. The thought of such a rivalry evoked in him a patriotism which he was willing to demonstrate fistically with any man of less than eight stone four pounds who might dispute it. 'I love my country and I love horses,' he said, pointing to Stubbs's old mezzotint of the famous Eclipse which hung above his desk. Meantime the average American home was taking pride in the lithographs whereby Nathaniel Currier immortalized the achievements of Flora Temple and her contemporary rivals.

V

Equally significant was the vogue of horsemanship with the gentler sex, toward whom many of the reformers had directed their arguments. Fashionable modistes produced new creations in the way of equestrienne costume, and thereby added to the popularity of the sport. The ladies soon found opportunities to display their new accomplishments to the public in riding exhibitions and contests at fairs, where the objective was grace and skill rather than speed. The still veins of 'cynical old fogies' were startled by the 'rushing, galloping, slashing exploits of the lady equestrians,' but the public applauded and the ladies kept on riding.

Winter sports also came into their own. Indeed, Henry Ward Beecher could acclaim New Bedford the only truly civilized city because it was willing to close a street to horse vehicles in order that men, women, and children might enjoy the full use of their sleds. Nay, more, the city fathers even carted snow for the worn places, iced the track with water overnight, stationed a band of music there, and at night set up a row of lighted torches. 'Though a man's hair is as white as the snow under his feet, he need not be ashamed of a voyage on a sled!' declared Beecher. 'That part of the millennium which consists in sliding down hill we believe will begin first in New Bedford.'

Skating was another of the few sports which had a broad democratic appeal, and which in a few years became popular with old and young alike, and with persons of both sexes. Many of the zealous advocates of woman's rights seized upon it as an important contribution to the means of ushering in the new day; some of them found it an excellent argument for the new bloomer costume. Skating soon developed an immense following. The ponds in the new metropolitan Central Park in New York were often frequented by crowds of fifty thousand and more, some seeking the more select rinks where five dollars admission was charged. There quadrille parties were often formed and the lancers were skimmed through. Races were arranged for various distances, and baseball games were soon played on the ice. Rinks were also built in towns like Roxbury, Massachusetts, and special excursion trains carried twelve or fifteen hundred Boston skating enthusiasts to Jamaica Pond and other near-by waters.

Until the 1850's, bowling, with easy access to liquid refreshments and with its appeal to high and low alike, claimed status as the American national game. Then baseball, at first a modification of 'old town ball,' appeared to demand its rights. Taking on the essentials of its present form, it at once received the approval of the American public.

Baseball was at first a popular informal sport for the youth of the land, played largely in cow pastures without organization or regalia. Then clubs appeared, whose members at first divided into teams which played against each other. Then outside games were arranged, and spectators turned out to support the home team whether it registered a victory or a defeat to a score of something like 49 to 25. Indeed, a score of 75 to 46 for a twenty-five inning game played upon the Boston Common in 1855 is actually a matter of record.

By 1857 baseball had definitely supplanted bowling as 'the national game,' and was so acclaimed, not only by the sporting periodical, Porter's *Spirit of the Times*, speaking for 'the region of the Manhattanese,' but also by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, speaking for the literati of the Bay

State. Philadelphia was just then organizing its first baseball club, but the game had already made its way to the city square of Cleveland. The organization of the National Association of Baseball Players in 1858 marked the beginning of a more regular development under a definite code of rules. Every Northern community of any size soon had at least one team, and the competitive spirit assured a large attendance at games.

VI

Champions of sport differed as to the importance or desirability of the competitive factor. Amos A. Lawrence regarded this as essential: 'The excitement of uncertainty is required of a regular game — a party victorious and a party beaten — to draw out the energy of body and mind, to develop the powers of all the limbs and muscles and quicken the senses.' Higginson, however, was inclined to wonder whether this was not contrary to the American spirit, 'both as a consumer of time and as partaking too much of gambling.' Yet he found it pleasant to note the growth 'of our indigenous American game of baseball, whose briskness and unceasing activity are perhaps more congenial, after all, to our national temperament than the comparative deliberation of cricket.'

Football, he added, 'bating its roughness, is the most glorious of all games, to those whose animal life is sufficiently vigorous to enjoy it.' Unfortunately it was long regarded as the sport of schoolboys; Higginson had himself been reproached with juvenility for having clung to football at Harvard till he was a 'Senior-Sophister.' When played, it was largely unorganized. Harvard sophomores started out in top hats and coats and vests in their annual battle royal with the freshmen, which the college authorities abolished in 1860 on account of its roughness. The early tradition of the game was that it was likely to start or end in a free-for-all fight.

Along with out-of-door games there came also new facilities for indoor gymnastics. The champions of reform-by-sport eagerly studied for inspiration the history of the gymnasium from the days of the ancient Greeks to the newer German and Swedish movements. They rejoiced that the German revolutionary refugees brought with them to America the *Turnverein* and the *Turnkunst*, or gymnastic art. They clearly regretted that the Turners were as noted 'for their libations to Bacchus and their sacrifices to the god of tobacco . . . as for their culture and superiority in athletic sports,' but they recognized that they 'exert a wide, and, for the most part, a good influence.'

Meantime the rapidly growing populations of the cities had encouraged the growth of gymnasiums on a commercial basis and, by way of fulfilling Beecher's pious wish, under the auspices of the new and increasingly popular Young Men's Christian Associations. Just on the eve of the Civil War, too, while many elders disapprovingly shook their heads and pointed significantly to the back-yard woodpile, facilities for physical training and education were provided in institutions like Amherst, Oberlin, Yale, and the United States Naval Academy. Amherst advertised itself as the only college in the country where gymnastic exercises were conducted as a part of the regular college duties. The new colleges for women also made promises of 'physical' as well as 'intellectual' culture for their charges. The superintendent of public instruction in Boston even recommended a thorough system of physical training as a part of the common school system. Most commu-

nities, however, had to be content with academies for dancing and calisthenics and the promises of their patrons that the physical vigor of their pupils was not being overlooked.

Even the elders were not to be immune from the contagion. In 1860, Dr. Dio Lewis, a young Buffalo physician, who had been trained at the Harvard Medical School and who had developed a system of 'light gymnastics,' removed to Boston to offer the boon of exercise to those in greatest need — 'old men, fat men, feeble men, young boys and females of all ages.' His movement was a success from the start. A year later he opened his Normal Institute for Physical Education, the first school in the country to train teachers of physical culture. He worked out the first important American reduction regimen, warning young women against trying to reduce by swallowing acids, vinegar, and chalk and against ruining themselves with corsets; and he deplored the effort of the young men to keep the flesh down by besmearing and saturating themselves with tobacco juice. Many of the delicate sex, however, preferred the less strenuous treatment of the 'Swedish movement,' in which hired operators stretched and exercised their inactive muscles.

VII

Thus, in a decade, did the groundwork of an extensive system of athletics and sports establish itself to save a nation that was suffering from the ignorant abuse of the leisure which had crept stealthily along in the trail of the American pioneer. There were many who were unaware of the problem and of the new way to salvation. There were doubtless also those who, like the inept Mr. Downey of the *Harper's* cartoonist, tried unsuccessfully the grand succession of bowling, skating, riding, rowing, baseball playing, and salt-water bathing, and finally found perfect satisfaction only in protracted bouts with lager beer. But it was no longer generally assumed in America 'that a race of shopkeepers, brokers, and lawyers could live without bodies.'

As a result of these efforts of the prophets who proclaimed a new day of health and vigor, the saving virtues of physical exercise were spread abroad until even the pioneer Higginson could see 'no reason why any other nation should surpass us.' As a matter of fact, with true American receptiveness a strange amalgam of Yankee, British, and Teutonic influences in the sports world was being created, and new athletic pursuits without distinction of origin were welcomed to the new world. All this was balm to the souls of the reformers.

They did not — could not — foresee that the competitive spirit, the desire to excel the world, would in time threaten to erect a top-heavy superstructure upon the foundations which they had wrought. It is scarcely necessary to say that the characteristics of American sports in the stadium age of the twentieth century, when eighty or ninety thousand spectators take their exercise vicariously by watching twenty-two sturdy young giants maul each other upon a grassy green, have little in common with the crusading spirit which motivated the early apostles of American sport.

THE GHOSTS OF POCA RIVER

BY LOUIS REED

THE June twilight steals softly over the dome of the jail house and envelops it in the shadow of the elm trees. Through the barred windows come the smell of the soil and the strange, mystifying voices of the farm and the forest. In the other cell block a jail-bird is singing: —

'Oh, hand me down
My walkin' cane!
Oh, hand me down
My walkin' cane!
Oh, hand me down
My walkin' cane,
I see the ghosts
Of the midnight train,
For all my sins
Are taken away,
Taken away!'

'Ghosts?' says the prisoner they bring in that afternoon. 'What does he know about ghosts?'

'Ask him,' says old Sam Johnson. 'What do you know about them?'

'Plenty,' says the new guy. 'Listen.'

I

If you boys don't know me, it's a cinch you ain't posted on the whiskey traffic. Phil Allen's the name — Two-Quart Phil from the head of Poca River. There ain't no white moonshine at my place. No, sir! I don't sell a drop of raw liquor in my life. All the raw whiskey at my place is buried in charred barrels for at least a year before it goes on the market.

As a distiller I don't do bad by myself, neither. My stuff takes the top price, and I'm able to grease the palms of the law. The officers of this county, except the prosecutor, is special clients of mine, and my reputation spreads till I get customers among the best families of Charleston. A prominent man once tells me I'm an asset to any community.

I tell you fellers these things to show you I would n't be in the jail house to-day if it was n't for some mighty strange occurrences. For ten years I keep open house and never once run into the law, except in the matter of tribute, and my bein' here shows you that things can happen in this life a man don't dream of.

It happens this way. I live at the head of Branch Lick on the Left-Hand Fork of Poca River. There ain't no road across the mountain there, and the only way you can get to my house by automobile is to come up the valley road. I build a good dirt road up the valley to my place and make sure the cars will have to turn there, for I use the mountains above in my business. Every spring and summer I run off four and five thousand gallons of moonshine that I bury in the rocks and the sink holes for next year's business. I know where every gallon will go before I make it, and all I have to do is to stick to business and prosper.

Things go on without a hitch, anyway, until just recently. But about two months ago I get wind that some

of the brethren has taken the matter up with the state police, and that ain't so good. These state cops, not bein' in politics, is bad hombres to deal with. One of my friends sounds them out on the annual tribute, but they ain't interested.

I think the situation over and figure I will cover up my tracks for a while till the storm blows over. This thing catches me when I've bought thirty sacks of cracked corn for a new run and ain't well prepared to get them out of the way, but there's a special cellar under the house for the still and the whiskey barrels that the grass don't cover. I don't get none of the stuff to the house, though, because all of a sudden I make a discovery.

Maybe you fellers have heard that durin' the Civil War, at the time the battle is fought over at the mouth of Scary Creek, some of the Union soldiers camp at the head of Branch Lick Holler. My dad says they found a big cave up there and camped in it. This was just before the battle. I hear about this cave all my life, but I don't see anybody that knows where it is and I go up and down the sides of them mountains for ten years without seein' it. A cave like that is what I need in my business, but I decide somethin' is wrong with the story.

Well, when I'm gettin' ready to move the still down to the house, my boy says somebody is comin' up the road in a car, and I move out to the edge of a cliff to see who it is. It's a customer instead of the cops, but I keep him waitin' quite a spell while I pull myself out of a bad sink hole. This is a funny little sink hole under the edge of the cliff, and it's covered up with wild grapevines and runnin' ivy. I see it hundreds of times, but never give it no special attention. But now my foot slips, and just like that I pop eight feet out of the daylight.

My flash light is still workin' when I hit bottom, and I see I sure enough discover somethin'. Lyin' on the rock floor where I fall is a wooden ladder long enough to reach to the top. Back of that is a camp cookstove and a pile of cookin' utensils, besides several pieces of blue uniforms and half a dozen rusty muskets. That's enough to show me this is the cave of the Union soldiers.

Before puttin' up the ladder I take a squint at the inside of the cave and find out why the soldiers camp there. The floor of the cave is sandy and dry as you please, but there is a fine stream of spring water close by and back of the cookstove I see a six-foot vein of coal. Nature sure makes it handy in that place, and I see the advantage of settin' up a still with plenty of fuel and water and protection from the weather.

That gives me another idee. I put up the ladder and crawl up the hole and take another look at the thing from above. The path up there is solid rock and don't leave a footprint. The vines across the top of the hole cover it up so nobody but an old-timer in these hills can tell there's a sink hole there, and a man can lift the vines up and put them back without turnin' a leaf the wrong way. By squeezin' and chippin' the sides a little I see I can get all my stuff down there and have the finest hidin' place in the county.

II

As soon as I attend to this customer that causes me to find the place, I go back up to the cliff. My two boys help me put down the still, and the cracked corn, and the whiskey barrels, and then we seal her up again tight as a brew cap. This gives me a big laugh, and I say, 'Well, boys, let them bring on the whole force if they want to. It

will be a Black Thursday in this holler when they get Phil Allen with the goods on.'

They come on all right the very next day and give my place a thorough shakedown. There is three of them in a big automobile — a big guy and two little ones.

'We hear you keep right smart stuff hid around here,' says the big guy, 'and we aim to find it.'

'Go ahead,' says I. 'My life is like a book open in the middle, so I've got a sneakin' suspicion somebody is lyin' about me. But convince yourselves. Anything you find around here you are welcome to with my blessin'.'

'That's sure kind of you,' he comes back, 'and we'll take you at your word with interest. 'Pears like this is a nice road you got and it don't go nowheres but here. That's so's your friends can come to see you?'

'I'm a man,' says I, 'with many friends and relatives, and I like them to visit me.'

'But you don't expect none of them to-day.'

'No,' says I, 'I don't expect none of them to-day.'

He laughs then, because he knows I've sent out the high sign; and they start givin' the place the once-over.

Well, them cops spend the whole day wanderin' over my premises, and they find plenty of suspicious circumstances, but no evidence. I figure they will give it up as a bad job when night comes, but they stay right out in them hills and the next mornin' they're still at it. That afternoon they get in the car and go to Charleston, and the next mornin' they are back again.

I soon see that for pure cussedness they has the world beat and then some. Without sayin' a word they take to comin' into my holler through the hills, thinkin' they'll be able to catch me unawares, and they pretty near do it the first time, for I think they are gone for good, and some of my customers is gettin' thirsty. I just happen to notice a few leaves kicked out of place, which don't look right, and I spy around a little and find two of these birds sittin' almost on top of a barrel that the grass has growed over.

They mean business, and not maybe, and I tell my customers they will have to wet their whistles with such rotten stuff as they can pick up elsewhere, for I'm a man that looks out for himself first, last, and always.

Naturally, I figure this has got to end sometime, for it ain't right for the state to pay two men to watch one of its citizens day after day and get no results. But these dicks hears I'm a big shot among the bootleggers from some of my friends and neighbors, and they hang on and on. Every now and then I will take a gun and go out in the woods to get a turkey or a pheasant, and they'll be right on my trail. Once I go up to them and say, 'Well, boys, how's it goin'? Havin' any luck?'

'We'll attend to the luck,' they come back, 'and we don't change our minds none, neither.'

That goes on for over a month, and in the meantime I lose money. The spring is gettin' pretty well along and here am I with my hands tied and not a chance of saltin' down a few barrels for the year after. Whiskey runnin' is like any other business. A man has to stay on the job, and havin' these birds on my trail all the time puts a crimp in my style.

Maybe you guys think I'm a fool not to handle the situation in a different manner, but gettin' rid of people that way ain't in my line. There's many a cop and prohibition man, I know, goes out in these hills and don't come back no more, but I know, too, there's many a man gets his neck stretched for it. Anyhow I ain't

bloodthirsty. 'Live and let live' is my motto.

It does warm me up, though, the way they cut into my profits, and I do some right tall thinkin' on that subject. One day I go out turkey huntin' again and walk around the ledge where the cave is to take another look at the hidin' place. The vines still cover it up neat as a race-horse blanket, and I see they ain't gettin' nothin' on me. Standin' there lookin' at the hole I get to thinkin' how I can use that cave to do my regular work in a whole lot better than the place I use now, provided she draws right. That's somethin' I forget when I'm down there before. I don't think to find out where the smoke goes. The soldiers used that place to cook and sleep in, and that don't sound like the smoke will pull down and come out the hole where the ladder is. If that cave ventilates so the smoke goes somewhere else, I begin to see where I can put one over on them cops they don't dream about.

III

This idee sticks in my dome till I'm sure they are gone to Charleston for a day, and then I get down in the hole and build me a fire. Sure enough, she don't draw a whiff through the ladder hole, but I can't tell where the smoke goes to. I go back outside to find out about this, and then I get a real surprise. She don't draw nowheres that I can see, and I'm satisfied she don't draw on my premises or anywheres close to them. It's still a mystery to me where the smoke in that cave goes to, but knowin' what I do now about its size, I figure the smoke gets lost in the holes somewhere. I don't know where, but I'm tellin' you this to show you I don't take no chances.

When I find this out I give me a big horse laugh, and says I, 'Friends and fellow citizens, things are about to happen along the Potomac. This is a better break than I even hope for.'

So the next mornin', after notin' that my love birds is back again, I take a shotgun unconcerned-like and start up the mountain. I don't need a brass horn to tell me they are on my tracks as usual, but that don't worry me. I cater-corner up the mountain till I get above where the cave is, and then come down to the path under the cliff. They are on the other side of the ledge from me there and can't see me, and quicker than a nigger horsefly I pop up the vines and drop out of sight.

What they say when they come around there and find me gone ain't a matter of record.

The first thing I do is to get the mash barrels in shape, and then I fill them with cracked corn and put in the water. I don't have to tell you fellers I don't need a fire that day, for the mash has got to set till she's right. It takes me all day to get the barrels fixed, and I wait around for a long time after dark, not takin' no chances. But along about ten o'clock I sneak out and find everything O.K.

I'm a man that's mighty particular about havin' things right, so the next day I figure I better see how the mash is workin'. I get my gun and start back up the mountain again same as I do the day before, but I don't get halfway up till these hellhounds is right with me, and they sound mighty friendly. They give me a heavy once-over for ropes, or pulleys, or somethin', and they say, 'How's the turkeys?'

'Fine,' says I. 'I got two yesterday.'

'Yeah?' says they. 'That's certainly surprisin'. We did n't hear the shots, so we suppose you kill them with a bow and arrow.'

It ain't no use arguin' about the turkeys, so I say, 'You boys don't

seem to be havin' much luck up here. Of course I don't know what you hang around for, and you don't come to me for help, but I suppose that's your business. I do want you to know, though, that my heart's with you, and if there's anything I can do to aid you in whatever it is you're lookin' for, why, I'll be glad to do it.'

'We understand that,' they say, 'and we appreciate your generous attitude. But it so happens there ain't nothin' we want right now only to go along with you on this turkey hunt. We pine to see some of these fine turkeys you get so easy.'

I tell the boys that's O.K. by me, and I lead them over some mighty rough country lookin' for turkeys. But we don't find any. Seems like the turkeys just naturally take a vacation now and then. Finally they tumble to the idea that I ain't goin' to point out where the stuff is, and, bein' well-nigh wore out from climbin' the cliffs and the mountains, they leave me. I work my way back to the cave till I get them in the same place they are the day before, and then I take a look at the mash barrels.

IV

This time I know they get sore, for when I come out the next mornin' somethin' is wrong, and it don't take me long to spot it. I can smell a bloodhound as far as he can smell me, and these is bloodhounds.

In my time I learn to have all due respect for bloodhounds, and I get to thinkin' the cops win this Derby. Then I remember somethin' else. That ledge, where the cave is, is a round ledge, and by climbin' over the back of it a man will walk out a circle.

I get closer to the ledge all the time while I think about this, and when I get there I do somethin' that maybe is mighty foolish. First, I walk around the path under the ledge, keepin' close to the outer edge near the hole, and go past the hole to the other end of the ledge. Then I climb the back of the ledge and come around on the other side, makin' a complete circle. By this time I figure they won't be in no hurry to catch up with me, on account of the bloodhounds, and the second time I come around I pull up the vines and drop inside.

Down at the bottom of the hole I wait for them, and pretty soon, sure enough, here they come with the bloodhounds bayin' like two-year-old steers, and right around the ledge they go on a hot trail. In a couple of minutes back they come again the same way, but this time I come close to a nervous prostration because one of them hounds comes within an ace of fallin' down the hole. I don't think of this before, for I travel that way for ten years and only fall in this hole once, but I see now I put myself in a tough spot. With all that runnin' around up there, one of the dogs or one of the cops is liable to fall in on top of me. This thought puts a crimp in my merriment and I hunt a dark spot back in the cave. But none of them fall down, and pretty soon I go back to the hole and can't hear them.

I find the mash is now right and it's time for me to get the fire workin' and the still ready. So I build me a good fire and fill up the tank with water and am gettin' ready to empty the mash barrels when I hear a strange noise. It ain't a bloodhound and it ain't a man comin' down the ladder hole. It sounds like somebody is diggin' coal.

I'm back in this cave so far I can't hear anything outside, and I begin to think these cops has spotted my smoke from somewhere I don't know about and are tryin' to dig their way into the cave. So I scoot down to the hole and climb the ladder and find the cops

sittin' under a tree not fifty feet away. The dogs is tired and mighty puzzled. I duck quick to keep them from spottin' me and go back to the still. Pretty soon I hear the sound again. Click, click, click — like the noise of a coal pick.

This time I know that sound don't come from the outside, but it don't comfort me none to know it comes from the inside. I have n't gone to the back of the cave before this, but it's plain to me somebody is right there in that cave with me and is diggin' coal hot and heavy.

Well, I ain't more superstitious than the next man, for all the ghosts I see has two legs and they are right good at usin' them, but nevertheless that diggin' gripes me. I know there ain't nobody in Branch Lick Holler but me and my boys knows about this cave, and I know my boys ain't diggin' coal there in back. In the first place they are too lazy, and in the second place they are both in Charleston.

'This don't sound right at all,' says I to myself, thinkin' it over, 'and I don't hardly know what to make of it. But whoever or whatever it is, it don't do nothin' but dig coal. I'm in a bad spot and I'll have to find out about it.'

V

So I get me my coal pick and the flash light and, not wantin' to give myself away, start back in the dark to where I think the sound is comin' from. It's so dark you can't see your hand before you, so I go easy to keep from runnin' into somethin'. More than anything else I'm afraid I will fall in a water hole and drown; but the bottom is flat and dry and I don't fall in no holes. Pretty soon I come to a wall and make a turn and see that whoever it is he can't see my fire, because I can't see it myself.

All the time I can hear that click, click, click, like a pick fallin', but it don't get nearer. Instead, the farther I go the more the sound seems to go away from me, and I well-nigh strain my ears tryin' to keep up with it.

I keep goin' and goin', bumpin' my head into walls and scratchin' my hands and face on the hangin' rocks, for hours and hours. By my figurin' I'm miles away from the mouth of the cave and still followin' the noise of the coal pick. Then all of a sudden I don't hear it no more. That puzzles me, and I'm wonderin' if I can find my way back again, and flashin' the light around to see the way, when it starts in again close to me. The light tells me there's a wall between me and it, so I pick my way down to a corner and turn it easy.

You won't believe what I tell you I see there, for I can't hardly believe it myself, but it's the God's truth just the same. Away off to the front I see a fire that goes high in the air, and in the middle of the fire is a kettle bigger than a still boiler. Around this kettle I see the outlines of three old women.

Tryin' to figure out what these old gals are up to, I hunt me a dark place and watch their shadows on a flat wall. The fire brightens up every now and then and I see their tall hats and their hands movin' like they are sayin' a prayer of some kind, but that don't tell me nothin'. I can still hear the noise of that coal pick too, and another funny, little gurglin' noise that sounds like a baby. A baby several miles underground in a place that ain't known to nobody don't sound right to me.

All of a sudden the fire shoots up bright as day, and I get a look at the old women. They are all mighty old and toothless-lookin', and it seems like they get excited. When the fire bobs up

they start hollerin' and screamin' and duckin' this way and that way. One of them kind of goes down headfirst somewheres, and when she comes up, as sure as there's a God in Heaven, she holds over her head a little baby!

This is too much for me and I figure I'll do somethin'. I ain't got no weapon but the coal pick, but I start forward with that. Then I don't know what happens. Just like that, there is a sound like you set off a stick of dynamite. The fire goes out quick as a whistle. Everything is black as midnight, but I hear screams and runnin' feet. Some of them runnin' feet sounds like they are comin' in my direction, and I don't stop to make no inquiries. My legs gets up and moves. Where they move to I don't know and I don't much care, but after I pretty near brain myself on the walls about a hundred times I come back all of a sudden to my own fire and the mash barrels. Even then I don't stop for formalities. There is a ladder hole in front of me to the daylight and I run for it. Of course the cops are still waitin' outside, but I am mighty glad to see them, and I throw my arms around their necks and say, 'For God's sake, boys, take me somewheres! I don't care where, but take me away from here!'

VI

'And now,' says Phil Allen, 'maybe you see why I ask what that feller knows about ghosts. Rememberin' that what I tell you is the God's truth and I'm in the jail house now on account of it, what do you make of it?'

'I don't claim to be no judge in such matters,' says Sam Johnson, 'but since you ask my opinion I'm bound to give it. There's only one of two solutions I can see. Either you're nutty, or else there is actually ghosts or witches or some other animals on Poca River. Which is it?'

'Personally,' says Phil Allen, 'I incline to view Number One. The cops go in there afterward, you see, and find a still blowed up. Then I remember that Allie Briscoe lives straight across the mountain from me with his wife and baby and his three grandmothers. It's just puttin' three and one together to figure out that the grandmothers look out for his still and tend the baby at the same time.'

ON LEARNING TO READ

BY LEE WILSON DODD

I

For the past twelve months or so I have been engaged, at two summer schools and a junior college, in 'teaching literature.' What precisely have I been teaching, and what benefits, if any, may my pupils have been deriving from the experiment? Experiment I must call it, for I have had neither the formal and severe training of professional scholarship nor any instruction in the science — if it be a science — of pedagogy. I came to these jobs as a man who had spent much of his life in reading and writing — as a 'literary man.' To minute, exhaustive knowledge of world literature I could not pretend. Such were and are my disqualifications. What compensating gifts may my employers have hopefully supposed me to be bringing with me?

They must have argued, I presume, that a lifetime devoted to literary pursuits could not, culturally, have been spent wholly in vain. Be it far from me to question this assumption! After all, if a man has written verse, novels, plays, essays, short stories, book reviews, and so forth, for thirty or more years, he is entitled to the benefit of the doubt; he may well have picked up some notions as to the differences between good writing and bad, and if he has put in most of his spare moments in reading he ought at least to have gained a bowing acquaintance with a number of satisfactory authors. It is only fair to add that the one advantage I claimed for myself over many (by no means all) teachers of literature was a really fanatic love for well-written books. This love, I suggested, being white-hot and ineradicable, could hardly fail to communicate a few sparks of its secret fire to my students.

Has it done so? In this cynical, debunking age, I know perfectly what answer the ungentle reader is expecting, and I am not at all sorry to disappoint him.

Yes, I believe that it has done so. Not, certainly, to all, and perhaps not extravagantly to any who were unmarked from their cradles by the bite of the Bookworm. But a year of teaching, or of teaching at, literature has convinced me, somewhat to my own surprise, that literature can indeed be taught. A desire to read, and to read good books, can at least be stimulated even in more or less obdurate youthful breasts.

Heaven forbid that I should now imagine myself, unaided and untrained, to have discovered some new and revolutionary technique for 'teaching literature'! What little I have accomplished has doubtless been far better accomplished many times before by professional teachers. I have had one or two masters myself in past years who brought to their classrooms not only scholarship but a winning humor, humanity, and grace. Re-

membering them, I blush for my present temerity. However, one can do only what one can. What is it that I have at least been trying — and trying very hard — to do?

Briefly, I have been trying to teach my students *how to read.*

The fine art of reading, I quickly and painfully discovered, is in no little danger of being lost. Most of the students, I found, were quite unaware that reading is anything more than a mechanical acquirement. It seldom occurred to them that the great books of the world will not unbosom themselves to slovenly, incurious, inartistic readers. The page of a great book does not differ mechanically from the page of a worthless book — it is merely a sheet of paper with some black, odd-looking specks on it. It remains that, or is transformed into wisdom, beauty, joy. But this transformation depends finally upon the reader — upon the reader's ability *to read.*

A printed poem, for example, is very like the printed score of a musical composition. The poem itself does not exist for you until you have correctly and artistically performed and interpreted it. With a poem, this performance, this interpretation, is usually a solitary joy, a purely mental re-creation from the printed page. It need not be so. The poem may be performed and interpreted for others, may be read aloud. Comparatively few of us, however, even if we are fond of poetry, can bear to listen to a poem thus recited or read aloud. Why? For a number of reasons, but for one chiefly: the reading aloud, nine times in ten, is wretchedly done. Not many people these days can read prose aloud acceptably; as for verse —! The mere presence of metre before its readers seems to reduce them to a condition of imbecility. They either gabble and stutter through it with no apparent awareness either of its natural movement or of its meaning, or they monotonously chant it in a somnolent singsong, or, worse still, they smother it in all the affected graces and overblown sentiment of professional 'elocution.' Our poets themselves suffer from this general artistic paralysis, and when they attempt to read out their own compositions they present the horrid spectacle of infanticides publicly butchering their children.

Now, obviously enough, if one cannot read a poem aloud without destroying it, this must partly be due to one's inability to read it to one's self. Partly, I say, because the self-consciousness of unaccustomed public performance, even if the public be only a single suffering friend, tends to exaggerate all one's errors of technique or taste. Nevertheless, if you can read a poem to yourself with pleasure, you should at least be a little better able to read it to others without giving them positive pain; and, if you cannot, the odds are that you have never, in any significant sense of the word, *read* that particular poem.

For what does reading — what I should like to call *re-creative* reading — imply? Many difficult things. A book might well be written — if sensitively written — to enumerate, analyze, discuss them. Such a book would necessarily have much to say of the delicate functions of rhythm (in heightening yet controlling emotion, in regulating emphasis, and so forth), much of the root meanings and sky-branching connotations (suggestive emotional overtones) of words, much of language as logic and of language as representation — of language as architecture, as line and mass, as color, as music. And the lurking presence of an often extremely subtle irony in almost all first-rate writing would have to be pointed out as a quality too frequently missed by

the indifferent, unalert reader. We need, in short, a new rhetoric, not to teach good writing, which can hardly be taught, but to teach good reading, which can far more certainly be taught. Why readers go wrong is the underlying question to be dealt with; yet clearly, in a brief paper, I cannot deal with it here. Two widely differing illustrations of the process of going wrong may, however, be given.

II

A girl student — a lively and lightly sophisticated young modernist — was protesting against my cruelty. 'I can't do it!' she almost wailed. 'I simply can't read stodgy old-fashioned stories like that! They bore me so. Are n't you ever going to give me something to read that I don't have to begin by hating?'

She had been assigned *The Vicar of Wakefield*, and we had met for a first conference upon it.

I might, fairly enough, have reminded her that since she had herself elected 'A Survey of English Literature' she could hardly expect me not to try, at least, to interest her in certain of the established classics. We were at the time supposed to be 'surveying' the eighteenth century. But why waste one's breath? I held out the forbidding volume and asked her to read me the opening paragraph. She gave me a single desolated glance, sighed, accepted the book, and hurriedly and indifferently began as follows: —

'"I was ever 'v the opinion that the hones' man —"'

'Oh, wait, please,' I said. 'Just read what's there. Don't add or subtract anything.'

'I don't understand.'

'You put in a word, removed several letters, and subtracted a comma.'

Her impatient little wriggle was very expressive.

'Begin again,' I suggested. 'Take it more slowly.'

She began again, with an exaggerated dragging of each syllable: —

'"I . . was . . ev-er . . of . . the . . opinion . . that —"'

'You've repeated two fatal mistakes in seven words,' I interrupted.

'You're just trying to get my goat!' she snapped.

'Yes. I am. And now that I've got it —'

'You have n't! You can't make me like this book by being angry. It's a stupid, silly book — and just because people used to be dull enough to like it —'

'Some people are still dull enough to like it. I am, for one.'

'I don't believe you really like it. You just think you ought to.'

'Oh, no,' I said. 'There's no "ought" about it. I'll admit I have n't much respect for the plot of this story. I'll admit the melodramatic coincidences toward the end of it are rather silly. But they're not important. No one ever rereads *The Vicar of Wakefield* for its plot.'

'I can't imagine reading it again!'

'I've read most of it a number of times,' I said.

'Oh, you have to — because you're a teacher.'

'No, I'm not that kind of teacher — and I've a fairly good memory. I like turning back to it now and then for the pure joy of appreciation.'

'What is there to appreciate?'

'A good deal. For one thing, Goldsmith's deceptive simplicity. Whenever he's being particularly deep and subtle, he pretends he is merely being naïve. That's called irony, you know — or perhaps you don't; but it is. Only, Goldsmith's irony has a quite special flavor. There's nothing harsh

or ill-tempered about it. He has a secret process by which he blends irony with sympathy and charm — and the secret, worse luck, appears to have died with him.'

'I don't see what you mean.' She was a little worried, however. 'I just thought he was — sort of formal and silly and awfully sentimental.'

'Yes. That's because you have n't read the book yet.'

'Oh! I did read it. I told you I would, and it nearly killed me — but I honestly did!'

'My dear girl,' I said, 'suppose I asked you to play a sonata by Mozart for me — and you rattled away at the notes, missing perhaps a third of them, without timing or expression, because you had decided in advance that Mozart's music was silly and old-fashioned and you had no use for it.'

'But I love Mozart!'

'Exactly. And I love Goldsmith. So you can imagine how I feel when I ask you to play me some Goldsmith — and you promptly murder him.'

'Well — I'm sorry. I did n't know you felt that way. I don't see how you *can!*'

'And I don't see how so bright a girl as you can occasionally be so obtuse. But, of course, girls in general are n't very quick at detecting irony.'

'I thought irony was saying one thing and meaning another.'

'So, roughly, it is.'

'But Goldsmith's so deadly *plain!*'

'Is he? Let me read you this first paragraph — slowly. It should n't be read too slowly; the movement is *Adagio ma non troppo.* But Goldsmith is devilish sly. Until you're familiar with him you have to watch him, or you'll miss something delightful every few words.' And I reached for the book and began, abominably enough, underlining each lurking point for her.

As I concluded the first page my pupil was actually blushing.

'Please don't go on!' she begged. 'I simply did n't realize he was being as cagy as that. I never felt like such an idiot in my life!'

She jumped to her feet and held out her hand. 'I'll really *read* it for you this time,' she said.

III

Another student came to me flushed with a great discovery. She had been reading for the first time the lyrics of William Blake.

'They're the loveliest things I ever read!' she exclaimed. 'They're poetry — the real thing! I don't see why you've had us poke through all that Pope and Gray and Cowper and stuff. The minute you read Blake you realize all that sort of thing is n't poetry at all.'

'Well,' I replied, 'that's splendid. It's a wonderful gift to be able to distinguish true poetry from sham poetry at a glance.'

'You just *feel* the difference at once,' she said.

'Read me one of the lyrics you like best,' I suggested.

She opened the book.

'I like all of them! . . . Well, of course, there's "Tiger, Tiger."'

'Yes. Read me that.'

She did so, with a breathless, happy excitement. 'It just thrills me!' she added.

'Why?'

'It's so vivid! It makes you see and understand a tiger as you never have before. It makes you feel that he's the most magnificent thing in the world.'

'Rather terrifying, though?'

'That's part of it — that's why it's so exciting. It's so — suggestive!'

'What does the tiger suggest to you?'

'Oh — strength and swiftness and fire and —'

'Yes — ?'

'But the main thing is — it works you all up so. When I read it the first time I just wanted to jump up and yell!'

'And do you think that's why Blake wrote the poem? Because he'd seen a tiger — or had imagined one so completely that he had to exclaim how magnificent and beautiful and terrifying it was?'

'I . . yes . . I suppose so. That's why it's *real* poetry — he was so excited himself.'

'I see. It has n't occurred to you, then, that the poem may mean something more than that — something quite definite that Blake wanted to say to you?'

A shade of disappointment crossed her face.

'You see,' I continued relentlessly, 'Blake was n't the sort of man who just got vaguely, however gloriously, excited over tigers and lambs and things. He was a very positive, pugnacious man. He thought he had seized the hidden truth about pretty much everything by direct intuition or inspiration. He thought human reason was of the Devil, but that the poetic imagination was of God. He identified his imagination with Truth, with God himself. In short, he was as pure an example of the seer, of the convinced mystic, as you will find anywhere. His visions to him are reality — the one possible Reality. So you may be certain that through his Tiger he is expressing what he believes to be one aspect of Eternal Truth . . . and you have n't really *read* that poem until you have read it as he intended it.'

She looked more disappointed than before, and even a little alarmed.

'But I've read the poem over and over! I know it by heart. And I don't see how you can tell just what he *meant* by it.'

'You can't,' I explained, 'unless you have studied all of Blake's poems and prose writings and designs very closely, in order to discover what he intends by the *symbols* he uses. Like most mystics, Blake was a symbolist, and he had built up a whole system of symbolism. Moreover, he uses these symbols to express as exactly as he can all his ideas about life, death, and eternity. A symbol is nothing but a figure of speech which is used to stand for an idea — and with Blake a given symbol stands invariably for a given idea. Now it happens that the Tiger is one of Blake's fixed symbols; and I repeat that you may know Blake's poem by heart, but you have n't really *read* it until you have discovered what Blake meant by his Tiger — discovered, that is, what he himself was excited about.'

'Oh, good Lord,' said the girl, 'but that takes all the poetry out of it!'

'Which is n't my fault, you see, but Blake's — if it's anybody's. Besides, Blake would violently have disagreed with you. Poetry, to Blake, was the expression of Eternal Truth.'

'Oh . . . How can I find out . . . What *did* he mean by the Tiger?'

'He meant the wrath of God,' I said. 'Just as by the Lamb he meant always the love of God.'

'Oh . . . I wish you had n't spoiled it for me!' she wailed. 'It does n't seem nearly so wonderful any more. It takes the poetry out of it.'

'Why? By adding a meaning?'

'Yes — no — oh, I don't know,' she said. 'I guess I just like to feel things sort of vaguely and get excited about them.'

'In other words, my dear girl, you are still a complete romantic. You like

one *kind* of poetry, and so proclaim it to be the only kind there is. There are lots of supposed critics, even nowadays, who completely agree with you.'

She brightened a little at this.

'Well, anyway,' she said, 'it's awfully interesting — and I'm going to think it over.' And she left me with a little puckered frown between her eyes. I was glad of that frown. It did n't worry me that she should feel, temporarily, that I had spoiled something precious for her. I hoped, indeed, that it might lead her to take one more courageous step in the always difficult re-creative process of learning to read.

IV

These two illustrations of faulty reading — or, preferably, of *non*-reading — have perhaps been given at too great length, for in themselves they are far from exhausting the subject. Yet they do, I think, bring out two very general, opposite, and disastrous tendencies. Both these girls were students of more than average intelligence. Both, in the usual phrase, were 'fond of reading.' Neither had ever been taught, or had discovered for herself, how to read.

The failure of the first student with *The Vicar of Wakefield* was due to a very common contemporary prejudice. I have discovered that at least a third of my students, if not a good half of them, approach the masterpieces of former generations truculently, with obvious chips on disdainful shoulders; for our young people, it appears, are instinctive and convinced believers in progress. To-day, they assume, is necessarily better, more enlightened, than yesterday. At least I know not how else to interpret the widespread assumption that the best of our new books are necessarily superior to any written, or that could conceivably have been written, in the darker ages of the past.

The argument (seldom precisely formulated) would seem to run as follows: We know more than our ancestors; therefore we write better than our ancestors. So why waste time on inferior productions? The study of literature should rationally be confined to the best, which is clearly contemporary literature. Q. E. D.

That there are possibly a few dropped stitches in the fabric of this argument never seems to occur to them. It is not my purpose for the present to point these out. I am here concerned only with the effect of this attitude upon many promising students — upon their mere ability to *read*.

If you approach a book, any book, with rooted suspicion and bored indifference, the chances of your being able to read that book, re-creatively, are extremely small. To begin with, you will already have abandoned a first principle of good reading — namely, fair-mindedness, a desire to give the author before you a square deal. In other words, you must grant him your complete attention. You must really listen to what he has to say. If, having done so, you find what he has to say false, or dull, or his manner of saying it awkward or meretricious, you may excuse yourself and leave him. But until you have heard him with attention you have not really heard him, and any judgment you may pronounce must necessarily be unfair.

My first student, then, had not been courteously fair-minded to Goldsmith; she had not listened to him; her mind had been elsewhere while her eyes merely fulfilled an appointed task. Now Goldsmith always speaks quietly, politely, with a minimum of emphasis; he is too well bred to solicit attention;

he assumes that his readers are equally well bred. This is evidently a dangerous assumption in a period of clamor, public posturing, and impervious ballyhoo.

As for the second student, her inability to read William Blake did not spring (Heaven knows) from lack of attention. She is the type of student, by no means uncommon, for whom reading is always an emotional debauch. If an author thrills her, she asks no more of him; the immediate æsthetic thrill is for her the beginning and end of art. To have been made to *feel* something — even if one is hardly aware what it is one has felt or why one has felt it — is enough. Intellectual curiosity, understanding, remain in abeyance. The cheek flushes, the heart beats faster, and the miracle has been accomplished — even if the revolutionary thinker and mystic, Blake, be transformed thereby into a spineless romantic and purveyor of golden gush to schoolgirls.

But the particular error is not the point. Twenty more might as easily have been illustrated and commented upon. The point, in the end, is but this, that a catholic appreciation of the better books of the world depends upon our ability to *read* them, and that reading is an art in itself — an art to be studied as other arts are studied and, within the limits of a given personality, more or less perfectly acquired. Teachers of literature are — if they are anything useful — teachers of reading. Such at least is my present conviction. It is almost the first and last duty of a teacher of literature to master the art of reading himself, and to help, by any means in his power, his students to master it. Our existence as teachers of literature is justified only so far as we are able to teach our pupils how to read.

CAPTAIN OF THE MEN OF DEATH

BY RICHARD P. MIDDLETON

I

'If the present rate of increase in the average length of human life can be maintained, we shall find ourselves, in the course of very few generations, attaining the age of two hundred years.' These words are taken from a recent public speech, as quoted in the press, delivered by a professor of sociology in a prominent Eastern university.

A dip into vital statistics would seem to indicate no lack of justification for this gratifying prediction. The rapid increase of the life span during the period encompassed by the memory of the generation now grown old has been one of the most important factors contributing to the cocksure confidence in our control over the forces of nature which is so characteristic of the present era. In 1854 the expectation of life at birth in England and Wales was 40.87 years; in 1922 it had risen to 57.59 years. As for America, the Statistical Bulletin of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company for October 1929 says: 'Twenty years have been added to the average length of human life since public health work began to be actively practised in the early eighties of the last century.' At the present time, a newborn babe in the United States may be expected to live about fifty-nine years.

An adequate understanding of the prospects of continuing this increase cannot be had without examining the methods which have brought about these results, of which we may well be immensely proud. Such a survey, unfortunately, leads to the conclusion that the good professor's hopeful prophecy is not likely to be realized, in spite of the fact that it is based upon the apparently sound logic which assures us that 'what has been done can be done again.'

An analysis of the noteworthy gains in the prolongation of life during the past five decades shows that they have been almost uniformly of a nature to benefit the young. Practically the sole secret of the expanding average tenure of life is that vast numbers of infants, children, and adolescents who formerly would have died are now being protected and spared to become men and women. This is strikingly illustrated by the vital statistics of Illinois during one brief decade. In that state 106 infants out of every 1000 born alive in 1918 died before reaching one year of age; only 64 out of each 1000 died in 1928.

Throughout the nation a similar trend has been steadily apparent. Supervision of the collection of milk and insistence on its proper pasteurization have saved countless youngsters from tuberculosis and diarrhœal disorders. Tuberculosis, which is preeminently a disease of childhood and youth, has been further curtailed by improved social conditions, segregation of its victims, and training of the public

concerning the dangers of promiscuous spitting. Diphtheria, formerly a terrific menace which decimated the ranks of childhood, has dwindled into virtual insignificance before the attack of antitoxin and, more recently, of preventive immunization. Typhoid fever, within the memory of men and women not old, slew its ten times tens of thousands. In the Spanish War the typhoid bacillus was more devastating than the Spanish rifle; but proper protection of water supplies, together with prophylactic inoculation, has recently made this disease so rare that medical teachers can scarcely find cases to show their students. Scarlet fever is in retreat, and smallpox, thanks to increasing vigilance in the application of Jenner's capital discovery, has all but vanished.

On the other hand, Mr. Middle-Aged Citizen has not been vouchsafed any equivalent boon by medical science. His smiles of satisfaction on reading of the lengthening span are a bit pathetic in view of the fact that he is likely to die almost as early as his forbears who survived the miasma which formerly enveloped youth. To revert to the vital statistics of Illinois, during the same recent ten-year period when life was becoming increasingly secure for infants, there was actually a rise of 10 per cent in the mortality rate of persons over forty. The sum total of it all was an increase in the average duration of human life from fifty-eight to fifty-nine years. But what shall it profit a middle-aged man?

II

The Constitution of the United States provides that the holder of the office of President must be at least thirty-five years of age. In practice, we have never trusted our destinies to anyone younger than Roosevelt, who went into office at forty-two. This makes the roster of dead Presidents a convenient measuring stick of the trend of longevity among persons of mature years. The list, arranged in the order of their deaths, with their ages at the time of death, is as follows: —

Washington	67
Adams (John)	90
Jefferson	83
Monroe	73
Madison	85
Harrison (William Henry)	68
Jackson	78
Adams (John Quincy)	80
Polk	53
Taylor	65
Tyler	71
Van Buren	79
Lincoln	56
Buchanan	77
Pierce	64
Fillmore	74
Johnson	66
Garfield	49
Grant	63
Arthur	56
Hayes	70
Harrison (Benjamin)	67
McKinley	58
Cleveland	71
Roosevelt	61
Harding	58
Wilson	67
Taft	72

It will be seen that the Adamses, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, and Andrew Jackson had no occasion to lie awake nights fearing early dissolution because of the lack of medical advantages in their time. If these ages at death are analyzed and rendered in the form of a straight line according to mathematical computation, the resulting trend does not look like a business graph of boom times; on the contrary, it has a definite downward slope.

The group of dead presidents comprises twenty-eight men in all. If we

omit Lincoln, Garfield, and McKinley, whose deaths by assassination lack statistical value for our purpose, the remaining presidents may be divided into five groups of five. The average age of the first group at death was 79½ years; of the second group, 69; of the third, 73; of the fourth, 64; and of the fifth, 66. This is scanty material for statistics, to be sure, but it illustrates the point which more ample figures prove — namely, that there is as yet no adequate check to mortality among persons of mature years. Indeed, there are those who confidently believe that the middle-aged do not live so long as they did in the more leisurely, ordered days of yesteryear.

III

What are the diseases which have not yet been driven to the wall, as have typhoid and diphtheria? Cancer is, of course, one of them; pneumonia is another. But even more deadly than these is a degenerative condition of the heart and blood vessels which deserves a comprehensive name and rating as a single disease, but actually has no sufficient designation and is therefore rather vaguely defined in the public mind. The term 'cardiovascular degeneration' has fairly good descriptive qualities for this disease, which has now usurped the title, 'Captain of the Men of Death,' a graphic appellation once applied by Bunyan to tuberculosis.

There cannot be the slightest doubt that cardiovascular degeneration is today the greatest killer of mankind. Although heart disease alone causes one sixth of all deaths among adults in the United States, the heart is only one of the organs liable to the ravages of the process. Cardiovascular degeneration is perhaps most likely to attack men and women of superior ability and restless energy, cutting them down with a suddenness which is dramatic and appalling. A Wilson labors with herculean energy to forge a new order of things, and, while stumping the country to present his cherished plan, is seized with apoplexy and left a helpless cripple with blasted hopes. A Bryan caps his eventful course with a vigorous defense of the faith in the colorful arena of Dayton, and a few days later is borne to his grave. A Morrow attains the heights with surpassing industry and brilliance, but is found lying dead on the very threshold of a political career which promises historic significance. It is worthy of note that cardiovascular degeneration caused the deaths of the last two ex-Presidents of the United States who have died.

The American Medical Association each year assembles and publishes data concerning the deaths of physicians in the United States. There are about 155,000 physicians licensed to practise in this country. In 1930, 2943 physicians died at an average age of 63.7 years. The chief causes of death in the order of their importance and the number dying of each cause were as follows: —

1. Heart disease	1059
2. Cerebral hemorrhage	353
3. Pneumonia	269
4. Cancer	242
5. Nephritis (excluding acute form)	232
6. Arteriosclerosis	190

If we group the first, second, fifth, and sixth items of this list, we obtain a total of 1834 deaths which may be ascribed to cardiovascular disease. This reaches the amazing level of over 60 per cent of all the deaths! Unfortunately, these statistics do not permit one to know how many of the deaths listed as 'heart disease' were due to the valvular type of disorders

resulting from rheumatic fever in childhood as opposed to the degenerative condition in which we are at present more interested. It is safe to say, however, that the degenerative type of heart disease easily preponderates.

The average person of mature years has a deep dread of cancer. In his mind it seems to loom as his most formidable potential foe. Much contemporary medical comment carries the implication that the solution of the cancer problem will inaugurate a millennium of secure and happy living. Without minimizing the scourge of malignant growths, permit me to point out that, as measured by the mortality figures for American physicians in 1930, a man is over seven times more likely to die of cardiovascular disease than of cancer!

IV

The baneful effects of cardiovascular degeneration show themselves in various ways; for this reason the layman is unaware that many serious and fatal maladies of which he hears are part and parcel of the same process. High blood pressure, arteriosclerosis, angina pectoris or painful heart attacks, sudden heart failure, apoplexy, chronic nephritis, Bright's disease, and uremia are some of the terms applied to the manifestations of this insidious disease. Behind all these lies the common factor — a gradual stiffening, narrowing, thickening of the blood vessels which causes increasing obstruction to the flow of blood. The changes in the vessels are not uniform throughout the body; the point at which the symptoms make themselves manifest depends upon where the mischief is most advanced.

It is unfortunate that a certain small artery embedded in the brain has the peculiarity of being liable to rupture under the influence of the degenerative process. Such rupture is followed by bleeding into the brain substance. This produces the familiar 'stroke,' with sudden death or survival accompanied by paralysis of half the body. When degeneration of the vessels has reached a stage capable of resulting in cerebral apoplexy, the years of the victim are usually numbered and his activities, as a rule, are permanently impaired. A most extraordinary exception is offered by the career of Louis Pasteur, who suffered a stroke at the early age of forty-six. In spite of a palsy which never left his left arm and leg, he did most of the incomparable work which made him forever famous after this misfortune. He died at the ripe age of seventy-three.

Actual rupture of the diseased blood vessels is not so common in other regions of the body, with the possible exception of the retina of the eye, where sudden hemorrhages may flood the sensitive visual surface, causing impairment of vision or blindness in the affected eye. It is much more usual for gradual thickening of the walls of arteries simply to narrow the blood-carrying channels until at last the nutrition of the tissues becomes inadequate. Most serious results ensue if the tissues affected are ones highly sensitive to impairment of their supply of oxygen and nutritive fluids. The narrowed vessels may finally become totally obliterated, causing death of the parts they have nourished.

Obliteration of a branch of the coronary arteries, which supply the heart, results in destruction of a section of the heart muscle itself. This is a common cause of sudden death among American business men in the office, at the dinner table, or on the golf links. If the victim does not die immediately, he goes into a state of collapse accompanied by violent pain about the midsection of the body and frequently

succumbs within a few hours. Our forefathers were prone to call this 'acute indigestion,' a diagnosis which has been written on many a death certificate although the actual cause of death lay above the diaphragm. It has only been within recent years that evidence secured through autopsies has made this clear.

It is a great pity that our bodies were not made according to the famous deacon's specifications for the One-Hoss Shay. The droll conception of Oliver Wendell Holmes is of as much interest to the physician as to the automobile manufacturer, for we do not die because our bodies are all worn out. The human blood vessels and heart have a habit of languishing even while the brain, eyes, liver, lungs, intestines, muscles, bones, and joints are relatively unimpaired.

V

What measures may one invoke to spare his circulatory system and make the machine last longer? First of all, it must be confessed that there are factors beyond the control of the individual. Heredity has a definite and important part in determining the 'kind of tubing' through which one's blood flows. The easiest way to live long is to have one's parents and grandparents set the example. There is an unmistakable tendency in certain families toward early degeneration of the blood vessels. Those who are subject to this tendency can frequently mitigate it by adhering to a careful régime of living.

The famous Rooseveltian ideal of 'the strenuous life' is hard on the arteries. The stress and worry of modern life appear to throw a strain on the blood vessels which makes for high blood pressure and progressive deterioration. A grim, zealous outlook, untouched by the graces of humor and equanimity, is a deadly vice which the preachers have too often overlooked. It is a well-authenticated and probably significant fact that in China, where a serene, leisurely philosophy prevails, the average blood pressure is definitely lower than among Americans. After living in China for long periods, Americans gradually develop blood-pressure levels similar to those of the Chinese, presumably because the more sedate mode of life is contagious.

An absorbing but tangled problem is offered by the question of diet as a factor in the postponement or acceleration of physical decay. For many years students of nutrition have warned against heavy consumption of protein foods such as meat, fish, eggs, and cheese. What we may call the 'ash' of proteins apparently is not particularly easy for the body to excrete. It is almost instinctive for physicians when prescribing diets to place a limit on proteins. But a few years ago along came Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the arctic explorer, saying he had subsisted entirely on meat and fish for seven years in the far North with no deleterious effect on his health. Careful examination showed him to be in excellent condition.

Stefansson pointed out that Eskimos, whose diet consists almost wholly of animal food, have not been shown to be especially liable to nephritis, arteriosclerosis, or high blood pressure. He offered to demonstrate the harmlessness of meat by eating nothing else for a year, meanwhile submitting to the most searching physical and chemical examinations. Andersen, who had spent three years with Stefansson in the arctic, consented to the same test. During 1928 the two lived on a diet of meat, including the fat. Occasionally on journeys, when no meat was available, Stefansson ate eggs. Andersen

took no eggs. Their only dessert was bone marrow; their beverages, water, black tea, and coffee without sugar or milk. At the end of the year the most painstaking tests in New York City failed to indicate harmful effects. The men were robust and had a sense of perfect well-being. As far as could be determined, their vital organs were unimpaired. No rise of blood pressure had occurred. On the contrary, Andersen's blood pressure was twenty points lower than at the start.

In spite of the experiment on Stefansson and Andersen, Newburgh, of the University of Michigan Medical School, does not accept without question the doctrine of the harmlessness of high protein diets. By careful microscopic examination of the urine of persons on such diets he finds small albuminous masses called casts which are rarely present in normal urine. He considers his results a definite indication of renal irritation, which justifies the traditional attitude toward protein foods.

An interesting field for investigation has recently been opened by the discovery that hardening of blood vessels is accelerated in many persons with diabetes mellitus. Since diabetes hampers the utilization of carbohydrate foods (sugar and starch), diabetics are forced to turn in larger measure than normal individuals to fats as a source of energy. Their circulating blood frequently contains more than the usual amount of fat. Inasmuch as the hardened patches of diseased vessels are made up largely of cholesterin, a derivative of fats, it has been suggested, especially by Joslin, that an undue proportion of fat in the diet may favor degenerative changes.

These points are still in the controversial state. The exact proportion of protein, fat, and carbohydrate most suited to promote health has not yet been determined. In the present condition of our knowledge, no rigid rule is justifiable. Moderation in proteins is probably wise, but excessive fear of them seems uncalled for. There is one principle of diet, however, which can be stated without equivocation. It is that overeating in general, with the resulting condition of obesity, provides a load which is conducive to cardiovascular degeneration and inimical to great length of days. Actuaries of life insurance companies are unanimous in proclaiming the advantage in longevity of the lean over the fat. This condemnation of excess weight applies with much less force to persons under thirty. For them, tuberculosis is still the greatest cause of death, and ample nutrition the greatest safeguard.

VI

Excessive mental and physical work, with insufficient sleep and relaxation; the nerve-racking drive of overweening ambition; violent exercise by those unaccustomed to it; the intemperate use of stimulants; over-activity of the thyroid gland, acting as a goad to the metabolic processes; chronic infections of teeth, tonsils, and sinuses; severe acute infections such as typhoid fever and pneumonia; syphilis, especially if inadequately treated — all these throw an extra burden on the most vulnerable part of the human economy, the vascular system.

The periodic health examination which is gradually coming into vogue offers some hope of exerting a favorable influence on the mortality of cardiovascular disease by discovery of the condition during its early stages. There are those, to be sure, who think that the extra worry imposed by a knowledge of stiffening vessels and mounting blood pressure more than offsets any advantages. I once knew a

most intelligent and capable woman executive of sixty who steadfastly refused to submit to the stethoscope or blood-pressure apparatus. Through association with excellent medical men she was well aware that certain recently developed symptoms were probably due to hypertension and arteriosclerosis. Being informed of the irrevocable nature of such changes, she refused positive knowledge of their extent, fearing it might prey on her mind and impair her working efficiency. One of the best-known physicians in America said in my presence a few years ago, 'I think the invention of the blood-pressure apparatus has done more harm than good.' Most doctors, however, would not agree with him.

Although we possess no specific relief for cardiovascular degenerative changes, the probability that they can be retarded by correction of habits and removal of sources of infection makes it of the utmost importance not to ignore them. Doubtless the world would be much poorer if Madame Pasteur had been in a position to apply the brakes by saying, 'Louis, you must come out of that laboratory; the doctor says your blood pressure is two hundred and ten.' But there are few Pasteurs, and in most cases it is far wiser to slow down the tempo of life as the rising column of mercury points to diminishing suppleness of the stream bed.

Temperate, hygienic living will undoubtedly prolong life by delaying the onset of degeneration of the heart and blood vessels. To a certain extent, however, the process has something in common with graying of the hair and the coming of wrinkles: it is a part of growing old. The college professor with visions of an average life span of two hundred years was like a father who might say, 'If my fifteen-year-old Johnny keeps growing as he has grown this year, he will some day be ten feet tall.' Further increases in the duration of human life must be wrung with increasing difficulty from the hands of the Fates, because what economists call 'the law of diminishing returns' now becomes operative. For the first time there are enough middle-aged persons for us to realize what finally becomes of them in the aggregate. There is every likelihood that cardiovascular degeneration will continue to rank high among the causes of death.

GERMANY'S LOST GENERATION

BY WILLIAM C. WHITE

I

THE presidential elections in Germany have come and gone, but my friend Schmidt and my other friends of 'the lost generation' are not satisfied.

It was from Schmidt that I first heard the phrase, used to designate the generation of German youth which has come of age since the war — a generation of serious young men and women whose political opinions and views of life have been brought to maturity, not by years, but by fatigue, disillusion, and despair. 'We are a lost generation, a generation without a future,' said Schmidt. 'A normal generation inherits a future to which it can look forward. That, our rightful inheritance, was taken from us by the war.'

Schmidt is a chap of twenty-five, a waiter by profession, but he has now been unemployed for four years. He is on the dole and receives about two dollars a week. Unemployment broke up his home. His wife left him after a particularly bitter quarrel over the lack of money, and vanished. Since then he has lived with a group of the unemployed who have built a colony, made from packing boxes, in one of the suburbs of Berlin. Around the little shacks lie gardens, neatly cultivated. Here live a hundred young men and women, all of them members of the lost generation. Homeless, cut off from civilized life, they exist upon such vegetables as they can grow in their tiny gardens during the summer months, and upon the slender resources of a common fund to which each member contributes what he can. Some of the colonists sell shoestrings on the city streets. A few, like Schmidt, are lucky enough to receive help from the state unemployment fund. Whatever money there is goes into the common treasury for the benefit of all.

This camp is not unique in Germany; there are many such camps, in many places. Colonies somewhat like them have recently sprung up in several large American cities, such as the one near Tenth Avenue in New York overlooking the New York Central freight yards. But there is a significant difference between these 'squatter' settlements in America and those in Germany. In New York, for example, the Village of Packing Cases is inhabited by down-and-outers, professional hobos, unfortunates of every description, who, for the most part, are middle-aged men and old men, worn out by laziness and dissipation or by hard work and hard luck. In Germany such colonies are the creation of youth; their members are young men and women in their twenties and early thirties.

The observant traveler in Germany will encounter these camps wherever he goes, and they will bring home to him one unforgettable fact — that thousands of youngsters, who in any

other country would now be establishing themselves in positions of some economic security, are unemployed; and if he will take the trouble to talk to them individually he will discover further that hundreds have never worked a single day in their lives. I met numbers of them who left school six or seven years ago; they were unable to find jobs then, and they have never found jobs since. And because they have not worked the six months that is required by law they are ineligible for the state dole. After talking with such people, one begins to understand the grim seriousness, born of despair, that is written upon so many of their faces.

II

I do not want to give the impression, however, that all the members of Germany's lost generation are unemployed. This is not true by any means. There are the lucky ones at work in government offices, in stores, in the professions. For them the present is taken care of well enough, but the future is uncertain. They have jobs to-day, but if conditions grow just a little worse they know that they may join the ranks of the unemployed to-morrow. Among this class one is conscious of an enforced gayety, as if these young men and women had taken for their motto, 'Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow . . .' They can be seen of an evening in the cafés, a couple at a table. Sixty cents, the price of two cups of coffee plus a cover charge, is all that is necessary for the privilege of dancing to the sleazy music of accordions, violins, and a piano. The tango is the most popular dance. The cafés are crowded; after all, those who have money must have some relaxation.

One evening a Russian friend of mine who was studying German in Berlin, employing as his tutor a German girl who had formerly been a stenographer, asked me to go along with them to the Resi Cabaret. This is one of the largest cabarets in Berlin, and we found it packed with people. Two orchestras tried to outblare each other. Revolving chandeliers splashed flecks of light upon the crowded dance floor. We managed to obtain seats at a corner table.

The little stenographer seemed feverishly happy. 'I have always wanted to come here,' she gurgled. 'I wish I could come every night. Here one can forget.'

'What will you do when your pupil returns to Russia?' I asked.

It was a tactless question. Her face turned pale, as if I had struck her.

My friend caught my sleeve and said in Russian: 'She told me that after I leave she will probably have to go on the street. She had had no work for a year until I came. What other work is there? You see how it is. I was stopped sixteen times on my way home the other night — nice-looking girls, too — not a "professional" among them.'

Still other members of the younger generation are now in the universities, kept there, in most instances, at the cost of extreme sacrifices by their families. But when the university course is finished, what have they to look forward to? There are already too many doctors, too many lawyers in the Fatherland. There seem to be no places for these youngsters who are now coming along. Perhaps they can become teachers? In the past, graduating students have been able to say, 'If I don't know what else to do, I can at least teach.' But to-day German schools are closing for lack of money, and teachers are being given double shifts to save hiring new ones.

At one university I saw a sign on the bulletin board which was a cruel

illustration of the desperate plight in which these younger men and women find themselves. It announced that the debating club would meet to discuss the subject, 'Where can we of this generation find a place in this world?'

Such, in brief, is the picture of Germany's lost generation.

III

These young men and women are of all classes, of many types, and of many points of view, yet among them all there are certain similarities. Politically, they are not organized into any one group or movement, but they divide their allegiance chiefly between two parties.

'My generation is convinced,' Schmidt said to me one day, 'that if we are to have a future we must make it for ourselves. Some of us follow Hitler, some of us believe in Communism, but we are all radical. The Republic, which stands for things as they are, must go. We want action!'

That word 'action' runs like an ominous refrain through all the talk of German youth. I heard it next from Baroness von Hedtwig, an attractive young lady from Silesia who described herself as 'a human being made useless by the war.' 'No matter what we were trained for,' she complained, 'it is all so much rubbish to-day. I was educated to play a part in aristocratic Germany. That Germany is dead. What difference is there between me and a plumber who was trained for his job and now can find no place? So I live here, with my sister's family. She just tolerates me. I should like to be useful — but how? Is it good for a young person to know that she is a parasite — a burden to others, a failure to herself? If we could only get action, a change in our system of life, then I might find something to do with myself.'

A little later I was coming down on the night train from Danzig to Berlin when, at some station in East Pomerania, a young man got on and came into my compartment. Seeing that I was a foreigner, he bombarded me with questions about America, and at length became expansive and began telling me about himself. 'For four years I studied engineering,' he said. 'And what have I to show for it? A job as porter in a Baltic seacoast hotel — which has now closed. I suppose I shall have to become "an employee of the magistrate"' (a slang phrase for one who lives on the dole). He talked on, not so much conversing as thinking aloud. From him I learned some of the implications of that 'action' which occupies such a prominent place in the thinking of these young Germans. 'There will be no peace in Europe,' he went on, 'no permanent preservation of the present status as it was so nicely mapped out by the Treaty of Versailles, until the right of our generation to develop is recognized. We demand that right!'

One evening my friend Schmidt referred to the same theme. 'What future is there for people like us,' he asked, 'so long as the present government endures?' He was feeling particularly bitter. A job had been offered him, but he had been unable to accept it because he had long ago been compelled to pawn his waiter's frock coat. The state employment agency had offered to get him another, but by the time its red tape was unrolled the job had been given to someone else. 'Until the present Republic is destroyed, or until the chains that now bind Germany are removed,' exclaimed Schmidt, 'my generation will not be satisfied.'

There was something at once ludi-

crous and ominous in this outburst against the government, provoked as it was by a waiter's mere lack of a frock coat. Somehow I could n't help thinking of the kingdom which was lost for lack of a horseshoe nail. Apparently small causes may sometimes lead to the overthrow of states if conditions are such that the disaffected masses come to regard every trifling hurt as the symbol of prolonged, deep-rooted injustices. As I went about Germany I became increasingly aware that Schmidt, in his explosive utterance, had given me a true insight into the state of mind which is characteristic of the lost generation.

In order to obtain a better understanding of what these young men are thinking and doing, I made a point of visiting certain little saloons on the outskirts of various German cities where the disaffected groups are accustomed to congregate. Many of these young people, I learned, are unemployed, but they are not homeless; they are being supported, for the most part, by their parents. The saloons where they gather have three things in common: in all of them stock equipment includes a bar, a beer pump, a broken radio, glasses, a month-old piece of sausage in a flyspecked case, and a housewife in the corner making a flannel petticoat, size 48; in all of them it is rare for anyone to be drinking even a glass of beer, for beer costs three cents, and to a penniless group that is money; and each of them flies a flag to indicate the political party that uses the place as a local headquarters. Some saloons fly a red flag, the mark of a Communist rendezvous; others display a red and white flag with a black swastika in the centre, a token that the followers of Hitler are assembled there.

It makes little difference which group one listens to. Superficially they are very much alike. All day long, until police curfew at seven in the evening, the young men keep busy talking, day in and day out, and of one subject only — politics. Not that all of them are members of political parties. Membership means dues, and that means money. But they are all supporters of the chosen cause, spoiling for a chance to fight for it.

I met one ardent young follower of Hitler who seemed to be always out of breath. He spent his time going from meeting to meeting, and knew no rest from earliest morning until midnight.

'You work awfully hard,' I remarked.

'Yes,' he replied, 'but if I had a regular job do you think I 'd give a damn about politics?'

Unemployment, or the threat of it, has driven most members of the lost generation into the camp either of the Communists or of the Hitlerites. These two parties are leagues apart in their points of view, but they have one thing in common, and it is this which has appealed most strongly to the younger men. Both groups believe that the only way to improve the economic situation and win back their lost future will be to establish a new form of government in Germany. Whether they hope to set up a Soviet or a Fascist state, it would mean in either event the end of the present Republic — and the end of the *status quo* in Europe.

Here, then, is the second unforgettable fact which impresses itself upon the foreigner in Germany: the lost generation is politically conscious, and is bent upon recapturing its lost opportunities through political action. This is the great difference between these young Germans and disillusioned youth in other lands. Other countries also have their young men and women who can see no way to use their training, no way to earn a living, but only in Germany does the younger genera-

tion believe, almost to a man, that the solution of all their problems lies in political action, and that their salvation will come only through a radical change in government.

IV

The aspirations of the younger generation have met defeat in the recent presidential elections. It has been decided that there is to be no immediate change; Hindenburg will continue to govern Germany. But, unless the government can reach some understanding with France and find some way to force a revision of the Treaty of Versailles, opposition to the Republic is bound to increase. It must not be forgotten that Hitler, in 1932, doubled his 1930 vote; and in the Diet elections of April 24, held in five German states, Hitler's National Socialists became the strongest political party in four of them, including Prussia.

Even if Hitler were to die, and his party to go to pieces, the point of view of the lost generation would not change. In other nations which the war brought into being — in Poland, in Czechoslovakia, even in the tiny Baltic States, and, most of all, in Soviet Russia — the new generation can look forward to constructive work in realizing their newborn ideals. But in Germany youth can see a solution of its problems only in destructive action — directed against the German Republic, and through it at the Treaty of Versailles.

There can be no doubt that it is this revolt against the treaty, and against the Republic which half-heartedly accepts it, which has driven the lost generation into the ranks of the Hitler group and of the Communists. Until recently the Social Democrats — backbone of the Republic — constituted the largest party in Germany; to-day they have fewer than 10,000 members under the age of twenty-five. The great majority of the younger men are included among the 13,000,000 voters who supported Hitler and the 4,000,000 who supported Communism in the presidential election. The true significance of that anti-Republican vote can best be seen when the two figures are added together, for it must not be forgotten that the Communists are also opposed to the peace treaty. The presidential election indicated, then, that 17,000,000 Germans out of a total voting population of 36,000,000 are dissatisfied with the Treaty of Versailles, and are willing to upset their nation and all of Europe to escape from it. This radical vote is certain to increase, because every year new members of the lost generation will come of age.

European statesmen will have to reckon with the fact that in Germany to-day a desperate group, steadily growing in strength, is determined that 'the Treaty of Versailles must be amended at all costs.' Non-Germans often forget how literally this phrase is meant when the followers of Hitler repeat it. They may say that the treaty was legally made and must be carried out. They may publish lengthy analyses of Germany's ability to fulfill the terms of the treaty. But if a large and ever-increasing number of Germans are convinced that from that document spring all their misfortunes and the death of all their hopes, and if at last they refuse to abide by it — what then? It will not satisfy young Germany's demand for its 'lost future' if the rest of Europe continues to repeat complacently, 'Well, Germany lost the war, did n't she?'

Rightly or wrongly, the Hitler group blames all of Germany's troubles on the Treaty of Versailles, which has placed upon the German people the burden of reparations, the restriction

of the nation's boundaries, and the stigma of war guilt. Whenever that document is mentioned it is usually called 'the Slave Treaty,' and it is a common occurrence to hear it said, 'We are a people held in bondage.' In Danzig, which was German before the war but is now a Free City more or less under the dominance of Poland, I heard a fiery speaker at a meeting of young Hitlerites proclaim, 'What was German *will be* German, and no treaty can change it.' These things are not isolated instances; the traveler in Germany encounters them on every hand. They are symptoms indicating the new mood of the nation.

But it would be a mistake to suppose that the reparations requirements and the other material aspects of the treaty are the sole causes of Germany's discontent. In one of Hitler's headquarters in Berlin I overheard a furious discussion in which an unemployed bricklayer took the leading part. 'Until we have wiped out this thing which weighs upon the German people,' he said, 'we can have no spiritual progress.' He had been speaking of the treaty, and I thought he was referring particularly to the clauses on reparations; but he continued violently: 'Until we have removed the blot of having to bear the sole responsibility for the war, we are a slave people. It must be removed immediately!' There was something sardonically irrelevant, albeit impressive, about a young man who, uncertain where his next meal was coming from, could work himself into a passion about a matter so intangible, so involved and impersonal, as the question of war guilt.

V

Among the members of the new generation which follows Hitler, this national idealism runs deep. With it, naturally enough, there is a resurgence of bitter feeling against France. Ancient hatred grows inflamed. Since the war much has been done to promote a better understanding between France and Germany, but nothing can bring the two nations together so long as the Treaty of Versailles divides them. Thousands of young Germans look upon France as the guardian of the treaty, and hence as the fundamental cause of all their current difficulties.

'And what does France want?' a young officer in the Berlin police force asked me. 'I was escorting two Frenchmen around town a week ago, and they noticed the flower boxes at the windows of our apartments. One of them wanted to know how, if we had no money, we could still afford to buy flowers for our windows. He said we should send the money to France instead, and pay our debts.'

'And what did you tell him?'

'Oh, I said that we Germans should be delighted to send flowers to France at any time — the sooner the better!'

By the millions who look to Hitler for leadership it is commonly believed that France wants to keep Germany in a permanently subordinate position in Europe. 'There can be only one strong nation on the Continent,' a lieutenant of Hitler said to me. 'To-day it is France. It is to the interest of France to remain dominant, no matter what it may cost our German people.'

I heard the same resentment expressed even more dramatically by a young German salesman who shared a compartment with me on the Berlin-Cologne express. We began by talking about the depression, and I asked him how business was with him. To my surprise he answered, 'My firm has had the best year it has ever known — we manufacture aspirin!' Conversation turned to France. 'I have often been in France,' the young man said, 'and I

find that the French make one mistake about Germany. They mistake cries of pain for cries of revenge, and they forget that a man can strike out more wildly and blindly from pain than from any other cause.'

VI

Toward what sort of future the members of this lost generation are looking, it is difficult to say. On all sides they seem to be hemmed about by darkness. Hindenburg's victory means a continuation of the present state of affairs, and that, to the young men, is intolerable. To reach the promised land of Hitler, a hope which has now been deferred, will mean having to challenge the vital interests of France. To go the Moscow road will mean having to face the capitalistic world, as well as all the deeply rooted nationalistic groups within Germany herself. No matter which way this generation turns, it can see ahead of it only a period of destructive work, either through war or through civil war. The contrast between this young generation in Germany, groping for its future, and the young generation in Russia, or even in Czechoslovakia or Poland, where definitely constructive plans give to each ambitious man and woman at least an illusion of progress, is the most striking contrast in Europe.

It goes without saying that the defeat of Hitler will not rob the lost generation of its desire for change. If anything, the demand for action will become more insistent. That the Republican groups in Germany realize this danger is evident from President Hindenburg's order, given immediately after the election, disbanding the Storm Divisions of Hitler's Brown Army. Far apart as the Communists and Hitlerites may be in their political theories and programmes, they are at least united in disappointment over the election returns, and it is probable that that group which first manages to come to power, legally or illegally, will draw many supporters from the other camp. No matter what happens, the members of the lost generation are confident that it is only a question of time before victory will be theirs. Already they know that almost 50 per cent of the German people are hostile to the Republic, and they look forward to the day when the figure will change to a clear 50, then 55, then 60.

'The key to the future of the lost generation is in the hands of other nations,' my friend Schmidt said to me. 'If they will not give it to us, we shall forge one of our own.' We were walking between the rows of little huts in his suburban colony. In one of the shacks someone was playing 'Deutschland über Alles' on an accordion. 'We cannot always go on living like this. You understand? We are here to-day because of forces over which we have no control. But we are going to control the forces of the future, either through Hitlerism or through Communism. We shall find our future yet!'

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A Lost Art

THERE is a certain type of person who loves to mourn over the dear dead arts — like folk-dancing.

Now I too love to mourn for departed arts, but to win my admiration they must have been real arts. Horsemanship was such an art; so, for that matter, was blacksmithing. Anyone with two legs and reasonable health could folk-dance, but no ordinary physique or training was sufficient to enable a man to shoe a horse. The universality of bicycling in the nineties proves that it was n't much of an art, and deserves no tears. But the successor of bicycling was most decidedly an art. I mean, of course, motoring, or rather driving a motor car. Although automobiles are still in use, driving as an art began to disappear after 1912, and in the last three years has gone completely except in a few out-of-the-way places where the elder motor cars still survive.

The reason for the decay of the art is the same as that which drove out so many others — mechanical progress. What the harvester did to reaping, the self-starter and synchro-mesh transmission have done to motoring. There is no longer any distinction in being able to drive a car well; even women and children can qualify. One large manufacturer showed his most recent product with a baby at the wheel. Future generations are evidently expected to drive before they can walk.

It is not that main strength and awkwardness were the chief qualifications of the driver of, say, 1911; it is rather that physical fitness and, above all, skill were required. Take the matter of cranking. No weakling could crank an old Pierce-Arrow six. But many strong men were poor crankers. It was not a trick that could be done by any brawny fellow hailed in from the street. That man was not without honor who could 'commence' his car in any weather.

Like all true arts, this one had many tricks. The clever motorist usually contrived to leave his car at the brow of an incline, so that gravitation would do his work for him. In cold weather, judicious priming was necessary. On the top of each engine was a set of polished brass cups with valves. Just the right amount of gasoline poured into each one gave a quick start; too little caused futile pops; too much drowned the ignition or produced a huge bang and much black smoke.

A broken arm was the penalty for poor technique. Contrary to popular notions, such accidents were preventable. A firm grip was the secret. Then a back fire was no more dangerous than the kick of a shotgun. As in everything else, the Model T required a special technique. Since there were no priming cups, the spark plugs had to be removed if priming was necessary. The drag of the transmission bands made it an extremely difficult feat to spin the motor in cold weather — much larger cars were easier to crank. The final resort was to jack up a rear wheel, block the other, throw the car in gear, and spin the motor. Occasionally the vibration of the racing engine caused the car to leap off the jack and plunge at the owner. Those who survived this ordeal were the ones who had presence of mind enough to pull the choke wire and kill the motor.

Gear shifting was another art. Progressive transmissions made it necessary to go through the gears in order. A policeman once told a friend of mine to back up. As his car was in one of the forward speeds, he had to move a foot or two before he could shift to reverse. The officer, who attributed this manœuvre to human rather than mechanical perversity, was pacified only after a long exposition on motor-car design.

All this was long before the days of concrete roads and balloon tires. It took a keen eye and a quick hand to avoid innumerable

potholes and sharp stones. The penalty was a broken spring or a blow-out, or both. The modern driver, drowsing along listening to a radio, insulated from road shocks, and enclosed in a glass case, is a rather poor specimen compared with the driver of yore, roaring along, peering through thick clouds of dust, and delicately aiming his 'machine' so as to miss simultaneously a gulley, a large rock, and a flustered hen. Yes, even the chickens have changed: the few that remain are the descendants of a line of artful dodgers, and they can escape all but the most awkward driver.

If, in spite of all his care, the old-time motorist did break a spring or blow out a tire, there was seldom a near-by garage. Such help as existed was often likely to make matters worse. The driver had to depend on himself. There were too many methods of spring patching to explain here — in fact, each break presented an individual problem.

Tire changing before the advent of demountable rims included tube patching, casing repairs, and much hand pumping. Five or six changes during a twenty-mile ride were not unusual. For tires were expensive, and most people kept shoes and tubes in service after even two or three blow-outs.

Such troubles were not without compensations. A ring of admiring small boys were sure to appear and comment on the marvelous vehicle. Lads in those days had learned to recognize and admire the skillful tire changer. And I have met some very charming people under such circumstances — men who would stop to offer aid and advice, and remain to talk.

For motorists then had the guild spirit. A car was not like a suit of clothes, a mere necessity. It was a mark of achievement, and the driver of an antique was admired as a veteran. Loyalties were warm. The owner of a 1909 Buick could spend hours debating with the possessor of a 1911 Cadillac, discussing overhead valves, full floating rear axles, and the like. Drivers of the same make of car waved greetings to each other as they passed. Such men would have scorned the discreet, sophisticated name plates of to-day; their cars bore their names in five-inch brass letters across the radiator. Men wore trade-marks on watch fobs as proudly as the mediæval knight displayed his quarterings on his shield.

To-day, when any car will climb almost any hill in high, it is hard to realize the thrill of achievement felt twenty years ago when, with top down and cut-out roaring, one of these giants of old conquered a mountain in high. The feat was only possible to the man who could adjust valves, magneto, and carburetor, and who knew just the exact moment to 'tramp on her,' just when to ease up to prevent killing the engine, and how to handle his spark. In 1911 there was not the automatic spark advance, nor would carburetors respond to unfeeling stampings upon the accelerator. Handling cars then and now might be compared to playing a pipe organ as contrasted with switching on a radio.

Automobiles were cared for as is a fine violin. Brass was polished like a colonial door knocker, even to the fittings on the motor. If the car was to stand a month, the tires were jacked off the floor, and in some cases were removed and stored under proper conditions of moisture and temperature. Several schools of thought existed on the question of how to wash and polish the finish to preserve it. Men might argue for hours over the merits of different brands of oil or the cut of a piston ring.

All this sounds very difficult. It was — like any other art. But, like any art, it carried the joy of achievement, and it admitted one into an esoteric group. Like the new-made knight was he who could first pilot a motor car. Over his cigar he could boast of battles won, and would be listened to with respect by his peers. At parties, motorists withdrew into a circle apart, to talk nothing else but cars. This group had its own aristocracy — one of achievement. The man who had driven to Maine, or surmounted the Pennsylvania mountains, or rolled up fifty or a hundred thousand miles on his old 'boat,' was sure of the respect and honor due him.

Yes, in its day, motoring too was an art: it fulfilled the immemorial longings of the soul of man for skill, for respect, and for achievement.

ERNEST EARNEST

Smart Young Men

I'm doubtless a hoary
And bigoted Tory
With views no one needs to regard;
An acrid Old Berry,
A reactionary,
With arteries brittle and hard;
But still, notwithstanding the same,
I palsiedly rise to exclaim: —

I'm tired of smart young men,
Ironic and tart young men,
Of searchingly critical,
Keen, analytical,
Pull-things-apart young men.

I'm weary of bright young men,
Of poised, erudite young men,
Of brilliant and lacquery,
Full-of-wise-crackery,
Wit-with-a-bite young men.

Oh, go get the air, young men,
You *Vanity Fair* young men,
Cool, egotisticate,
Ultra-sophisticate,
Precious and rare young men.

I'm bored with astute young men,
With highly acute young men,
With *New-Yorker*-staff-ical,
Trenchant and graphical,
Don't-give-a-hoot young men.

I'm sick of cocksure young men,
Of far from demure young men,
Of flippant and larky-ish,
Blithe, Morris Markey-ish,
Hard-to-endure young men.

So, go take a trek, young men;
Pipe down on the deck, young men;
Stuff you are springing a-
Nnoys me, it's bringing a
Pain in the neck, young men!

Berton Braley

An Away-from-Nature Movement

Of the multiplication of organizations there seems to be no end. It is with great temerity, therefore, that I am proposing one more. The one I am sponsoring is not a reform movement; it is not a political party; it is not of a religious, sociological, scientific, or literary nature. My proposed movement is prompted by sheer loneliness. Just as a small boy who is separated from his companions in the midst of a forest calls at the top of his voice to see if he can find company, so I am sending out this call to know if I am absolutely alone in not being a worshiper of Nature, with a capital N.

Let me explain at once what I mean. There is a growing tendency to make a cult of worshiping Nature after the manner of Wordsworth. The devotees of this cult have waxed so numerous and so — bigoted, shall I say? — that they show less tolerance than did the lawmakers of Tennessee in outlawing Darwin. Nobody can aspire to be anybody unless he worships at the shrine of Nature, unless he gets a thrill from watching Growing Things grow.

The attitude of these apostles of culture has been expressed for them by Mr. John Powys, in his delightful book, *The Meaning of Culture*. A few extracts from the ninth chapter of the book will illustrate: —

'No refining of one's taste in matters of art or literature, no sharpening of one's powers of insight in matters of science or psychology, can ever take the place of one's sensitiveness to the life of the earth. This is the beginning and the end of a person's true education.' 'Cultured people are thrilled through and through by the shadow of a few waving grass-blades upon a little flat stone, or by a single dock-leaf growing under the railings of some city square.' Speaking of scenery, 'One ought to touch it, to taste it, to embrace it, to eat it, to drink it, to make love to it.' 'The real initiates of this cult will never sit down to breakfast without having walked at least a few steps in the open air.' 'He would be an arrogant fool who dared to call himself a cultured man without ever having made an intense and special cult of enjoying these rare moments' (when he was especially close to Nature).

Now because I believe Mr. Powys, personally, to be the embodiment of the culture he so charmingly describes in his book, and hence possessed of the tolerance that goes with it, I am sure he will not object to

a dissenting opinion. For the first eight chapters of Mr. Powys's book, I was beginning to flatter myself that I might claim a slight degree of culture; but that devastating ninth chapter blasted all these hopes. I may as well admit, and be done with it, that I am not 'sensitive to the life of the earth.' I get absolutely no thrill from the shadow of any number of waving grass-blades upon flat stones. I do not even know what a dock-leaf is, nor can I find its definition in the Standard Dictionary. I do not enjoy tasting, touching, embracing, eating, drinking, or making love to mere scenery. The exacting claims of my profession do not permit me to leave the telephone long enough before breakfast to take a walk in the open air. And to make an intense and special cult of enjoying rare moments of communion with Nature would make me feel, not an arrogant, but a plain or garden variety of fool.

An indifferent attitude to Nature which I freely admit — for I would rather be an outcast from culture than a hypocrite — illustrates a principle of modern psychiatry. In my childhood the Fifth Commandment was still respectable. My mother loved flowers and plants, and grew them by the hundreds, in pots, jars, buckets, tubs, and in the yard. As the oldest child and the only son, it was my duty to minister to their wants — and those wants, while simple, were exacting. My shoulders ached with the weary weight of gallons and gallons of water drawn from the well and carried to quench their insatiable thirst. If it threatened to turn cold, dozens of huge ferns must be carried into the house, only to be carried out again to bask in the sun. Those plants required long hours of attention, grudgingly taken from my beloved books — for I can subscribe heartily to all Mr. Powys says in chapter ten of his book, 'Culture and the Art of Reading.'

Perhaps this early aversion to 'growing things' was responsible in high-school days for a hearty dislike of Wordsworth — the very high priest of the cult of Nature worship. And my youthful chivalry never quite forgave the poet for admitting that on his wedding journey, when there was a two hours' delay for changing horses, he wrote a sonnet, and a very poor one at that, 'to beguile the time' — and in it his bride was never once mentioned. I strongly suspect that Mr. Powys, as his ardent disciple, was apologizing for this very incident when he says, 'The real Nature-worship is . . . so important to the person who practises it that he is prepared to sacrifice many precious feelings for the sake of the sensations he loves. There are passages in Wordsworth, for instance, that seem to lead . . . to an inhuman subsuming of all natural personal affections in a certain feeling for the mysterious Earth-Spirit.'

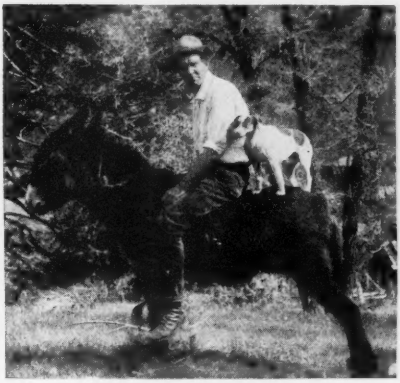
Now I am quite willing to concede to Mr. Powys and followers of Wordsworth their right to worship Nature as devoutly as they please, though I have a strong suspicion that many who profess to love Nature do so for the same reason that most women rushed to have their hair and their skirts shortened. I am wondering, however, if there are any others besides myself who are willing to admit frankly that they prefer a good book by a warm fireside, or the stimulating conversation of their intellectual equals or superiors, to listening to the singing of birds, the rustling of leaves, or the chirp of crickets.

If there are not enough of us to form our own cult of culture, at least let us petition Mr. Powys to modify his entrance requirements by making Nature worship an elective instead of a required subject for admission to real culture. Or, if this point be not conceded, let us ask that degrees of culture be recognized, somewhat after the plan of Masonry. I am not a Mason, but it is no secret that, while there are thirty-three degrees in that order, one may be recognized as a member without attaining them all. I am quite willing for Nature worship to be the thirty-third degree of culture, for I never aspire to be more than the lowliest of her disciples; but it does seem too much to make it both 'the beginning and the end of a person's true education.'

WINGATE M. JOHNSON

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

As one of Herbert Hoover's closest friends, **Vernon Kellogg** ('The President As I Know Him') has had exceptional opportunities to study the man and his methods. He worked with Mr. Hoover as Director, in Brussels, of the American Commission for the Relief of Belgium, and later served as his assistant when Mr. Hoover was United States Food Administrator. In his own right Mr. Kellogg is an eminent zoölogist, having devoted a large part of his energies, since 1919, to the work of the National Research Council in Washington. **Jael Kent** gives a full account of herself in 'Beggars Can Choose.' **Margaret Culkin Banning** ('The Day in Court') has published innumerable short stories and many novels, the latest being *Mixed Marriage*. **Jared van Wagenen, Jr.** ('A Farmer Counts His Blessings') tills the acres in up-state New York which belonged to his father and grandfather before him. **Alastair Miller** ('Virginian Memories') is an undergraduate at Christ Church, Oxford.



KILOWATT, BILL ADAMS UP

Formerly a member of the *Atlantic* staff, **Arthur Pound** ('The Breaking Point') has distinguished himself as a student of human problems in industry. Taking a vacation from his chosen field, he has just completed a volume on the Penns of Pennsylvania, to be issued this fall by Macmillan. **H. A. Batten** ('An Advertising Man Looks at Advertising') is an officer and director of a large advertising agency. Δ A Cornell ornithologist, **George Miksch Sutton** ('Quaint Folk, the Eskimos') is rarely to be met with below the Arctic Circle. Not long ago he returned from Southampton Island, in Hudson Bay, only to go off on a new expedition to investigate bird life in the Great Bear Lake district of Northwestern Canada. Δ 'Aye, Aye, Mister Mate!' is based upon an incident in **Bill Adams's** own seafaring life, which he began at the age of eighteen as an apprentice in a square-rigger. The snapshot reproduced on this page shows him enjoying a landlubberly retirement aboard the sluggish craft Kilowatt, with Toby for mascot. Δ Formerly Assistant Professor of Economics at McGill University, **B. K. Sandwell** ('The Plague of Rabbits in Poetry') spends most of his time writing and lecturing. Δ Having made a lifelong hobby of collecting first editions and source material, **Vincent Starrett** ('Enter Mr. Sherlock Holmes') is writing a book about the greatest detective of them all. **Arthur C. Cole** ('Our Sporting Grandfathers') is Professor of History in the Graduate School of Western Reserve University. **Louis Reed** ('The Ghosts of Poca River') is a lawyer in a small West Virginia town. Δ Author and playwright, **Lee Wilson Dodd** ('On Learning to Read') also teaches English at the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference and at Sarah Lawrence College. Δ A graduate of the Harvard Medical School, **Dr. Richard P. Middleton** ('Captain of the Men of Death') practises in Salt Lake City. **William C. White** ('Germany's Lost Generation') spent last year in the Reich observing the social and political ferment which is commonly known as Hitlerism. He is the author of a significant volume, *These Russians*, which gives a first-hand account of life as it is lived among the Bolsheviks. Although he had spent four years in Russia, he was planning to return when he was debarred at the border, so he stayed in Germany instead.

Footnote to footnotes.

Old friend, old chum, I love you so,
My long-time-cherished, dear *Atlantic*,
I scarce find words to let you know
Of one near-negligible antic —
One smudge, as on Dianic snow —
That drives me (yes, I own it!) frantic.

Please — though a wise or weird contrib.,
However frivolous or solemn,
May pull a bone, or tell a fib,
Or flout a social what-d'ye-call'em —
Please let him rant or jest *ad lib.;*
Don't add your footnote to his column.

Let him be free, though crudely taught,
Your classic pages to bedizen;
Though he may not say what he ought,
Such errors as he makes are his'n!
Don't try to steer his vagrant thought,
Sit still with us — and grin and listen.

J. D. S.
Toronto, Canada

The rising tide of taxes.

Dear Atlantic, —

So well expressed, so accurate, and so convincing is Mr. Arthur Pound's analysis of the farming situation that we have twice read his article in the March *Atlantic*, 'Low Fever and Slow Fires,' and wish to add a word in corroboration. Owning a 250-acre fruit farm, we fall into his category of independent, middle-class farmers. We live and feel what Mr. Pound describes; and one of the things we feel most keenly is the tax situation. Here are some tax items taken from our farm accounts: —

	General Taxes	*School Taxes*
1914	$147.00	$ 81.00
1920	249.00	165.00
1930	530.00	197.00
1932	603.00	To be assessed in October

In 1920 this farm was able to pay an income tax on $750; for the past three years it has been necessary to borrow money for operating expenses. Yet, as the farm income decreased, the taxes increased.

For these increases in taxation, what benefits have been derived by this particular farm family?

A water district with volunteer fire protection. (We have had no fire.) The same district-school building we had eighteen years ago, and no better teaching. A state trooper stationed in the village four miles away. A curb-to-curb pavement in the village. (The old road served us well enough; the new one is a benefit to tourists.) Poor aid, old-age pensions, child-welfare work, county nursing service, tonsil clinics, and soldiers' bonus. (We have never used any of these services or benefits.)

Because a Congress, whose salaries we pay, has raised the tariff, we have to pay more for nitrate, sulphur, tractors, binding twine, mowing machines, knives, chicken feed, hoes, power sprayers, clover seed, shingles; and we have had retaliatory tariffs and embargoes placed against our apples for export in fourteen foreign countries. We have government employees, bureaus, commissions, departments, and printing bills fastened upon agriculture as the San José scale fastens upon the unprotected orchard trees. We have a Department of Agriculture which fifteen years ago began a mistaken propaganda of expansion with the slogan, 'Two blades of wheat where one grew before,' and in realizing this programme it has also come about that we now have two government servants being supported by taxes where one was supported before. We have Boulder Dam to add to the mountain of foodstuffs that are already piled up behind our tariff walls, a Farm Board that advises the ploughing under of every third row of cotton, and lecturers paid by our taxes who counsel farmers to 'live in contentment without cash.'

The *Atlantic* is doing valiant service for agriculture in publishing articles such as Mr. Pound's.

Florence Forbes Cornwall
Poultneyville, New York

A word of comfort.

Dear Atlantic, —

This excerpt, from a letter from a New York banker, is too good to keep to one's self: —

'I refuse to believe that the country is in a condition where all the wheels are just going to stop turning around for any very long period. For the moment, the tumult and the shouting has died, and the captains and kings have departed: the ancient sacrifice is very much in evidence, and is rather becoming to most!'

Mrs. Arthur T. Hadley
New Haven, Connecticut

Flexner and Plato.

Dear Atlantic, —

Dr. Abraham Flexner's vigorous guardianship of the standards of higher education, much as one may admire it, suggests, nevertheless, the following from Plato's *Republic:* —

'Would not he who is fitted to be a guardian, besides the spirited nature, need to have the qualities of a philosopher?

'I do not apprehend your meaning.

'The trait of which I am speaking, I replied, may be also seen in the dog, and is remarkable in the animal.

'What trait?

A Lesson in Life Saving

"Let us show you one of the best ways to carry a man who needs help. You can learn how on the pier or the beach and then practice in the water. You'll find this and other 'carries' in the Metropolitan's booklet 'Swimming and Life Saving'."

OUT beyond the paddlers and bathers who cannot swim a stroke, you will find the strong swimmers who get the most joy out of clean, sparkling water. But swimming is more than a keen pleasure. It offers more opportunity for wholesome exercise for more people than any other sport.

Almost everybody who has correct instruction can learn to swim. When you swim you exercise practically every muscle in your body. You take deep breaths, expand your lungs and send your blood tingling from head to foot. And afterward, when you are resting in the warm, golden sunshine you soak up health-giving rays from the sun.

You may regard yourself as a fairly good swimmer because so far you have been able to take care of yourself. But if you have not learned to swim correctly you may be unjustified in your confidence. It is not difficult to correct swimming faults or to learn the proper arm and leg action and the breath control necessary in good swimming. Foolhardiness and panic cause more drownings along the seashore and in lakes, rivers and ponds than physical exhaustion or cramps.

You may be perfectly willing to risk your own life to save that of another. But if you do not know how to go about it there is great danger that both lives will be lost. To save a life requires real skill. Prove whether or not you are competent by carrying ashore a friend who is not helping himself. If you find that you cannot do it, learn the proper life saving methods so that, if ever needed, you will be ready.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, in cooperation with the American Red Cross Life Saving Service, has prepared a booklet which will help you to learn to swim, if you cannot swim now. It shows the American Crawl used by champion swimmers and the proper Side Stroke to use in life saving. Send for your free copy of "Swimming and Life Saving." Address Booklet Dept. 732-T.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT
ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

'Why, a dog, whenever he sees a stranger, is angry; when an acquaintance he welcomes him, although the one has never done him any harm, nor the other any good. Did this never strike you as curious?

'The matter never struck me before; but I quite recognize the truth of your remark.

'And surely this instinct of the dog is very charming: — your dog is a true philosopher.

'Why?

'Why, because he distinguishes the face of a friend and of an enemy only by the criterion of knowing and not knowing. And must not an animal be a lover of learning who determines what he likes and dislikes by the test of knowledge and ignorance?

'Most assuredly.'

THEODORE H. EATON
Graduate School of Education
Cornell University

Quips with the soup.

Dear Atlantic, —

Beautiful composition makes a literary meal 'fit to ask a man to,' and quips with the soup are as entertaining as any with the fowl. I feel, therefore, that the *Atlantic* was entirely faithful to its seventy-five years of history in the Republic of Letters when it published Mr. Newton's musings as he traveled westward. But the meal that was served us ended, it seemed, with the soup. It was Mr. Newton's meal, of course; he was host, and a right merry host was he. But rude. Among his guests were bound to be decently educated people from many points westward. Deliberately to offend them was hardly polite.

It appears that Mr. Newton, with Mrs. Newton, left Chicago and the Rosenwalds as though he were Columbus shoving off from Spain into perilous, unknown waters. It is clear that he traveled over the Santa Fe railroad, without a stop, to the city of Santa Fe. In so doing, he crossed a small corner of only one of the lowly states he wrote of so familiarly. He was hundreds of miles from any of the others. I imagine that he conversed with no one on the train and spoke to no one, except poor Mrs. Newton, or the dining-car steward over the wretched minute steak. I am afraid that Mr. Newton was suffering that stuffy feeling one experiences on a long and inactive railway journey. It spoils the appetite and emphasizes any dullness of the mind. He tells us that he was so stupid that he could not read, so he settled back to musing about the universal lack of intelligence west of Michigan Avenue.

Had Mr. Newton been so unfortunate as to have birth forced upon him in the open spaces, he might sometime have made a journey eastward. In that event his musings might have been in much the same vein: that New York City is filled with millions of very common folk, who infest every corner of street and subway; that the nice people had all gone to Reno to make that city a national scandal; that he intended to take dear little Delaware home for a mascot; that the only place he could get anything fit to eat was in what they call 'speak-easies,' and that he was not accustomed to getting intoxicated every evening just to keep from starving to death.

Seriously, a real sense of proportion is a quality of the Supreme Intelligence only, and Mr. Newton is not that, nor am I. The point is that in spite of unusual training, even brilliance and distinction in one thing or another, no one can quite afford to repel the simple virtue of modesty.

GUILFORD JONES
Denver, Colorado

Revolution in reverse.

Dear Atlantic, —

I enjoyed Mr. Newton's brief but pointed comment on the 'backward states' in the May issue. I should like to suggest that the slogan for the second revolution, which Mr. Newton proposes, be the reverse of that which brought on the first — 'No Representation without Taxation.'

F. B. ALLEN
Washington, D. C.

Could the East have erred?

Dear Atlantic, —

I write from the 'miserable' city of Lincoln in the 'miserable' state of Nebraska. We are not intelligent. We have nothing. We are sorry for Mr. Newton that we and he are on the same planet. But what can we do? We apologize.

Ask him, won't you, to come again to the Middle West and stay longer. We should like to have him mingle with us — not appraise us with a fishy eye from the regal altitude of a Pullman berth, but jog along with us in the caboose of the local freight. We should probably like him; for ignorant, poverty-stricken folks often show amazing tolerance. As it is, he has simply aroused our bovine curiosity.

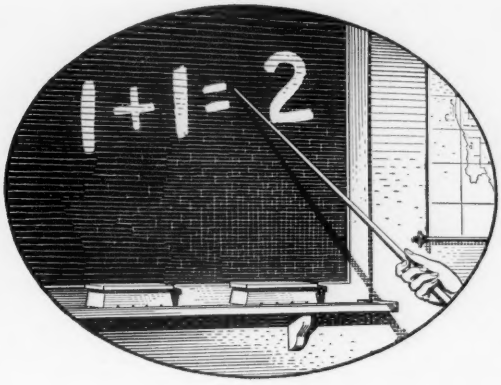
By the way, it was you folks down East along the Atlantic seaboard who rigged up this United States Constitution which allows Nebraska to have two Senators. It surely cannot be that *you* made a mistake!

T. F. A. WILLIAMS
Lincoln, Nebraska

The other cheek.

Dear Atlantic, —

Is Mr. A. Edward Newton a constitutional dyspeptic, or just car sick when he travels? His 'Westward' bewailings remind me of the wisdom of my adolescent grandson, aged sixteen years.



IN PRAISE OF *lower mathematics*

We hear much about the scientific discoveries made possible by higher mathematics. We hear little about the benefits that have come from the application of the simplest arithmetic.

Yet Fels-Naptha is a striking example of the value of adding one and one to make two. For in Fels-Naptha you have two cleaners—unusually good soap and *plenty* of dirt-loosening, grease-dissolving naptha—combined in a big, generous golden bar.

Working busily, tirelessly together, these two cleaners wash clothes sweetly and completely clean. They do it quickly, and they do it easily. There's no hard rubbing to shorten the life of your clothes and lengthen the face of your laundress.

Fels-Naptha gives this *extra* help in tub or machine; in hot, lukewarm or even cool water. Hands, too, appreciate Fels-Naptha's gentle touch. For it contains soothing glycerine—and glycerine, you know, is an important ingredient in many hand-lotions.

To prove all this to your own satisfaction, have your grocer send you a carton of Fels-Naptha—ask your laundress to try it. Even if she knows nothing about mathematics, she'll perceive in the way Fels-Naptha works, that one and one make easier washing.

Have you a Chipper? We'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper and a sample bar of Fels-Naptha Soap. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha into their washing machines, tubs, or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. Mail coupon now, with only two cents in stamps enclosed to help cover postage, and we'll send you the chipper and sample bar without further cost.

© 1932, FELS & CO.

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. Q.A. 7-32

Please send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper and the sample bar of Fels-Naptha Soap offered in this advertisement. I enclose two cents in stamps to help cover postage.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Please print name and address completely

When Mr. Newton returns to Eden, near Philadelphia, where he can really think, the world as God made it may look different to him. Anyway, we shall all continue to do the best we can in our 'miserable Western states,' while reading and *enjoying* everything Mr. Newton writes as fast as we can get it.

ANNA R. STRANGE
White River, South Dakota

Dr. Fosdick speaks to the point.

Dear Atlantic, —

The young man who tells us in the June number 'What College Did to My Religion' should read Harry Emerson Fosdick's *As I See Religion*, especially Chapter I, 'What Is Religion.' I quote a few sentences, beginning on page 11: —

'Here, for example, is a youth in straits about his religion. He has been reared in an inherited faith. It has consisted largely of a regimented system of religious opinions. He was drilled in them and consented to them as naturally as he consented to the fashion of his clothes or the articulation of his speech. Now, however, he has come to a university centre. He is surrounded by new ways of thinking and fresh methods of dealing with knowledge. His religion begins perilously to disintegrate. At first he desperately tries to defend it, but it falls to pieces. For a long while he clings to the shreds, but now even these have gone. He has lost his religion.

'The first thing to be said is *that any religion which can be lost like that had something deeply the matter with it from the start*, and that the youth would better not worry too much about losing it. What he would better do is to forget, at least for the time being, religion theologically defined and ecclesiastically organized, and go within himself to discover what religion means as a psychological experience. What if that youth, having lost an external and inherited religion, should discover that he is himself incurably religious and so come through to a religion which he will not need to defend, because it defends him, or laboriously carry, because it carries him, no longer weight to him but wings!'

C. W. D.
Winter Park, Florida

Real estate manipulation.

Dear Atlantic, —

In your April issue there is an article entitled 'Milking Time,' by Thomas F. Murray, which purports to describe an evil which is widespread in New York City real estate. That this evil exists in the outlying sections, I have no doubt, but I can assure you that nothing of this extreme character has occurred in the well-settled, substantial, residential section of Manhattan.

In the section east of Central Park, with which I am familiar, there was an instance where an owner, about to default, went to several of the tenants who had long leases at high rentals and collected bonuses for their cancellation. This unethical practice raised a storm of protest from other East Side owners, and I doubt if it will be repeated, even though equities are disappearing as rents are reduced.

The idea given in 'Milking Time' that the practice is general throughout the city is rather unfortunate, since it would indicate that the ownership of residential property in New York City has fallen to a very low plane — which I am glad to say is not true. There may be such practices as Mr. Murray relates in the outlying boroughs of the Bronx, Kings, Queens, and Richmond, which could not be perpetrated in the better-established sections of the city. I wish that the article could have made this clear. 'Milking Time' is no more representative of the standards of real estate practice in New York City than the operations of a bucket shop would be of the legitimate securities business.

DOUGLAS L. ELLIMAN
New York City

Dear Atlantic, —

I want to congratulate you on Thomas F. Murray and his article entitled 'Milking Time' in the April issue. It is very ably done. It is cheerful to see a magazine like the *Atlantic* willing to attack the problem of real estate manipulation. Please extend my congratulations to Mr. Murray for the good job he has done.

ARTHUR C. HOLDEN
New York City

Thoreau and Tomlinson.

Dear Atlantic, —

Last night I was reading Thoreau's Letters, and in one of them, written at the time of the panic of 1857, he set down his ideas concerning it. His wise and just observations would apply as well or better to-day than they did then. What a blessing it would be if business men had at least a grain of the common sense with which Henry Thoreau was so splendidly endowed!

In this connection, I was reading a short time ago an appreciation of H. M. Tomlinson; and the man who wrote it made the enormous mistake of saying that Tomlinson's style derives from Conrad. His style is Thoreau and no one else. Years ago, when I first read Tomlinson, I said to myself, before I had finished half a dozen pages, 'This man is a great Thoreau lover.' I was much interested to learn, two years ago when I was in Boston, that when Tomlinson was in Boston one of the first things he did was to go to Walden. Samuel Merwin told me that. He piloted Tomlinson around the place, and he told me that Tomlinson picked up a pebble near the site of Thoreau's hut and put it in his pocket.

JAMES NORMAN HALL
Papeete, Tahiti